The DALHI ANNUAL

1922

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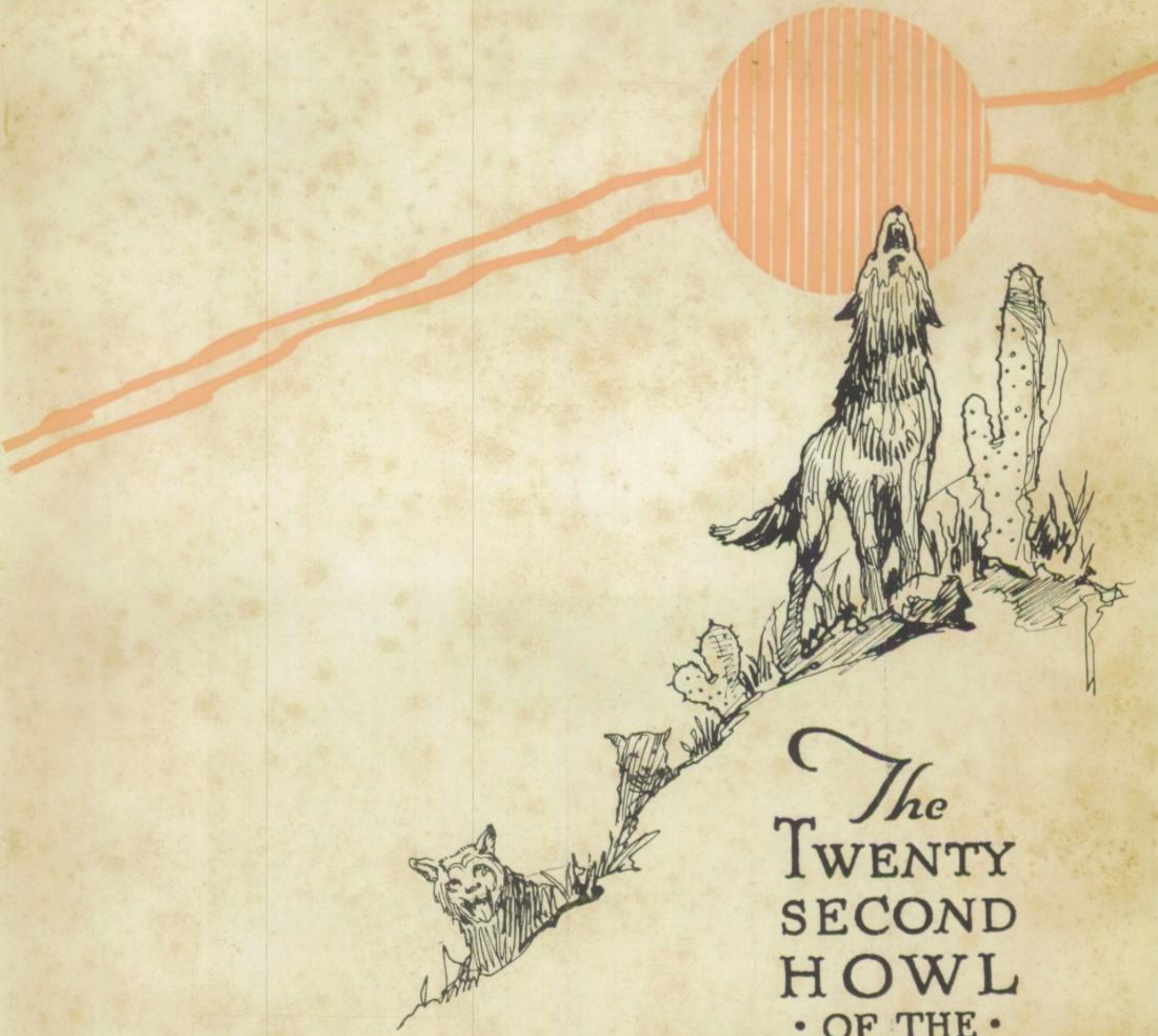

The Twenty Second Howl of the Bryan Hi Wolves

1922

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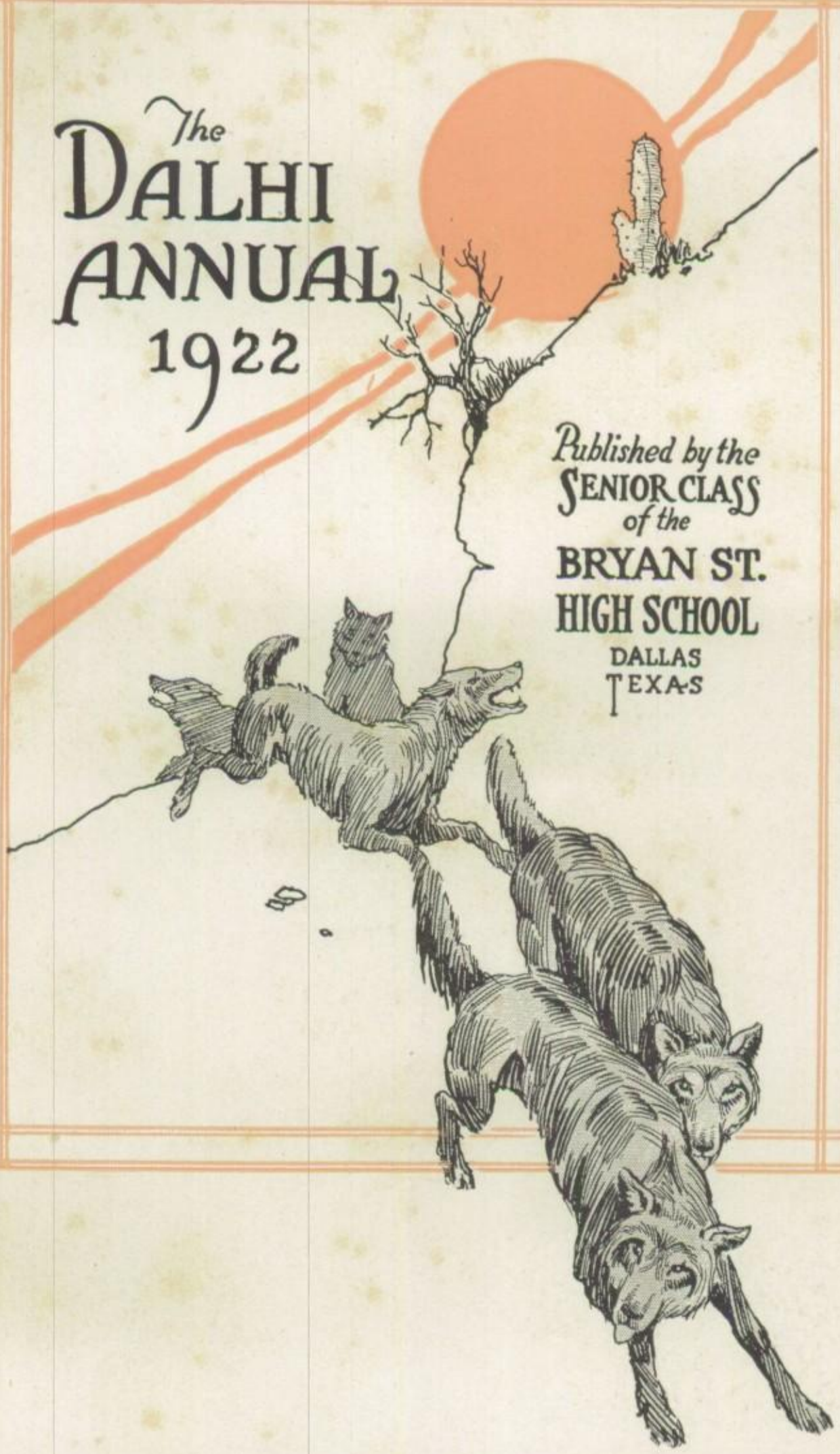

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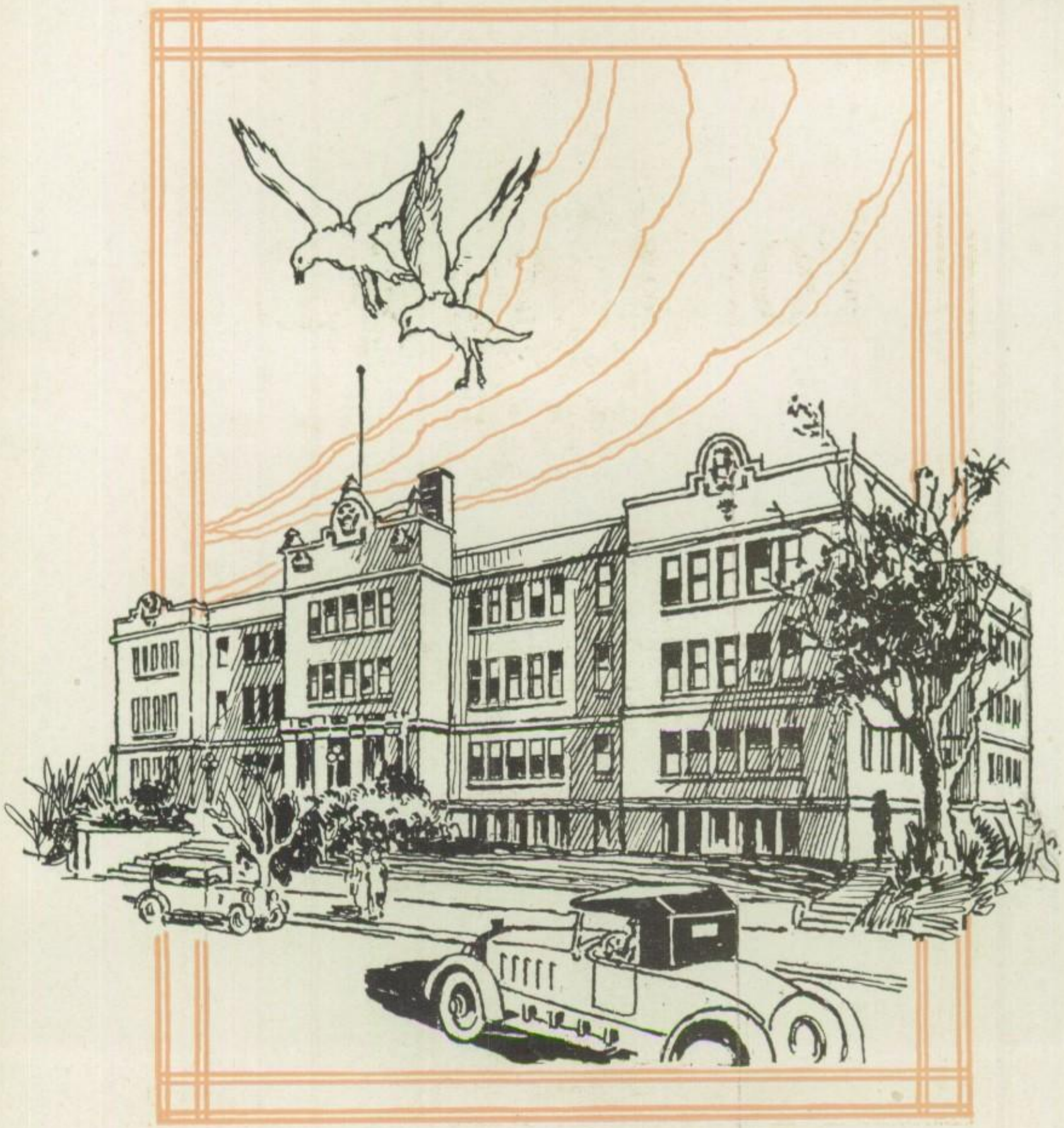


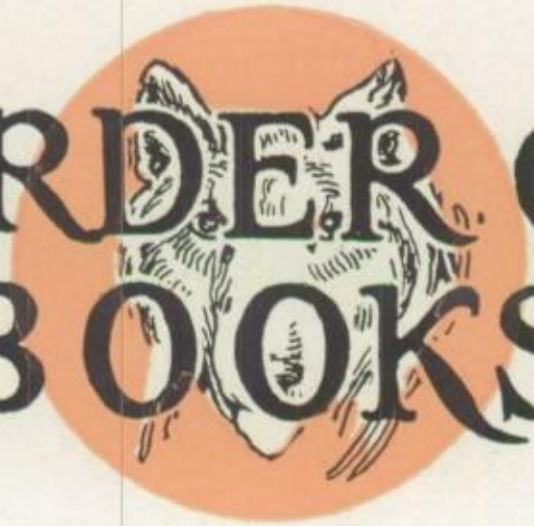
FOREWORD

To satisfy the exacting demands of Bryan's student body with an appreciative representation of our school and its numerous activities was the primary and guiding purpose of the Annual Staff of the Class of '22 in the compilation of this book. We sincerely hope that we may be rewarded by your approval.

DEDICATION

This, our twenty-second Dalhi Annual, is sincerely dedicated to the invincible and indomitable spirit of Bryan High, so capably and fittingly personified in the life and achievements of our respected and admired principal, L. V. Stockard.

ORDER OF BOOKS



I. The Powers That Be

II. Ye Olde Curiositye Shoppe

III. Devotees of Mars

IV. Wearers of the Laurel Wreath

V. Wielders of the Gavel

VI. Olympic Fragments

VII. It Pays to Advertise

In Memoriam

C. Bixby

M. Culberson

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide, as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—Tennyson.

OUR SCHOOL

"Our school! Dear old Bryan, it seems hardly possible that it has been four years since first you became 'our school;' and yet—how full these four years with you seem, as we look upon them, full of treasured associations of those students and teachers who really constitute yourself.

"How fresh and green in our memories, even now, are those first few days in which we wandered, bewildered, up and down your time-honored corridors in a vain effort to find our next-period classes before the last fatal 'r-r-ring' of the tardy bell. It was in those days that we learned to know your characteristics and your rules, Bryan.

"The days in which we learned to love your spirit, however, can not be so easily and vividly recalled, because reverence for you develops gradually, unconsciously, from our increasing knowledge of you, and it requires all four of our high school years to become familiar enough with you to truly comprehend your spirit, for yours is the combination of all the characters who make you what you are."

Betty paused and looked up at old Aunt Mirandy: "Well, Mammy, what do you think of that as a beginning for my 'appreciation'?"

The old darkie shook her head lovingly: "Law, chile, Ah don' know half o' what you's talkin' about, but Ah reckons Bryan mus' be a gran' ole school."

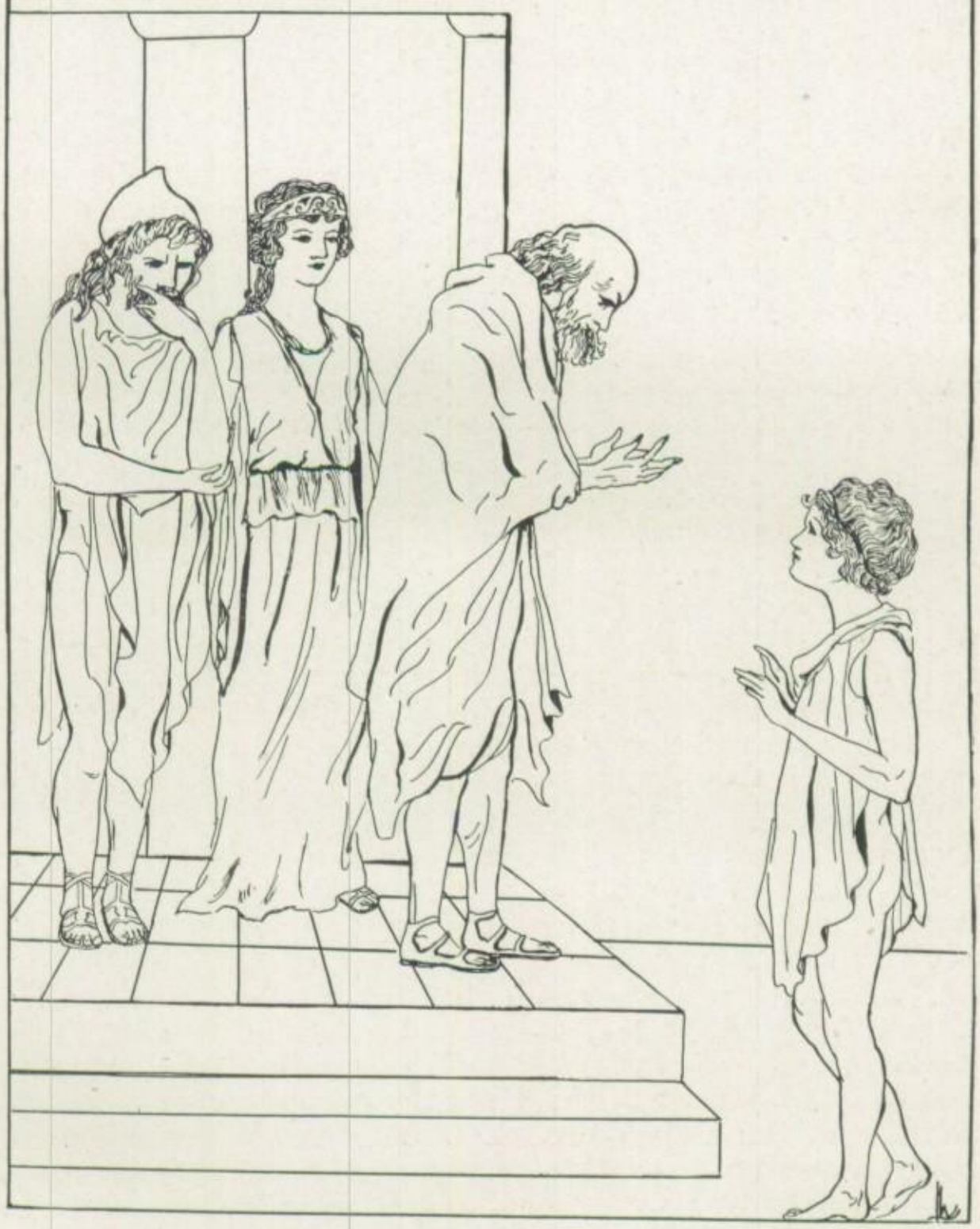
"Oh, Mammy, you can't realize or imagine what a wonderful school it is! Truly, it is superior to any other school in the world; that is why I don't know how to finish this," Betty indicated the theme-page in her hand. "All Bryanites love their 'alma mater' too much to be able to say just how much or why."

"You don' know why? Ah reckons it ain't the buildin', Miss Betty, an' it ain't that room you-all calls '109;' it must be the facility or faculty or somethin' an' all them chil'uns."

"Oh, Mammy, you do understand! It is they, who really have the indomitable spirit which is so characteristic of old Bryan. Those teachers and pupils who knew our school before our own time established those noble ideals and precedents which we, the present generation, are carrying on, and—let us hope—buoying up, to the best of our ability. Oh, may those who come after us love and appreciate Bryan as she should be loved and appreciated! May they cherish her, lift her, and—above all—save in her that same incomparable spirit which makes us so glad, so proud to be able to say to all the world, 'This is our school!'"

As she finished speaking, Betty's voice was vibrant with emotion and her eyes shone; Aunt Mirandy looked at her with sympathy and perfect understanding. "Lor' bless you, chil'; an' may He bless 'our school!'"

THE POWERS THAT BE



Mr. Stockard

To a sincere school patriot we offer this sincere tribute. Mr. Stockard, your unwavering devotion to the advance of education, your forceful and dynamic personality have caused us to tender you our unreserved admiration.

As Anglo-Saxons we are naturally disinclined to praise, but our principal's genuine interest in our Bryan High has compelled us to give him our profoundest approbation.

To a perfect gentleman, we of the Annual Staff in behalf of our school extend our heartiest wishes. Here's to you, Mr. Stockard.

Teachers

1.	Ashburn, G. L.	"Popper"	Chemistry
2.	Barnett, L. S.	"Tweet, Fordie"	Auto Mechanics
3.	Byrne, Lee	"Soup"	Supervisor
4.	Caldwell, R. M.	"What's the lesson today?"	Economics
5.	Cobb, P. C.	"Ping-Pong"	History
6.	Dotson, C. G.	"Shop"	Manual Training
7.	Coleman, R. L.	"It's all off"	Military
8.	Ford, C. L.	"Navy"	Mathematics
9.	Forman, R. C.	"Jimmy Valentine"	English
10.	Goodrich, Dan	"Printer's d——l"	Printing
11.	Guice, H. H.	"Phi Kappa"	English
12.	Harris, Arthur U.	"Polygon"	Mathematics
13.	Henry, J. S.	"Ergs"	Physics
14.	Johnson, N. H.	"Full house in 312"	Mathematics
15.	Kelly, J. F.	"Is he Irish?"	Chemistry
16.	Lansing, D. K.	"Battery, halt!"	Military
17.	Lawler, Eugene	"Tennis"	English
18.	Martin, T. J.	"More navy"	Manual Training
19.	Mathews, H. G.	"Gallia est"	Latin
20.	Morris, C. W.	"Joules"	Physics
21.	Muse, E. W.	"109"	Mathematics
22.	Paris, O. E.	"Hair???"	Chemistry
23.	Pile, W. A.	"Next 15 problems"	Mathematics
24.	Reagan, G. H.	"Tools"	Manual Training
25.	Roberts, E. R.	"Odds and Ends"	Bookkeeping
26.	Rutledge, C. H.	"Frogs"	Biology
27.	Smith, W. O.	"Ariel"	Mathematics
28.	White, J. B.	"Silence"	English
29.	Wilson, John A.	"Football"	English
30.	Wyatt, E. M.	"More Soup"	Supervisor
31.	Cox, W. T.	"Band"	Band Director

EVANS The respect of the faculty and the affection of the students are alike shown by the fact of Miss Evans' selection as Annual Sponsor. Her patient and unerring service in this capacity has justified the confidence reposed in her.

ROBERTS Mr. Roberts by his four-squareness, his genuine human sympathy, and his careful instruction has carved his own generous niche in our hall of fame. Heigh, ho! Here's to him!

EDWARDS We do not see how refractory Fords and aggravatingly tardy history outlines are conducive to a sunny disposition and pure sweetness, but these attributes along with undisputed justice have been the rule in Miss Edwards' case.

WHITE Mr. White goes about his important task of instructing under classmen with the quietness and ease which characterize the man who knows what he wishes to accomplish, and how to do it. In one short year he has, by the excellence of his teaching, won for himself an enviable position among our faculty.

BEILHARZ "The Keeper of the Yellow Cards," or, "101, You Are Calling Me," is a one-act tragedy enacted daily with Miss Beilharz in the title role. But students should not object to any lengthening of an association that can not but be beneficial to them; they should, and secretly do, rejoice when they may enjoy her company.

FOREMAN Mr. Foreman, we take off our hats to you. How do you do it? All the shining-haired, starry-eyed lassies under your jurisdiction speak in hushed and awed voices of "his sympathy, his humor, his genius, and his wonderful auburn hair." And then the boys say "He's a good fellow—he treats a guy white." You must be all right.

REED Miss Reed has, in one short year, built up an enduring popularity both by indirect and by first-hand helpfulness. She does not go in for publicity, but she cannot keep down the regard for her which is universal among Bryan pupils.

KLINE Our office force more than does credit to our school, and Miss Kline surpasses herself in serving in this important branch of our school management. In keeping records, in supervising attendance, and in the thousand petty details that burden the work of directing the functioning of the school. She and her co-workers perform invaluable services in Bryan's office.

LAWLER Students naturally like Mr. Lawler. He is not vastly good looking, so we guess that his popularity is due then to his extreme good nature. How's the Polygon Club getting along, Mr. Lawler? We wish you luck in your work.

KULL "Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

HINDE Did you ever wonder why Miss Hinde was always in demand as a chaperon? Because she is sweet and sympathetic, a good sport, and always in for any fun that is all right. We Seniors would not be true to our own feelings if we did not express our appreciation to you, Miss Hinde, for the joys made fuller by your presence.

WARNER Miss Warner is to be envied. But few are fortunate enough to possess the enduring respect and love of the study body, that is undeniably hers. All Seniors that have taken Math under Miss Warner pronounce her as the best.

GOODRICH "Dapper Dan" is a fitting appellation for our popular printing instructor. We would that we possessed his shining black hair and Chesterfieldian air. That's a good printing job you did on the weekly, Mr. Goodrich.

PATRICK 'Tis strange, indeed 'tis strange to find a merry Celt, so learned in the Spanish tongue, but such she is and great indeed her knowledge and her faculty of imparting it.

WILLIAMSON Madame Williamson holds undisputed sway in 312 where the business of "parlez vousing-Francais" is made a delightful pastime, rather than a tedious study. Madame Williamson's effervescent humor and her high moral ideals and standards of right have endeared her to all who came in contact with her.

STONER Jovial and popular is Captain Stoner, one of Bryan's military geniuses. Captain Stoner entered Bryan's portals this year for the first time, but already has his forceful personality impressed itself upon us.

COLLINS "Fourteen periods, Dear. I'm sorry." Whether there is as much truth as terror in it, has been the cause of many heated debates; however, considering that vast number of "Dears" who make a daily pilgrimage to the shrine of 112 we think "I'm sorry" is a real concession and bounty on the part of Mrs. Collins who is noted for her square deals.

HENDERSON Mrs. Henderson has that rare genius for interesting young people. "Math," a usually horrifying subject, is made actually enjoyable—and this is no extravagant statement—under the skilled tutelage of this master-teacher.

KEITH Miss Keith has rapidly won a reputation as a literary critic. Her forte seems to be the talent for competently judging debating, declamation, and essay contests. Thank you for your valuable services, Miss Keith.

COLEMAN Captain Coleman is a magnetic example of a clean, upright, manly gentleman for the R. O. T. C., and for it, also, a capable executive. He has that gift, denied to only too many, of handling men, and, still more rare, the faculty of managing boys. He has made the corps into an organization that offers a tangible means of development to the boys of Bryan, and a power for good in the school.

FINLEY Did you ever go into Mrs. Collins' office with your heart in your shoes, knowing that most likely it meant periods, and have a person who looked like a misplaced student behind the desk smile so reassuringly and sympathetically to you that you felt like yourself again? Well—that was Miss Finley.

L. V. STOCKARD
Principal of the Bryan Street High School

Teachers

1.	Adams, Virginia	"Pie"	Domestic Science
2.	Beane, Ferne	"Philo Revue"	
3.	Beilharz, Emma	"101"	History
4.	Belle, Lucile	"Posters"	Art
5.	Boyle, Allis Field	"Orchestra"	Music
6.	Britton, Louise	"Books"	Office
7.	Butler, Effie	"Make four copies"	Typewriting
8.	Carpenter, Marie	"Pie"	Domestic Science
9.	Coe, Aleen	"Hair (Red)"	
10.	Collins, Belle W.	"My dear"	Attendance
11.	Crane, Abbie	"Yellow slips"	Library
12.	Crane, Olatia	"Habla?"	Spanish
13.	Davis, Lucile	"Espanol"	Spanish
14.	de Capree, Ruth	"Book Report"	English
15.	Deen, Carrie	"Equations"	Mathematics
16.	Downs, Susie	"Efficiency"	Office
17.	Durham, Eloise	"Weekly"	Journalism
18.	Durrett, Virginia	"Agricola patriam"	Latin
19.	Edwards, Lena	"Holy Roman Empire"	History
20.	Emmert, Alice		
21.	Evans, Louise	"Annual"	Latin
22.	Ferguson, Bess	"More Annual"	English
23.	Finley, Ione	"Sweetheart"	Office
24.	Flanniken, Berney	"Credits"	Latin
25.	Gilmore, Cecelia	"More habla"	Spanish
26.	Henderson, Anna	"Tennis"	Geometry
27.	Huide, Edna	"Compositions"	English
28.	Hunt, Mary Frances	"Dumbells"	Physical Training
29.	Kayser, Ann	"More Books"	Book Room
30.	Kline, Jean	"Tardy cards"	Office
31.	Kull, Mildred	"Keen"	Physical Training
32.	Keith, Ruby	"Caesar's Ghost"	History
33.	Lamar, Ursula	"Notebooks"	History
34.	McEvoy, Zoe	"Order"	History
35.	Morgan, Flora	"Conference"	Mathematics
36.	Pappenhagen, Sophia	"Americanism"	History
37.	Patrick, Alma	"Still more habla"	Spanish
38.	Reed, Ethel	"Popular"	English
39.	Rowe, Clara	"Cadillac"	English
40.	Snidow, Flemma	"Senior Class"	English
41.	Spencer, Florence	"Hats"	Domestic Science
42.	Swanson, Swedonia	"More dumb-bells"	Physical Training
43.	Walker, Elizabeth	"Themes"	English
44.	Warner, Pauline	"Trig"	Mathematics
45.	White, Mary Jane	"Bouquets"	Botany
46.	Whiteley, Mrs. M.	"North Dallas Bound"	History
47.	Williamson, Mrs. G.	"Parisian Days"	French
48.	Hensley, P. W.	"Off and on"	Substitute

McEVOY Miss McEvoy believes in discipline. It is our impression that she also believes that order is the first law of nature. We have been privileged to count her as a friend. Truly fortunate are those students who daily receive the fruits of her teaching.

GILMORE Miss Gilmore "parlez's" Spanish, and induces others to "parlez" it in a most excellent manner. Her pupils have no difficulty in purchasing hot tamales. Figure that out. In looking back over this, we have a vague sensation that there is something wrong with our Philology.

BELL Under the direction of Miss Bell the Art Department has produced more and better work this year than ever before. Her artistic sense has, through her pupils , shown itself in posters, designs, and above all, the exceedingly well executed book plates for the Annual. Her accommodating endeavors have impressed all whom she has helped, and they are many; her ability is evident from the quality of work her department has produced; and as for her relations with her pupils—just ask one! You will hear a eulogy that, like the brook, goes on forever.

PILE Mr. Pile inoculates with "Trig," and it always "takes;" he manages the financial affairs of the Annual, and keeps it out of the hole; he moves among the students, and becomes popular. His versatility, however, is not amazing when one is acquainted with his character, for his magnetism is as inevitable as his excellence as a Math teacher. Mr. Pile, if gratitude is a garment, we're your overcoat.

MORGAN Do we know what "conference" means? I'll say we do. Miss Morgan. Despite this deep-seated grudge which we V. W. X. Y. & Z.'s hold, we all honor her and think of her as one of the few never-changing impressions of Freshman year.

WALKER To know her is to love her, as the students all testify, and that is the true test. Miss Walker, your influence will hover around your pupils as a sweet fragrance.

SNIDOW It is necessary to think a long time before writing when one attempts to describe Miss Snidow. If we portrayed her in fitting terms, we would be said to be affected and prone to exaggerate, so we merely ask you to meet Miss Snidow, and form your own opinion.

"Euphuistic Eulogies"

Straight from headquarters—little white slips.

Teachers do become annoying with their insistent demands for lessons, but still we grow to like them.

Mr. Smith is a popular teacher with a popular name.

Mr. Stockard's given name is Leroy! Cut out that laughing!!

Mr. Stockard carries a pocket comb! Isn't it cunning of him?

We dare some freshman to go up to Mr. Stockard and say: "Say, lemme have your comb for a minute, will ye?"

We'll let Mr. Stockard alone for a minute and turn our tyrannous pen to the terrorizing of Mr. Lawler. Wipe that grin off your face, guy.

"Mrs. Collins, we tell you decidedly that we will 'not' serve that period in 109, so there."

Why on earth do we like Miss Snidow? Don't know, never did stop long enough to figure it out.

How do we like Captain Stoner's form? We'd rather not say.

"Confound it." Who said that? Captain Coleman.

Mr. Ashburn, you sure are ugly like Abe Lincoln, but man, you sure are as popular as you are lacking in facial beauty.

I would have fat men about me; men that sleep o' nights. Mr. Parris, please cease that blush.

"Our Teachers"

Carved crookedly, ruthlessly, indelibly on the top of many a miniature first grade desk, smiles the inscription of seven-year-old devotion, "I love teacher;" and that phrase, changed, enlarged, glorified, goes hand in hand with the education of every pursuer of knowledge, until his college diploma is safely stowed away among treasures of yesterday, and he puts from him such childish things as schools, to step forth a full-fledged adult, wiser and more learned than Socrates. It may take the form of flowers or candy, or the manual labor of eraser dusting and board scrubbing; it may appear in the guise of sonnets to "the youngest, prettiest teacher;" it may raise its head proudly, in an essay, full of stilted words and trite, but eloquent, phrases proving to the shy, handsome young bachelor teacher just what his influence has meant in one life; it may lie in the dedication of a high school literary production sure to startle the world, but it is ever present and never effectually concealed by growling concerning certain unsuspecting teachers who remain in blissful ignorance as to the commotion they have caused. Just as human nature invariably hides its deeper emotions from the eyes of the world, so students generally say very little of their affection for instructors, but when there is a bold, daring, independent spirit in a group, who voices an affection for a teacher, the immediate response and confessions of the more shy and timid brothers would cause the heart of any discouraged teacher to grow warm with the satisfaction of true success.

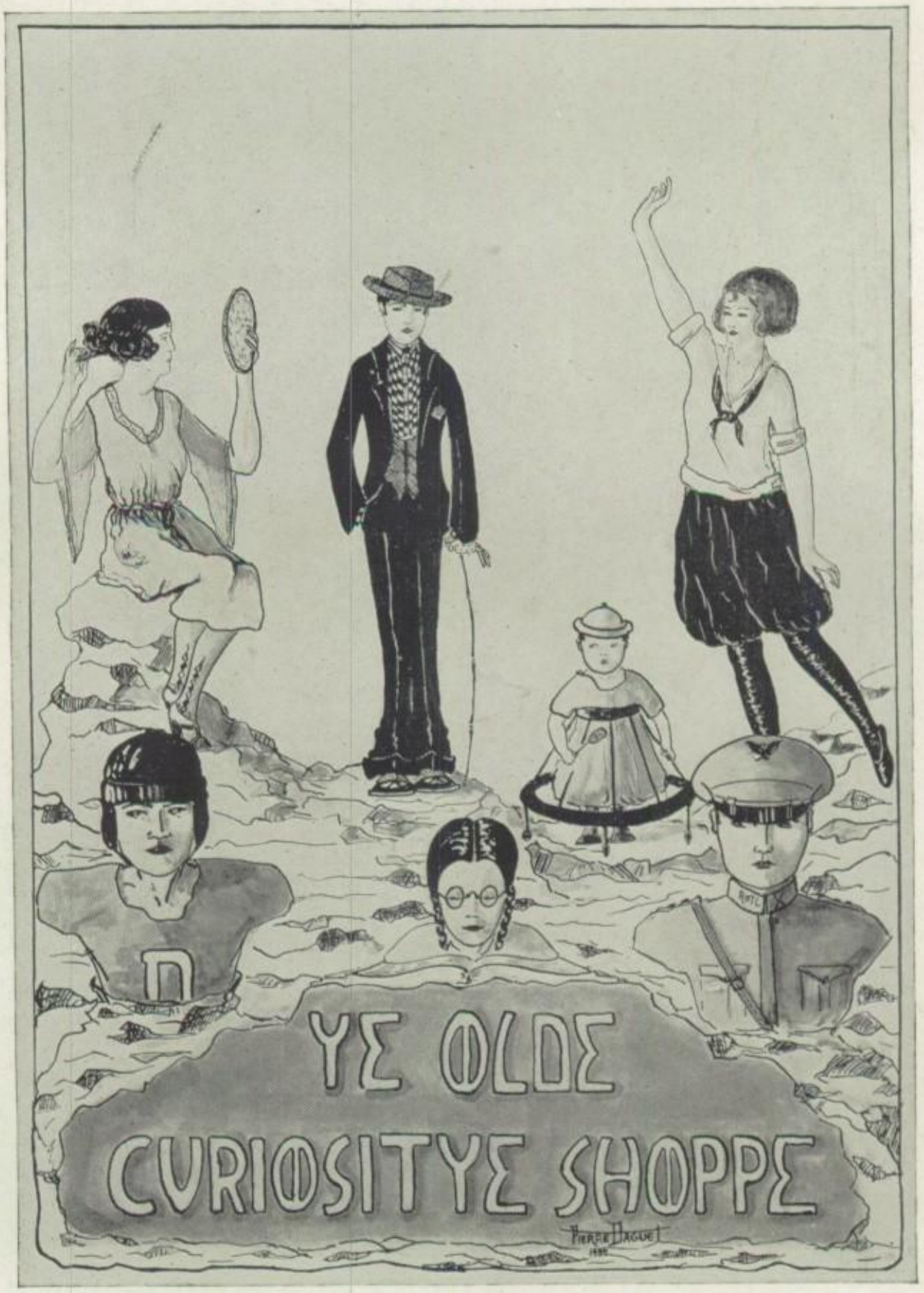
De we know why we have bestowed such rewards on you, you may ask? Ah, we pupils, who think a little, can tell you of numbers of ways in which we see that you deserve this love. There is not one of us who, after a fit of disobedience, obstinacy, or disrespect, does not fully realize the heavy trials we force on our teachers, and who would not gladly pay double retribution for the pain and hurt he has thoughtlessly caused. We may appear unappreciative, but we do appreciate and cherish in our memory the patience of the teachers who stayed after school and helpd us translate Latin, or gave up off periods to point out the defects in our last theme, or came early to drum into our seemingly impregnable skulls the intricacies of geometry. We know that you give unsparingly the best years of your lives to make us what we ought to be, and we appreciate the fact that you are the true upholders of the American nation, for through you and you alone is the learning taught her sons and daughters which will raise America to the front ranks among the nations of the world.

Because we feel thus toward you, our teachers, we would eulogize you now rather than when your days of earthly toil are over. Because we honor you, we hope that you will overlook our many weaknesses. Because we love you, we wish that

Time may deal lightly,
People may deal justly,
God may deal gently with our teachers.

"Bryan's Curriculum"

The students come from far and nigh
To partake of the blessings of Bryanhi.
'Tis no trouble a choice to make,
So many good things are there to take.
If you are serious and favorably inclined
To study hard, and fame's ladder climb,
The regular courses you will choose;
You won't mind, I hope, all good times to lose?
Buckle down, friend, to your English and Math,
Be sure you get a pony if Latin you have.
You now have three subjects, good and true,
The fourth, if you wish shall for you.
History would your soul delight
(If you don't mind studying half the night);
If in your dreams you long to travel
You may the path of French unravel.
But if you aspire not so far to go,
Spanish will serve you in Mexico.
If you can't pull through the day without a "gab"
You'll have to have Science and work in "lab."
Perhaps you'll choose Civics—suit yourself, boy;
To me 'tis as complex as a Chinese toy!
Keep your mind on your lessons with never a fret,
This is the way the teachers pet.
But if for your books you don't give a rap
You'll find yourself in a mighty bad trap;
For before you know there'll come a time
When your parking place will be "109."
In these halls of learning you will see at a glance
To develop all talents you are given a chance.
If to thrill an audience you've a craving for,
We'll make of you a silver-tongued orator.
If the works of our artist you wish to discover,
Just look through this book from cover to cover.
If you can warble, music don't delay—
Perhaps in Grand Opera you'll shine some day.
Is there a girl you've loved from the start?
Take Military Training and win her heart.
Take cooking, my dear, and land a beau
In place of cosmetics you'll work with dough.
If you'd be a good sport, join the football eleven
And win all the games betwixt here and heaven!
Bryanhi has passed the test;
She stands for everything that is best.
The best is here, now cease your quest,
It's up to you to do the rest.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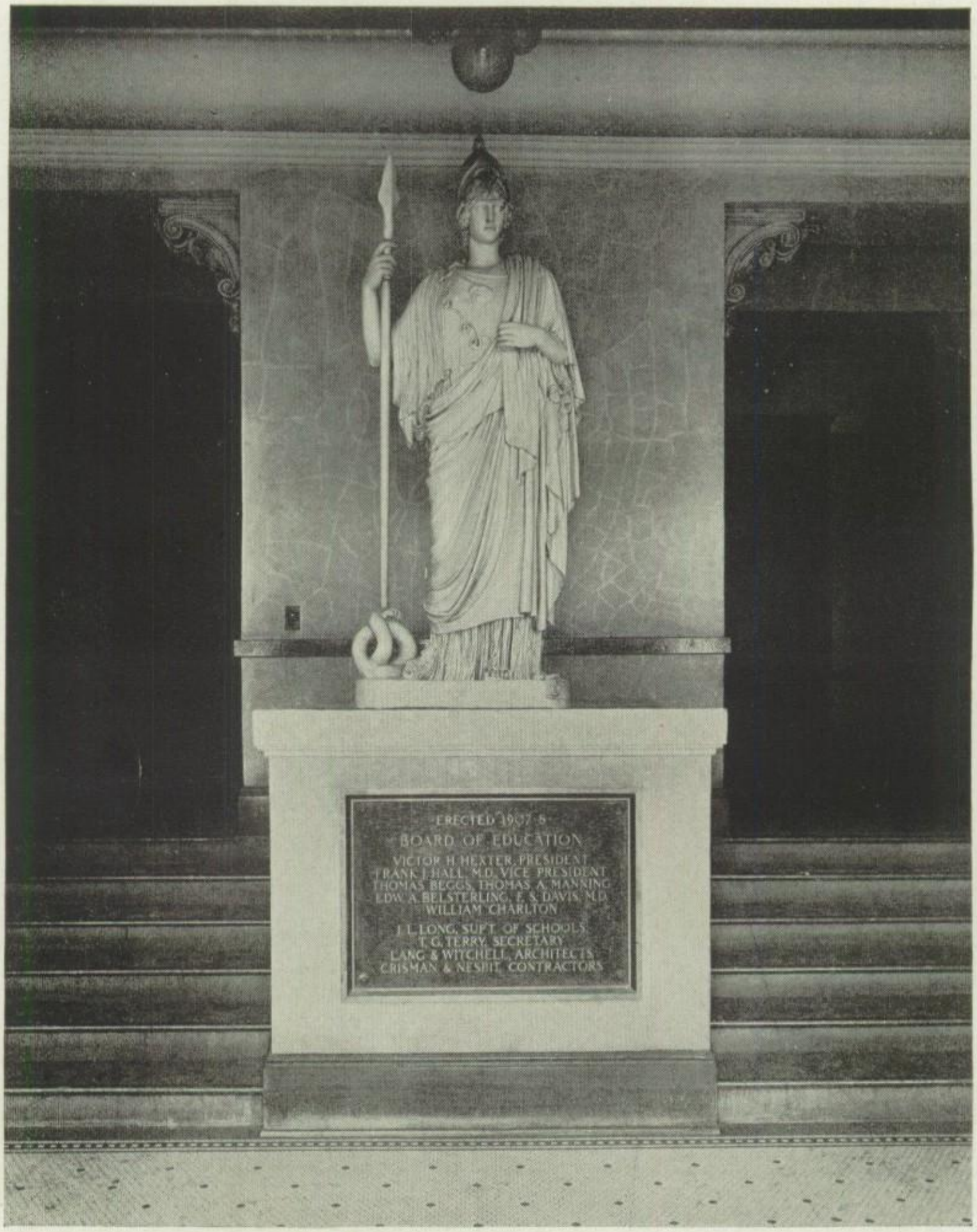
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The Modern High School Student

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and everything nice.
What are little boys made of?
Scissors and snails and puppy dog tails.

This old nursery rhyme is inapplicable to the modern high school boy or girl, because both are made of such an interesting combination of good and bad that the rhyme is very unfair to either sex. So, taking Bryan, the best school on earth, as an example, an attempt will be made to describe its typical student. However, this will be a very hard task as one of the chief characteristics of every student is his belief that he is different from every other one.

The ambitions of the modern high school student range from that of being a "chorus girl in the Follies" to being president of the United States, but the absolute certainty that any ambition will be attained is unquestioned. His inability to conceive the idea that he will fail to attain his goal proves that no other one is capable of looking through such rosy colored spectacles as the student. Although he may fail in a few subjects, and for a time be quite disconcerted, nevertheless the great ideal still looms ahead—bright and fair—for so long as one is young hope lives, and also the belief that one can do as one wishes.

If, however, the impression has been given that the modern high school student is only ambitious, and continues to live only for the future, it is false. Although he may be frivolous or thoughtful, ignorant or intellectual—he believes in the present, with thoughts of the future considered only at leisure. The sorrows of the present are of such great magnitude that, if his optimistic nature did not appear, the results might be disastrous; and his joys are so great that if he were not held to the earth by gravity, he might become so buoyant that he would be borne to quite an altitude; his nature is so sincere that whatever he notices is very important. Indifference is foreign to his nature (although he may feign it for effect at times, perhaps); but never is the time reached when our student is not vitally interested in his surroundings.

Independence is one of the strong characteristics of the student. He is more or less an egotist, thanks to the wonderful training of our schools, and the glorious spirit of our country. Never is he, like the unfortunate student of Germany, a mere mechanical puppet. His initiative and self expression is never restrained; and from these is obtained unbounded enthusiasm.

Certainly not least of the student's characteristics is the effort, or at any rate the desire, on the part of boys to attract girls and vice versa. Even the most timid, although perhaps they will not admit it, even to themselves, are not immune to the charms of the other sex. Although naturally frank, in fact, cruelly frank at times, the student in this instance practices a sacred deception. The girl, perhaps, as her weapons of conquest, adopts baby talk, the use of cosmetics or an appearance either of frivolity or of great intelligence, for she is very versatile and adaptable, and uses sweetness or perversity as she sees fit; while the boy usually lives up to his natural instincts to "show off" in some way—either physically or mentally. These attempts of both boys and girls may appear extremely ludicrous, but nevertheless they are not discontinued.

The greatest and most important characteristic of the modern high school student is his pliability. From that do not think that he is unstable, insincere, or easily influenced; but that he is open to conviction, for his opinions and prejudices have not been strengthened by time. He is at the character-building age when questions are beginning to be considered. Indeed, parents, teachers, and friends have a sacred trust, for the strength of our nation depends upon its foundation; and the present high school student will soon be an important factor in our civilization. In view of the characteristics that his inheritance and environment have given him, and the aid of kindly friends and advisers, it is certain that our parents, our nation, and our heavenly Father will not be disappointed in the modern high school student.

THE SUBSTRATA

JUNIORS

Do not laugh at the Juniors--learn to have sympathy for all unfortunates.

Juniors never are but always to be blessed — for next year they will be Seniors!!

We tried to think of some cutting remarks about Juniors, but words fail us.

Where there's life there's hope.

Again we say, don't laugh at the Juniors—use your self-control.

Sophomores

By HENRY SMITH

Coagulated cockatrices!!! What augurs this lordly mien and overbearing hauteur? What portends this kingly stride and elevated olfactory organ? What omens this disdainful bearing and prolonged consideration of the over-arching beauties of the vaulted ceiling, draped and festooned as it is with cobwebs? What indeed!! His Travesty, the princely Sophomore, now treads with mincing gait the lowly haunts of men; now soils his chalk-stained raiment, once a dappled white, by contact with the lowly! Stand back, O ye Seniors! And ye Juniors, step lively! The freshly-crowned slaughter of innocent and unsuspecting Freshmen now returns to receive the plaudits of his minions!

Swaddled in dignity, he deems the teeming swarms that bar his royal way beneath his notice, and wishes that they were beneath his feet, were it not that he treads on nothing more sordid than clouds. His only difficulty is that he fears tripping over the rainbow; but to avoid this mischance, with arrogant scowl and an expression such as befits one troubled with tremendous problems of state—the state being his state of mind—he ever bends his august glance to the skies over which he so wisely rules, that he may see the danger from afar and with his superb wisdom avoid it by lifting the regal pedal extremity and stepping over it.

Meditating thus, the munificent being wends his way about the hallowed halls of his erstwhile and earthly habitation and, with freezing stare, consigns all about him to the lower strata of his household servants. He meets a fellow-despot and their greeting is like unto the intercourse of rulers of men; he reeks with dignity and self-assurance, and conducts himself as if the most splendid court of all times attended his regal personage. With an impressive sweep of royal raiment, he is gone! And it seems as if one golden opportunity has passed, an opportunity to do that which might perhaps change the course of nations, or at any rate alter the course of the existence of one Sophomore; but on second thought, it is apparent that time alone can undermine and degrade his regal state unto the worldly wisdom of the Junior. Let not a true perspective mock his enlarged idea of his royal self, for we all have been in his elevated position once; but instead, let us hasten the metamorphosis, and for our pains we will receive the pleasure of producing that worthy product of our school, the Senior.

Sophomores, here's to you!! It's a magnificent existence, if you don't fail to retain your strength.

"Freshmen," or "How the Other Half Lives"

By WILLIAM NEARY

One day, so an old legend tells us, Jove counseled with the gods on high Magnolia, to give to the world a creature devoid of guile, refreshingly ignorant, and deplorably stupid—so they created the high school Freshmen. And from that day to this, wherever you will find them you will be satisfied that they fill the above qualifications to the letter and in every way coincide with the original purposes of their creator.

Freshmen, to us who are Seniors, staid in wisdom and perfect in self-confidence, thou art incomprehensible. To us your heavenly innocence, your angelic countenances, and your cherubic simplicity seem as a living delineation of a "divine comedy." Your childish mistakes, your babyish pranks and capers seem as a vivid portrayal of a "Comedy of Errors."

But all this is to be expected. When age comes to smooth away your idiosyncrasies and foibles with its sandpaper of experience and tribulations, all will be well.

When we, as spectators, note myriads of wild-eyed and disheveled pygmies veritably flooding the corridors of our intelligence-saturated school, and insolently stamping over our ever-green campus, we are dismayed and we realize with one awful burst of light that the Freshmen are with us, an ever-present evil.

But let us pause in our enfeverished ravings and consider the cosmic truth so poetically expressed in Isaac Watt's composition on "True Greatness:"

"Were I so tall to reach the pole
Or grasp the ocean with my span
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man."

If this be true, our genius tells us that it is reciprocally a reality that

"Though this corporeal vessel small may be
The soul within may rule a dynasty;
Although a mere Freshman in rank and station
The mind by brilliance may rule a nation."

For this reason, so beautifully expressed in the above lines, we say in all true heartiness, "Stay in there, children! Every canine and every Freshman has his day."

But at this point in my epistle, I call myself to an abrupt halt and prepare an able argument in defense of all Freshmen.

A group of prominent Seniors, not long ago, actually had the temerity to insinuate that the Freshman was the "missing link" of the much-famed Darwinian theory. In just wrath I rise up as an ardent exponent of truth and tell those embryo philosophers to judge not from appearances, but, as sincere scientists, to search for bedrock fundamentals in basic actualities. With one glorious inspiration, I spread the gospel that even Freshmen—yea, even Freshmen of Bryanhi—are, by the report of the Board of Education, after careful and thorough investigation, pronounced genuine members of the human family.

The defense rests its case.

THE IMMORTALS

E.M. Wright

"A Treatise on Seniors and Frogs"

By JANICE LONGLEY

"Gee, Kid! Ain't these Seniors queer?" said a naive Freshman to wise little Sophomore.

"Oh! I dunno! You'll get used to 'em when you been here long enough. They don't bother me no more a-tal!" replied our blase friend, a member of the most learned class in school—the IIB's.

The unenlightened Freshman studied her friend of the superior intellect with an expression of half rapture and half awe. The IIB smiled wanly and glanced importantly into a dirty little note-book filled with unintelligible hieroglyphics—unintelligible even to a Sophomore. We know, for we were strolling along back of them and peeped over her shoulder. Such conversations never fail to interest us. We admit it without blushing.

The latest arrival from grammar school looked admiringly after the Soph as she disappeared into the French room with a weary, gusty sigh.

* * * * * * * *

But are the Seniors really queer? We wonder! They've reached the highest pinnacle in school life and are looked upon as the leaders in most activities. Often they are not appropriate representatives of the student body. Oh! of course, we hasten to declare them perfect, except for certain wholly unimportant details; but why the amusing air among the "roses" and the interesting and cultivated look of dissipation among the "thorns?"

Perhaps it's all just part of being a Senior or maybe it's something like a tadpole passing into the frog stage. ("My word! what an unfortunate comparison!" murmurs the Senior, as she reads.)

Nevertheless, let us think of a Senior as a cute little tadpole swimming around the venerable halls of Bryan. (No! that last isn't poetry—it's still prose!) After three or four months out in that cruel world, he will wake up some bright morning declaring joyfully, "I am no longer a tadpole; I am a full grown frog!" And he will look back to his Senior, or Frog days—to cling to our metaphor—and grin at his extreme childishness.

We know it's hard to visualize some of our Senior boys laughing at their own expense—we notice, though, that just about the easiest thing they do is to laugh at others—but we have discussed the matter pro and con and believe that a short while in the business world a few miles away from Dad's obligingly elastic pocket-book will do all this and more for our Seniors. Isn't it a blessing?

We imagine that much the same thing takes place in a real frog—not figuratively speaking either. In fact, we can fairly hear the little "froggies" exchanging charming anecdotes dating from their tadpole days. However, never having been frogs and never having known any who were, we cannot be positive of this and do not state it as a fact.

When we look at some of our Seniors, we are reminded of a well-known and oft quoted query—perhaps you've guessed it! "Ain't nature wonderful?" Yes—that's it!

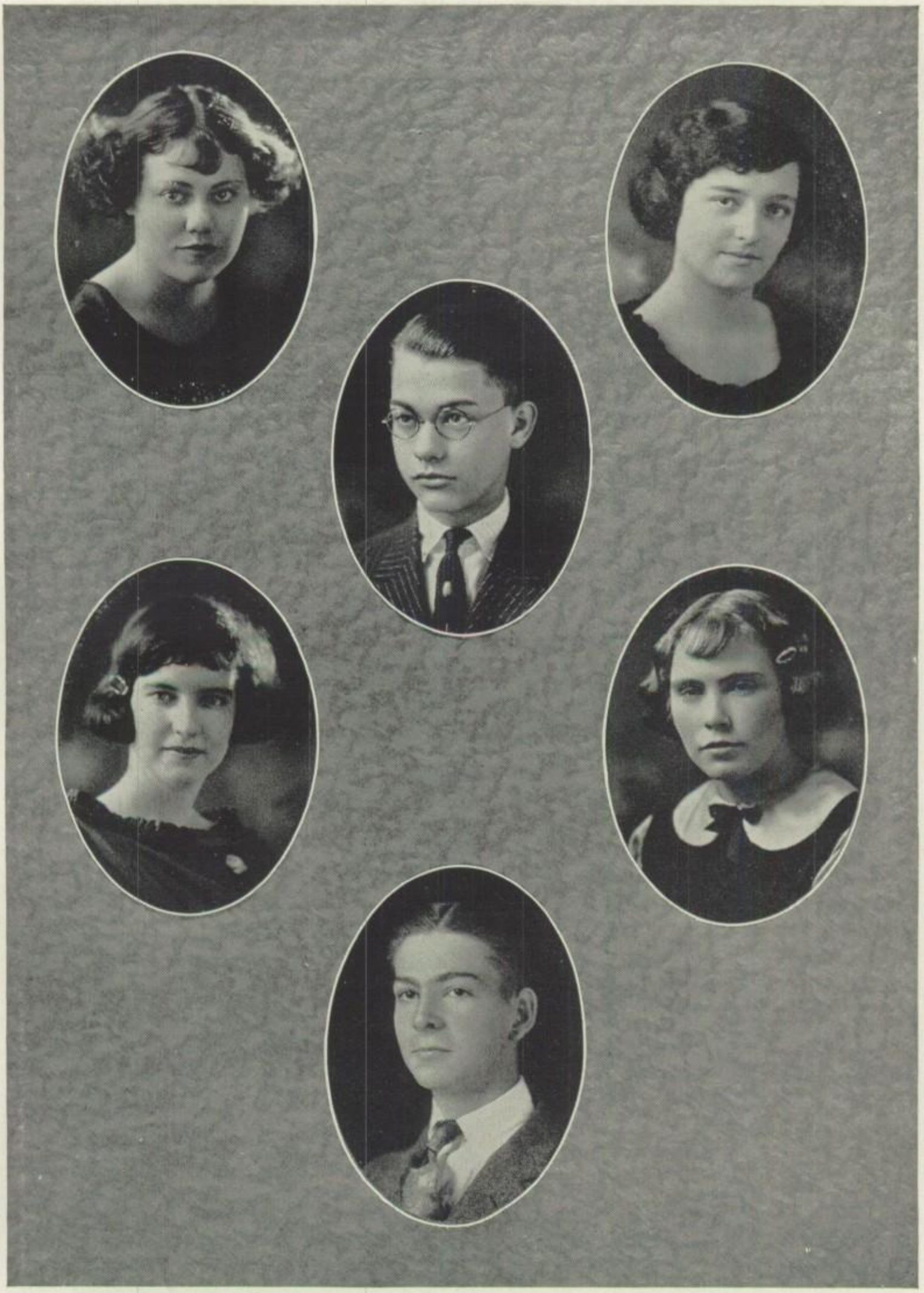
We assure the reader that we are not trying to be sarcastic but are simply stating our humble opinion concerning these alluring and complex persons.

Just now, our Seniors are affecting two distinct types—one for the "roses" and one for the "thorns." The "roses" are going in for crimpy, short bobbed hair and brief—indeed, very brief—dresses and little round-toed patent leather slippers. Quite the sweet-and-girlish, you perceive.

And the "thorns!" Ah! here is ecstasy. The "thorns" are tall and reed-like (on Sohrab's order, I shouldn't wonder!) with broad, sturdy shoulders and the dearest, slender little waists we've ever seen! Their hair is sleek and seldom, if ever, is a single hair out of place. One could almost imagine that they wear hair nets.

Oh! they are a worth-while set! And it is the honorable aim of every Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior to be as nearly like them as possible.

Of course, we all admit that until one has passed that psychological moment when he receives his program card of Senior subjects in January or September he is not the genuine article. Our Seniors are our own and we will not have their sovereign powers usurped by any presumptuous lower-classmen! The Lord bless our Seniors, long may they rave!



ELLEN VAN ZANDT
Vice President

RUTH WEST
Secretary and Treasurer

WILLIAM NEARY
President

FLOY JANE NORWOOD
Prophet

MARGARET COUSINS
Historian

B. T. ROBERTSON
Sergeant-at-Arms

History of the Senior Class of 1922

Four years ago a mighty band of pilgrims on the road of life entered into a temple of learning on Live Oak street, otherwise generally known as Bryan High School. They were a precocious throng of infants, but they had much to learn when it came to worldly knowledge and high school ethics. They suffered long and earnestly the various and numerous forms of torture which have been inflicted on young and unsuspecting freshmen since time began, and raised not a murmur of protest. For a month they were trampled and abused and came trailing into the lunch room at the foot of the line and patiently stood up through many a dry and dreary assembly.

The first class meeting was an unqualified success. With remarkably good taste and good sense the executives were chosen: President, Charles Reynolds; vice president, Mattie Ellen Verschoyle; secretary, Maud McKnight. And the class of 1922 became a thing of life.

One of life's greatest comforts lies in the fact that all things come to an end some time or other. So it was with our Freshman year. It ended in a dramatic tragedy of final examinations, a heartrending week of hopes and tears and fears and "flunks," but it was over, and that meant something.

We returned in the fall with the knowledge of veterans and the egotism of Louis XIV. Our vocabulary had narrowed to three words—I, me and myself—and our hats were too small in the head size. We began offering suggestions for improvement of the school curriculum, and annoying the poor, green little Freshmen beneath us. Once more the class distinguished itself by filling its official positions with such parliamentarians as Ellen Van Zandt, president; Maud McKnight, vice president; Ned Wallace, secretary. They guided us straight, through a trying year, a year when we wrestled with "Caesar's Gallic Wars," and waded through split infinitives and hanging participles, and triumphed over a host of simultaneous quadruple equations, a year when we tasted the sacred sweets of one hundred and nine, and realized the folly of chewing gum in study hall. It was a year we shall not soon forget.

And so we reached the third lap of the journey, the Junior year, a year of greater responsibilities and longer lessons. Sidney Henry was the choice of the class for president, Wentworth Cunningham was elected vice president, and Vallie Jo Jackson, secretary. The class covered itself with glory in every phase of school activity. Miss Vallie Jo Jackson won the Dalhi Beauty Contest, and much of the success of the athletic season was due to the brain and brawn of the Class of '22. This was the stage when we first came to the realization of life's endless toil and endeavor, in the shape of English history outlines and geometrical horrors, generally called "propositions." When the smoke of final examinations cleared away, we found ourselves in the promised land, with the goal in sight at last.

And we entered into our Senior year with a new-found dignity and a greater reverence for the school of our youth. In the past few months every Senior has come to realize the truth of that famous saying, "It's a great life, if you don't weaken." Under the able guidance of President William Neary, and aided and abetted by Vice President Ellen Van Zandt and Secretary Ruth West, and with such a pen as Floy Jane Norwood's to chronicle the prophesy, the Class of 1922 can not fail to go marching on to glory. And when each shall clasp his treasured sheepskin to his heart, and go out to fight his battles, he will go with deeper love and greater respect than he can tell, for the thorough training and uplifting influence of a school worth while.

Old Bryanhi, we love thy halls,
Thy time-scarred rooms, thy old brown walls,
Around thee fond traditions cling,
And gaily all the muses sing;
Where hopes are born and men are made,
Foundations, fine and strong, are laid;
For trials that come in every life
And battles in this world of strife;
To us thou'lt ever be a shrine
Where sweetest, fondest memories twine.
And though we go, we love thee yet.
Leave, we can, but not forget;
For love's an everlasting tie—
It binds us fast, Old Bryanhi!

—Respectfully submitted, Margaret Cousins, Historian.

CRYSTELLE BERRY

MABEL HALEY

HELEN MYATT

RUTH BERT

RUSSELL BAILEY

MARVIN STEPHENS

FRANCIS FULK

RICHARDSON SCURRY

ELIZABETH McCLURE

BONITA WILSON

MARK COTTON

CAROL HULL

HOWARD HAYDEN

LOUIS BROCKSMITH

MARY BLANKENSHIP

OPAL CAMPBELL

VIRGINIA SAPPINGTON

DORA POTEET

FRANK FORD

RICHARD NELSON

ROBERT MARTIN

RUTH WEST

TERESA BETTES

DOROTHY HARDY

ELIZABETH FINLEY

LOIS TURNER

ELLEN VAN ZANDT

FRANCES JONES

BENJAMIN McCLESKEY

TRUEMAN MILLER

WALTER BOWEN

B. T. ROBERTSON

BROOKS HUNTER

WILLIAM NEARY

HENRY SMITH

MARY JANE WILLIAMS

RUBY MAE HARBIN

IRMA MANNON

CELIA KLEINMAN

FRANK LOMBARD

ALLAN GRAHAM

BEN LOMBARD

MILDRED LORD

LA MARGARET MANN

COLA HOLLINGSWORTH

HELEN RODERICK

GEORGE CHRISTENSEN

OLE CHRISTENSEN

MARCUS AMSLER

ETTA MAE WRIGHT

MARY WORTHINGTON

NELLIE STONE

VELMA BOHANNON

HAROLD DAVIS

WILLIAM HOLMES

ALBERT THRASHER

MAUDE McKNIGHT

THELMA McQUIRK

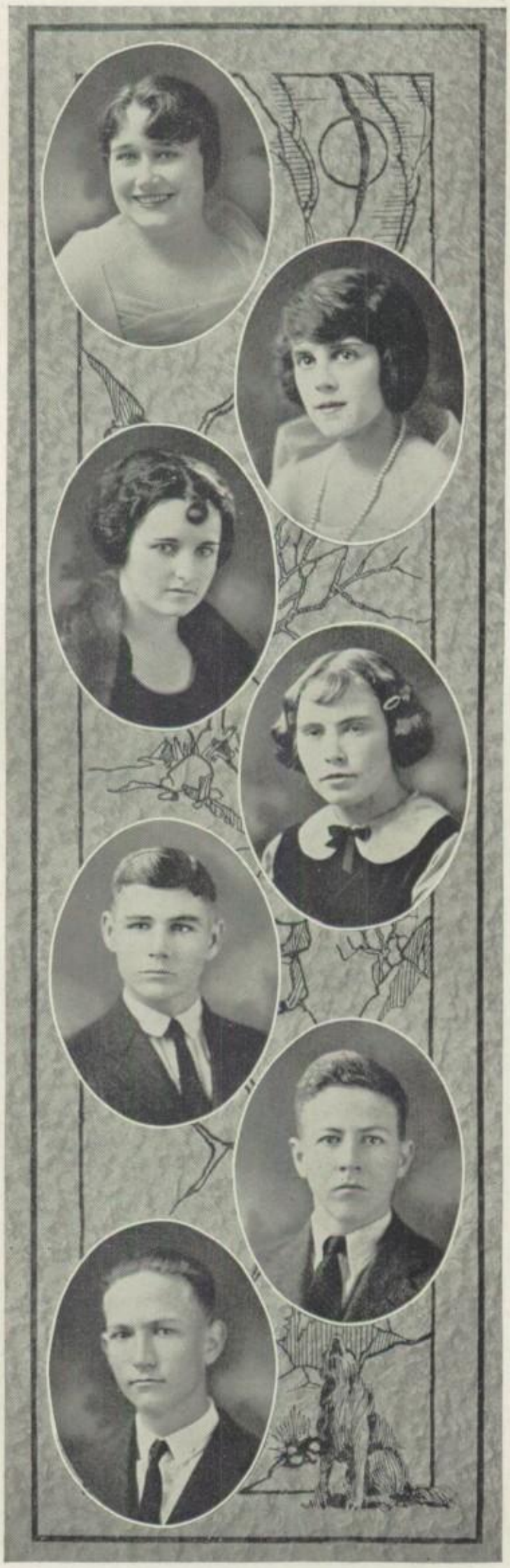
RUTH BRADFIELD

MARGARET COUSINS

DENNIS CHAPIN

SHANNON HARRISON

HESTEL BILLINGSLEY



LOUISE ROESSLER

REMINGTON CHRISTIAN

MARIAN NORTH

ELIZABETH TOOMEY

STEVE COLE

PRESTON SPAULDING

NED GREGG WALLACE

LOLA PATTERSON

MARGARET STEVENS

MYREL WILSON

HELEN SMITH

PHIL DAVIS

ALLEN TILLER

ISADORE FRENKEL

MATTIE ELLEN VERSCHOYLE

FLOY JANE NORWOOD

MARGARET MEDLOCK

DOROTHY WITCHER

JOHN KENNEDY

MARVIN HALL

CARTIER STOVALL

MARIE KELLY

FLORENCE ROBINSON

LILLIAN HANEY

DECIMA WILLIAMS

RICHARD FUQUA

HERSCHEL WOOD

NOVELLE McGUFFIE

JOE KILMAN

FRANK DEACON

ROBERT WILSON

DANIEL DAVID

ISABEL DELLINGER

ONA MAE PRUITT

EVA MAE WOOD

FRANCES GANNON

PEARL DAVIS

KATHERINE WATKINS

LOU ELLA BROWN

ISRAEL SHWIFF

NORMAN GILKER

SIDNEY BRADFORD

CHRISTINE McGRAW

LOIS WILLIAMS

MADGE ROBERTSON

ELIZABETH OWENS

HOMER WELCH

DOROTHY ABBOTT

JAMES BRODERICK

KELLER HARWOOD

THOMAS MAHONEY

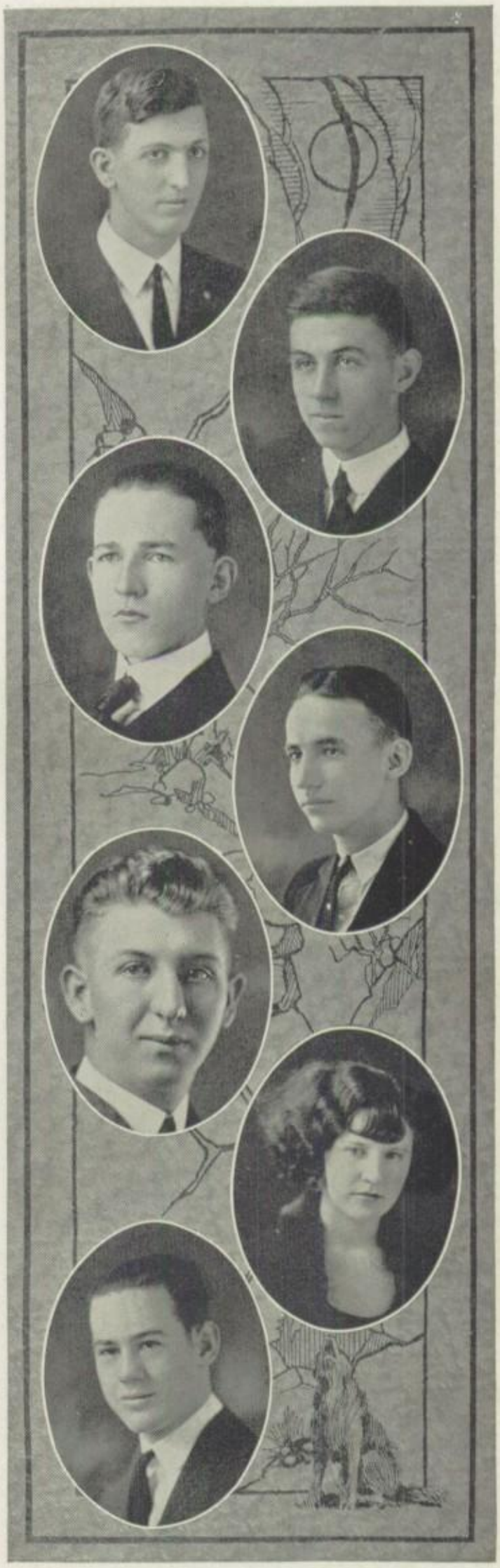
JOHN SCOTT

CHARLES WITCHELL

CHARLES MERZBACHER

JANIE ANDREWS

CECIL WRIGHT



HENRIETTA SCHAFFER

MARGARET PEPPLE

KATHERINE McDUFFIE

DOROTHY HAYES

CHARLIE REYNOLDS

GEORGE CROZIER

ROBERT ALDREDGE

CORINNE IREDALE

ANDRE LAMKIN

ROSALIE SPEED

MARY ELIZABETH THOMAS

SAM TOBOLOWSKY

ESTHER WINKLER

PHIL KIRCHAINE

MARY JOE HAMER

SARAH CHOKLA

MILDRED BULLOCK

RUTH DAVIDSON

H. B. CRISWELL

PIERPONT MORGAN

J. C. WALVOORD

REGNA BRYANT

FLORA BELLE MOON

MILDRED HAGG

GLADYS HOUSE

ALLISON TEMPLETON

LESTER HALEY

JOE THORP

MARY AND EMMA ANGUS

VERA SMITH?
VIDA SMITH?

VERA SMITH?
VIDA SMITH?

June Senior Prophecy

I came like bards of old to tell a story strange,
The future of my classmates I have indeed foreseen,
On a book writ in fire was every single name,
Their home, occupation—all, I saw in my dream.

First, in far-off China, some missionaries I spy.
There Mattie Ellen Verschoyle and Dorothy Hardy live up to Bryan High,
And in before the congregation of the heathen Chinee
Steve Cole is preacher, while Gerald Hayes leads the singing as proud as can be.
Then I seem to be whisked to Egypt, mysterious, fascinating, and grand—
Where Albert Thresher and Sam Tobolowsky know the measurements of the pyramids throughout the land,
And Frank Lombard and Joe Thorp beside the tranquil Nile
Engage in agriculture by a process of irrigation—perfect and new style—
While I wander in foreign lands, I go to gay Paris, France—
There Margaret Fears and Carol Hull lead a beautiful ballet dance.
And the pictures in the Louvre are of well-known fame.
The artists? Madge Robertson and Louise Roessler are their names.
While in the opera I am entertained by musicians very rare:
Dorothy Witcher and Erma Mannon to others we can not compare.
And then to sunny Italy I go, and am honored by being a guest
Of Remington Christian and Margaret Cousins, authors, who live in a villa picturesque.
In Switzerland I climb the Alps with a guide—strong, stalwart, and brave—
If I slip, I'm sure Keller Harwood will save me from a snowy grave.
In England—Ahem! My word! What's this I see?
Henry Smith wears his monocle with a grace that's as enchanting as can be—
And more surprises—to what will all this lead?
In parliament I see Henrietta Schaffer, Andre Lamkin, and Rosalie Speed.
To tempestuous Spain I wander, where in the arena Dick Scurry has quite a pull—
What else can be expected?—his lovely red hair, of course, can throw the bull.
And wives of Spanish cavaliers are there who are indeed Scurry "fans."
In Bryan they were known as Janie Andrews, Lillian Haney, and La Margaret Mann.
In Holland, I find, Hans Carl Glitch owns quite a thriving dairy
And is congenially married to a girl whose name, I believe, is Mary.
While on Lois Williams and Nellie Stone, Greece has quite a hold.
The ancient ruins of the Acropolis to them are finer than gold.
In Scotland I visit the home of the second Bobby Burns,
But who is inspiring Robert Brewer's love songs is indeed hard to discern.
And on the throne of tiny yet aristocratic kingdom of "Kinsella"
I am indeed surprised to see one who, in Bryan, was called Michael Castello.
But back to America, the land of the free, I finally roam,
For after all, as immigration officer, Thurman Louis, greets, "There's really no place like home."
On gay Broadway, Ruth Goldman is the "Follies" latest queen,
And electric signs announce Elizabeth Finley and Ned Gregg Wallace on the screen.
And as I peruse the "Tribune," whose editor it Russell Bailey, by the way,

I see that in social circles Margaret Pepple, Katherine McDuffie and May Fears hold
sway.
While another editor, William Neary, in Greenwich Village I find,
Who wears Windsor ties, unkempt hair, and edits a paper of a socialist kind.
And Shannon Harrison's "pictures" of girls put the famous Harrison Fisher to shame,
For Crystelle Berry and Ruth Bert are models for the same.
Now James Broderick is struggling away on a book, "Economics As It Should Be."
In the same garret likewise dwells the song writer, Hestel Billingsley,
And Marian Medlock a wonderful work is doing among the tenements of the poor,
While Margaret Medlock, judge of a criminal court, helps to deprive sin of its lure.
And among those trembling on the verge of the matrimonial brink
Are Ruth West and Maude McKnight, and may their crafts never sink!
To theirs I will link the names of some happy brides—
Mary Jane Williams, Bonita Wilson, and Mabel Haley enjoy their own firesides.
In Washington, well ,of course, Bryan furnishes the leader of the land—
Howard Hayden guides the nation with a wise, just hand,
While the Senate is made illustrious by these lawmakers, trim and neat:
Gladys House, Corinne Iredale, Theresa Horn, Celia Kleinman, and Dora Poteet.
In Congress no greater awe can be made than these two names to call—
H. B. Criswell and J. Pierpont Morgan are leaders of them all.
And if some doctors you want who are both "painless" and good,
Just go to Ruby Mae Harbin, Ben Lombard, or Herschel Wood.
And the teachers! Ah, I must certainly neglect them not,
Though perhaps the younger generation think without Elizabeth Toomey and Teresa
Bettes they might accomplish a lot.
And Israel Shwiff and Theodore Routt have a shop indispensable to all.
I won't mention the name, but perhaps you can guess—its sign is three balls.
Pearl Davis and Mary Worthington have entered an amiable partnership—
On the side-show business I hear they have a tremendous grip.
And Ben McCleskey, Phil Davis, Marvin Stephens, and B. T. Robertson a thriving circus
now own,
The popularity of which, I believe, is because they (the chief actors) add "tone."
In our own dear Dallas who should I see
But Homer Welch, who tried to sell some oil stock to me.
Of course I did not buy it, but have you heard
Of Virginia Sappington's gold mine—now isn't that absurd?
While on "easy street"—in fact, in millionaire's row—
Are Elmer Woolridge and Charlie Witchell living in luxury and gaudy show.
In Nick Williams a second Patrick Henry perhaps you will see,
But on the firm "Leslie Thompson and Williams"—no "shyster" lawyer is he.
Allen Tiller and Forest Smith are gay and debonair.
They are cruel heart-breakers among all the girls, but they, alas, have never a care.
A "No-Man's" Club has been formed, of independent business women; I hear
That Etta May Wright, Eva Wood, and Helen Myatt are "bachelor maids," and cause
many regrets, I fear.
Decima Williams and Katharine Watkins are prohibitionists without peer;
Although we are dry, as you no doubt know, they even object to our "near beer."
The debutantes this year, I am sure are having lots of fun—
For among them are Frances Jones, Lois Turner, and Ruth Patterson.
Mildred De Spain, as many know, in tennis can not be "beat."
At a tournament with the champion of France the price was one hundred dollars a seat.
In the "big league" baseball team, fans will be glad to see
Carl Richenburg, Edward Phillips, and John Oglesby, "the big three,"
And in a stock company—well, just guess—
Marvin Hall, Cecil Mewson, Ruth Walker, Elinor Swenson, and Richard Nelson are
simply "the best."
And did some of the pedagogues escape mention awhile ago?
Surely not, for Ellen Van Zandt and Margaret Ethredge have an exclusive school for
young ladies, you know.
And in Vassar and Yale two "Bryanites" teach the "extinction of the classic races."
Mamie Strait and Charles Merzbacher have these two important places,
While the presidency of Harvard is also held by one of renown.

All backward students fear Trueman Miller's frown.
Robert Martin's bathing beauties, I didn't mention them, I know,
But Velma Bohannon, Margaret Stevens, Helen and Ernestine Smith, and Thelma McQuirk add grace to that show.
Charles Reynolds is the super-coach of a famous football team.
While Preston Spalding and Allen Graham, the great scientists, show that things are not what they seem.
And Brooks Hunter has been married for many a day,
While Louis James is quite happy in matrimony, too, they say.
William Kendall is instructor in a college "militaire;"
Marie Kelly teaches music to many young ladies fair,
And Miss Lee is a famous caterer—have you eaten her "Zollie May" pies?
They are guaranteed the finest ever, and cause ecstatic sighs.
Mary Elizabeth Thomas and Etollia Lincoln are excellent interior decorators,
While Phil Kirchaine makes the finest brand of refrigerators,
And John Kendall has departed for his winter home in the South Sea Isles,
And Helen Roderick, without doubt, in Dallas sets the styles.
Thomas Mahoney and Howard Marbin have the distinction of being the first to go to Mars.
While Walter Bowen invented the machine in which they sailed around the stars.
Mary Lee Mangrum is a Parisian modiste,
And Ruth Prescott, Lola Patterson, Elizabeth Owens, and Ruth Miner are her models petite.
Mark Cotton is a great general and upholder of our flag.
The position of postmistress general is held by Mildred Hagg.
Norman Gilker is a chiropractic rough
And Richard Fuqua is a pugilist tough.
Bernice Gant makes just the loveliest "bonnets" ever seen.
And another teacher, Mildred Bullock trains the freshmen green.
On the Chautauqua platform are Isabel Dellinger and Doris Clarke,
Lecturers, they are after every learned person's heart.
George Christensen and Wagner Bywaters are working in their diamond mine.
While in far-off India with their officer husbands Dorothy Gardner and Francis Gannon spend their time.
Margaret Fitch is a rising young actress; on the Majestic Vaudeville she has appeared.
And Francis Fulk is a minister by sinners greatly feared.
Harold Davis and John French are wireless telegraphic men of great renown.
And in grand opera none has been heard to excell Lou Ella Brown.
Audrey Christie and Mattie Warn are collectors of French art.
Frank Farmer and Isadore Frenkel have both been hit by Cupid's dart.
Frank Ford is a daring ranchman on the Western Plains.
But the position that Louis Brocksmidt holds would put all others to shame—
Gentle reader, do I hear you breathe a sigh
When I say that he is principal of dear old Bryan High.

The vision fades; I rub my eyes; everything so strangely seems.
Ah! of course, as you can guess, it was only a dream!!

CRYSTELLE BERRY

Born Commerce, Texas, Dec. 20, 1905. Entered from Fannin. Girls' Club.

"We don't wonder artists have craved
Eyes vampish, hair auburn, and beautifully waved,
Eyebrows with an artistic questioning arch,
And lips like the first flaming tulips of March."

HELEN MYATT

Born Ennis, Texas, Aug. 27, 1904. Entered from Travis. Vivicentia, Girls' Club.

If there is any one who does not believe that saying about red headed people being smart, he need only know Helen to be convinced for evermore. We sit and marvel as she translates Latin.

RUSSELL BAILEY

Born Edmore, Mich., Nov. 13, 1903. Entered from Salina (Col.) High School. Annual Staff, Phi Kappa, R. O. T. C., Weekly Editor, R. S. B.

It is well to know when to work and when to play. "Russ" does both equally well and at the proper time. It's funny, though, to hear him protest, "no beauteous one" holds any interest for him.

FRANCIS FULK

Born Atlanta, Texas, Feb. 24, 1904. Entered from Cumberland Hill.

His gentle behavior and his coy and modest mannerisms have endeared Francis to the throbbing heart of the Senior Class. Yes, even now he puts the rose to shame as he blushes fiery red. Tra, la, la, la, "Francisco."

MABEL HALEY

Born Dallas, Aug. 1, 1904. Entered from Reiger Avenue.

We'll say that Mabel is attractive. She seems to have the ability for correct dressing. And then, too, it goes without saying that everyone has noticed and admired her heavy black hair. Mabel surely is an asset to our Senior Class.

RUTH BERT

Born Dallas, Oct. 7, 1904. Entered from Fannin School.

"Quiet and fair
With a winsome winning air,
She has flashed smile on smile
Many a heart to beguile."

MARVIN BERRY STEVENS

Born Dallas, June 21, 1904. Entered from Paducah, Ky., High School. Basketball, Managing Editor Weekly, Associate Editor of Dalhi, member of R. B. S., Minstrel '22, Senior Play, Polygon, R. O. T. C., R. S. B.

Yes, that long, lanky hunk of human integrity is "Shike" Stephens. Marvin made a name for himself in the second Bryan-Forest basketball game this year. The poor boy is a nut in general, but he manages to get along.

RICHARDSON SCURRY

Born Dallas, Texas, Feb. 17, 1904. Entered from Fannin. Phi-Kappa, Hi-Y, Little Theater, Editor in Chief Dalhi Journal, '21 and '22; Annual Staff '21, President Freshman Class '18, Students' Council '20 and '21; Captain R. O. T. C.

Good Ole Dick, with his red head, is known by some for his editorship; by other for his hair; by others for his speech; but by all who know him best for his uncontrollable love for girls.

BONITA WILSON

Bonita is just naturally popular. In her years at Bryan she has slowly but surely built up an enormous number of enduring friendships. The talent for making friends is certainly not to be laughed at. Keep it up, Bonita.

CAROL HULL

Born Philadelphia, Sept. 23, 1903. Entered from Sam Houston. Minstrel, Dalhi Staff, Weekly Staff, R. O. T. C., Football, Hi-Y.

Line smasher, goal grabber, heart breaker, Smuck. We less unfortunate "hes" see where you have an eye for business: you crashed in on the line, took the goals by storm, and then, knowing feminine weakness for a hero, smiled and calmly gathered your fruits in hearts.

LOUIS BROCKSMITH

Born Hillsboro, May 24, 1905. Entered from Columbian Hill. Aquatic Club, Athletic Mascot.

Louis almost grows fins, he is such a good swimmer, and the speed his stroke piles up is amazing. Jackrabbit is our mascot, and Bryan's teams could never have won a game had he been absent. Ask any player.

ELIZABETH McGUIRE

Entered from Houston. President Swimming Club.

If it's a dance, count on Liz. If it's a feast Liz'll be there. If it's a football spread Liz'll put the place cards around.

MARK CARY COTTON

Born Floyd, Texas, Sept. 27, 1903. Entered from Travis. Little Theater, Hi-Y, Camp Taylor '19, Camp Jackson '20, Minstrel '19-'20-'21, Business Manager Dalhi '21-'22.

Gee, but he is ugly, but within his heart he's honest; his success is due to business deals, Minstrels and Dalhi. But all is surpassed by his generosity and popularity with everyone. He is a full man, even unto his whiskers.

J. HOWARD HAYDEN

Born Grandview, Texas, May 31, 1904. Entered from Crockett. Phi-Kappa, Hi-Y, 1st Lieut. R. O. T. C., Good Scholarship Club, Dalhi Staff '20, President Phi-Kappa '21, Secretary Hi-Y '21.

And lo, the country boy comes to the city and wins fame. So it was with Howard. But few Seniors can claim a more worthy record or can count their friends in greater numbers than our class orator.

MARY BLANKENSHIP

Born Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 18, 1903. Entered from Baylor College.

Mary had a little lamb,
But, Mary, she's alright;
She's quiet and serenely calm,
And smiles with all her might.

VIRGINIA SAPPINGTON

Born Trenton, Tenn., Oct. 26, 1904. Entered from Forest. Girls' Club, Swimming Club.

The literary strain in Virginia's family shows itself plainly in her. She has the love of books and joy in companionship of an author; and some day—but we are, perhaps, too prone to prophesy.

J. FRANK FORD

Born, Dallas, Texas, Feb. 4, 1904. Entered from Austin. Phi-Kappa, Hi Y, Annual Staff '21.

Frank is some boy. He's another that can take a joke and always has a smile for every one. Frank is quite a football player and would have made a first letter this year if he had had more experience. Some lucky college will get a good man when he enters.

ROBERT C. MARTIN

Born Dallas, Texas, Aug. 30, 1903. Entered from Fannin. R. O. T. C.

Robert reminds us of the bored, sophisticated man of the world. He is unusually sensitive and is possessed of a moody temperament as is evidenced by the extreme carelessness in his dress. Needless to say that "Bob" is an assiduous student.

OPAL CAMPBELL

Born Dallas, Texas, Jan. 26, 1905. Entered from Milam.

Opal, in her day, has met and conquered Latin, Math, History; but she has this year seen the big battle of her career. IV A English looms large upon the horizon, envelops her, and (prophecy) in turn it is vanquished. Opal, your mettle has proven itself this last year at Bryan.

DORA POTEET

Born Cameron, Texas, Oct. 4, 1904. She looks innocent and is known purely for her sweet disposition and winning ways. A noticeable feature is her ready smile which beams forth at every opportunity.

RICHARD LEEDOM NELSON

Born St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 23, 1904. Entered from Parsons High, Parsons, Kan. Minstrel, Weekly Staff.

Dick, we hope you have not cornered the market on your brand of hair-shine, or secured a permanent lease on "ways and means of a Professional Heartbreaker."

RUTH WEST

Born Dallas, Texas, Feb. 23, 1905. Entered from Fannin. President Ata Pye, Secretary Ata Pye, President Girls' Club; Students' Council, Art Club, Weekly Staff, Annual Staff, Secretary-Treasurer Senior Class.

Ruth is one of the steadiest girls we know. She has executive ability to a marked degree, which combined with a cheerful demeanor, represents an almost infallible formula for popularity.

DOROTHY HARDY

Born Dallas, Texas, May 24, 1905. Entered from Travis. Secretary Zetha Nee; Girls' Club, Dalhi Staff; Annual Staff '22, Secretary Students' Council '21; Better Scholarship Club.

Dot is the most conscientious person we know; and besides this virtue she has one of the truest and biggest hearts for friendship in this school. She makes a good practice dummy for Miss de Capree's thrusts, but usually manages to come up smiling from her almost daily tussle with the aforesaid instructor.

LOIS TURNER

Entered from St. Mary's, Dallas. President Ata Pye.

Gee whiz! What a job to describe her! Beauty, brains, personality, friendliness, energy, faithfulness—words fail us. Lois, you are just too popular, so there!

FRANCES JONES

Born Fort Worth, Texas, Sept. 18, 1904. Entered from Colonial Hill. Art Club, President Zetha Nee; Good Scholarship '21.

Francis the fair, Frances the lovable, Frances, the lily maid of Bryan High! This lovely bit of feminine charm has won many a boy's heart and hand.

TERESA BETTES

Born Dallas, Texas, Jan. 14, 1905. Entered from Sam Houston. Girls' Club, Ata Pye, Swimming Club, Art

Club, Weekly Staff, Dalhi, Annual, Good Scholarship Club.

Teresa possesses the rare gift of good, wholesome laughter, and she uses it unsparingly. Besides that, she is a good student and a good friend, and is in consequence a very desirable companion.

ELIZABETH FINLEY

Born Dallas, Texas, Jan. 30, 1904. Entered from Austin. President Art Club, Secretary and Vice-President Ata Pye; Students' Council, '18-'19.

Elizabeth is a rare combination of all the attributes of the ideal girl. Although Lib likes to (shall we say it?) laugh and make merry, she also realizes the inestimable value of a thorough education. Good for you, Elizabeth!

ELLEN VAN ZANDT

Born Fort Worth, Texas, March 31, 1904. Entered from Crockett. Treasurer Ata Pye, President Girls' Club '20; Annual Staff '22, Students' Council '20, '21, '22; Club Council '20, '21.

Ellen, you have shown us what you can do in a business way, and you have shown us what you can do in a literary way. What can't you do? Your talents will win for you a place in any sphere, however important it may be. Good luck, girl!

BEN M. McCLESKY

Born, Cleburne, Texas, Jan. 14, 1904. Entered from Central High, Fort Worth. Little Theater, Camp Dallas Club, Minstrel '21-'22, Weekly Staff '21-'22, Dalhi Staff '21-'22, Assistant Editor Annual '22, Director Hi-Y, Lieut. R. O. T. C.

We are constantly searching the outer surface of Ben's cerebral cavity for a peaked cap with little bells on it. Has any one else felt the same impulse? But, Ben, it takes lots of brains and a ready wit to make a clown; you fill the bill.

WALTER BOWEN

Born Dallas, Texas, Feb. 29, 1904. Entered from Travis. Weekly Staff.

Walter may not remind us of Alexander the Great, but he is a Damon to every Pythias in the school, and he is the Cleopatra of the sterner fraction of the class.

BROOKS HUNTER

Born Lockhart, Texas, Nov. 4, 1904. Entered from Abilene High. Phi Kappa, Hi-Y, Minstrel '19, '20, '21, '22, Little Theater, Weekly Staff '21, '22, Capt. R. O. T. C., Asst. Business Manager Annual '22, Manager Philo Revue '22, Manager Senior Play '22, Dalhi Staff '19, '20, Tennis '20.

Brooks, we notice you are exceedingly popular. It is no secret. Would you please tell us if you owe that popularity to the "come hither" in your eyes, to your undulating hair, to your charming personality, or is it because you are just downright smart? We'd like to know.

HENRY SMITH

Born Dallas, Texas, Sept. 29, 1906. Entered from Sam Houston. Phi Kappa, Camp Dallas Club, Associate Editor of Annual '22, 1st Lieut. R. O. T. C., Hi-Y, State Debate '22, President de Capree Literary Society '22; Better Scholarship Club '19, '20, '21, '22; Secretary Phi Kappa '22, winner City Essay Contest '22.

It is thought by many that the color of Henry's hair is an indication of the avoirdupois of his cerebellum. This may be true, but we're here to state that the superabundance of the protoplasmic substance of his unabbreviated anatomy more than balances any deficiency in his upper region.

TRUEMAN RHEA MILLER

Born Corpus Christi, Texas, March 1, 1904. Entered from Powell. Phi Kappa, Camp Dallas Club, Hi-Y Club, Rifle Team, Annual Staff, Students' Council.

Trueman is a fairly good kid, but he parts his hair in the middle, and he is on the rifle team. He is a habitual Trig devotee, and works assiduously at odd moments. He's perfectly sane though, and we like him.

B. T. ROBERTSON

Born Union Springs, Ala., Sept. 22, 1904. Entered from Florence High. Phi Kappa, Camp Dallas, Senior Play, member R. S. B.

Good old B. T. is some lover, we'll say. Who would have thought that innocent young lad would be the head lovemaker of the year? Shame on you, B. T. I wouldn't have believed it of you.

WILLIAM NEARY

Born Louisville, Ky., May 21, 1905. Entered from Chicago. Phi Kappa, Vice President '21, President '22, Oratorical Contest '21, President Senior Class '22, Editor in Chief of Annual '22, Better Scholarship Club, State Debate '22, Hi-Y.

William, in spite of his extreme youth, has inveigled several seniors of gullible sensibilities into the belief that he is dignified. But he is not; he is only extremely timid. He has loved and lost, and is now living to love again. He likes solemnly sweet music in the twilight.

MARY JANE WILLIAMS

Born Taylor, Texas, July 5, 1904. Entered from San Antonio. Weekly Staff, Girls' Club.

Mary Jane is not of the syrupy personality we would naturally expect, but appears to go her way making herself and others laugh at life. She has never been known to frown.

ERMA MANNON

Erma is not especially noted for any single line of endeavor, simply because her universal proficiency admits no one talent to stand out above the rest. Our only wish is that we had more like her in our class and in the school.

FRANK G. LOMBARD

Born Harrison, Ark., April 2, 1902. Entered from Terrill School. Good Scholarship, Camp Dallas, R. O. T. C.

His main study in high school has been training his face to keep grim, so he can be a sea captain. He ought to frown Fluit and Kidd into the hold when he has graduated from Annapolis, for they had no 109 to flavor their dispositions.

BEN LOMBARD

Born Muskogee, Okla., July 17, 1904. Entered from Houston. Good Scholarship, Camp Dallas, 1st Lieut. R. O. T. C.

Ben hasn't had much experience with the ladies, it seems, but we are of the opinion that he would be a howling success if he started love-making. He is so big and strong.

RUBY MAE HARBIN

Born Grandview, Texas, Dec. 9, 1904. Entered from Corpus Christi.

A songster and a writer is Ruby Mae. Our Senior Class this year is the best and we're here to state that she has had more than a small share in the promotion of its success.

CELIA KLEINMAN

Born Russia, Dec. 7, 1905. Entered from Cumberland Hill.

Celia has certainly a striking personality. We don't know the constituents of this possession. but we curiously wonder if heavy blue black hair is an important factor. Judging from Celia, we think so.

ALLAN GRAHAM

Born Dallas, Texas, Aug. 18, 1905. Entered from Houston. President de Capree Literary Society; R. O. T. C., Better Scholarship.

Caledonia's son, we salute thee! As a finished product of 305-E, as a good sport, as all that a Bryan boy should be, we respect you. Stay in there, Allan!

MILDRED LORD

Born Palestine, Asia Minor, 1903. Entered from Ennis High. Little Theater, Girls' Club, Swimming Club, Public Speaking Club.

She seems rather reserved, but when one once knows her one finds she has quite startling opinions on many subjects. In Mildred one has a friend for good.

COLA HOLLINGSWORTH

Born Corsicana, Texas, Sept. 12, 1903. Entered from San Jacinto. Girls' Club, Woodcraft Club.

Cola is quiet and unobtrusive, a person hard to fathom, but if we guess correctly, she is one of those praiseworthy mortals who do not say all they happen to know.

GEORGE CHRISTENSEN

Born Dallas, Texas, June 26, 1905. Entered from Crockett. R. O. T. C., Better Scholarship.

If his talent in drawing is utilized, he will become one of our foremost mechanical engineers; in fact, if height has anything to do with it, he will always stand high in everything.

MARCUS AMSLER

Born Brenham, Texas., March 3, 1904. Entered from Winnetka.

Marcus believes in producing conversation "a la Marconi" rather than "a la co-ed." If you want to know anything about wireless. His only trouble in chemistry was that Mr. Ashburn couldn't understand the Morse code.

LA MARGARET MANN

Born Dallas, Texas, May 27, 1905. Entered from San Jacinto. Girls' Club.

Some people are naturally quiet—La Margaret is. But in spite of this fact, this young lady impresses us by her many enduring virtues. We're glad we have known you, La Margaret; we wouldn't have missed the opportunity.

HELEN RODERICK

Born Springfield, Ill., Oct. 3, 1904. Entered from Springfield.

Helen is a quiet girl with a sweet personality, a rather retiring disposition, and a barely susceptible southern drawl in her speech. Her bewitching indiosyncrasies have endeared her to Bryan.

OLE CHRISTENSEN

Born Dallas, Texas, Jan. 31, 1903. Entered from Crockett. Hi-Y, R. O. T. C.

Ole, thou art the Pike's Peak of our Senior Class. What we have seen of you we admire, but we must say that, due to existing linear difficluties, we have never talked to you "face to face."

ETTA MAE WRIGHT

We have our opinion of any girl that will work for a publication even when she is confined at home on account of illness. We think she is just naturally keen. If all students had the spirit possessed by Etta Mae, Bryan would be an academic Utopia.

NELLIE STONE

Born Dallas, Texas, Aug. 8, 1903. Entered from Vickery. Good Scholarship Club.

Nellie, we have never become very well acquainted with you because you are so quiet and cool, but we would like to if you would let us.

HAROLD DAVIS

Born Dallas, Texas, Dec. 19, 1904. Entered from Fannin. Minstrel '18.

Harold is the boy with the ready wit. It seems that he is never at a loss for a witty reply. His replies to questions submitted by our beloved teachers often turn the classes into uncontrollable mobs.

ALBERT THRASHER

Born Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 5, 1904. Woodcraft Club, Press Club, R. O. T. C.

Albert is Mr. Ashburn's shining light in chemistry. He can tell you more about disulphide and hydroxide than can a chemical engineer. Notwithstanding this, however, Albert is a real fellow.

MARY WORTHINGTON

Born Mesquite, Texas, Sept. 25, 1903. Entered from Fannin. Polygon Club, Woodcraft, Little Theater, Girls' Club, Good Scholarship.

She loves to make a good grade and truly deserves to make it, but while she is ambitious along this line, she is more than ambitious for her friends. The world is in sad need of more characters like our own Mary.

VELMA BOHANNON

Born Waxahachie, Texas, Aug. 29, 1903. Entered from Waxahachie High School. Girls' Club, Good Scholarship, Students' Council.

One marvels that a human heart could hold so much sympathy. Velma is a real "joy spreader." To be with her is to be happy. Her clear vision of service will some day bless the world.

WILLIAM HOLMES

William, perseverance is, as always, the "open sesame" to accomplishment. Judging from the steadiness of your disposition we say that there should be no limit to your future success.

MAUDE McKNIGHT

Born Murfresboro, Tenn., March 9, 1904. Entered from Fannin. Girls' Club, Vivicentia, Polygon, President Sophomore Class, Secretary Freshman Class, Winner Declamation Contest '21.

Boys with weak hearts and will power all shut their eyes and flee when Maude comes on the scene. When she gets to work with that big cheery smile, we all flop. "We'll say we does."

RUTH BRADFIELD

Born Dallas, Texas, July 1, 1904. Entered from Armstrong Hi.

If we kept a memory book (and here we blush) we would put something like this in it: Ruth Bradfield—all round girl—good in English—not given to unnecessary conversation—excellent companion—an easy person to talk to.

DENNIS CHAPIN

Born Sherman, Texas, Aug. 26, 1903. Entered from Milam. Baseball '21, '22.

Always happy and seemingly carefree, he is a baseball star and "wields a wicked willow stick." If he would apply his enthusiasm for baseball to Spanish, it is very likely that a decided improvement would result.

HESTEL BILLINGSLEY

Born Wylie, Texas, June 13, 1903. Entered from Wylie High School.

Cheer up, old dear, the worst is yet to come and a smile is so becoming to your grave visage.

THELMA McQUIRK

Born Dallas, Texas, May 26, 1903. Entered from Fannin. Treasurer Vivicentia.

Thelma's is a well filled niche in the school life of Bryan wherein the close observer may see much that an impulsive and foolishly led public passed over. Her retiring nature all but conceals the riches of her personality.

MARGARET COUSINS

Born Munday, Ill., Jan. 26, 1905. Entered from Armstrong Hi. Class poet and historian.

Margaret is our embryo O. Henry. Her unusual talent in story writing has furnished the Dalhi with its best material at frequent intervals throughout the year. And then, remarkable feat, indicative of superlative mental robustness, is her carrying of two Senior English courses. "Caught between two fires."

SHANNON HARRISON

Born Arlington, Texas, Jan. 14, 1904. Entered from Travis. Hi-Y, Band, Weekly Staff, R. O. T. C., Good Scholarship, Orchestra.

Shannon is quite a musician. It is thought he blows some kind of a horn. He might make a hit with the girls if he could overcome his bashfulness. How about that, Shannon?

LOUISE ROESSLER

Born Dallas, Texas, Sept. 30, 1903. Entered from Fannin. Girls' Club, Ata Pye, Art Club.

Lou tells a good joke, but the point is often eclipsed by the paroxysms of laughter—her laughter. She edits a good paper, except that the advertisement for "news" often covers the page.

ELIZABETH TOOMEY

Born Dallas, Texas, Dec. 27, 1904. Entered from Travis. Swimming Club, Zetha Nee, vice president Girls' Club.

What's all the excitement? Don't know. Let's ask Lib. We have to congratulate her on her faculty for latest news. However, it runs in the family.

MARIAN NORTH

Born Kansas City, Mo., May 5, 1903. Entered from Sam Houston. Girls' Club.

Marian never gets ruffled at the little things which anger most of us. She is good-humored, happy-go-lucky and inclined toward frivolity.

REMINGTON CHRISTIAN

Born Milton, Penn., Oct. 4, 1903. Entered from Mott High, North Dakota. Little Theater, Girls' Club, Polygon, Orchestra, Students' Council.

Remington scarcely needs an introduction. Her literary ability impressed us before she had been long in our midst. The Dalhi has often been a better paper because of her stories.

NED GREGG WALLACE

Born Dallas, Texas, Aug. 6, 1904. Entered from Milam. Phi Kappa, R. O. T. C., secreary Sophomore Class.

Right here we are treading on dangerous ground, for if we say Ned is as handsome as Apollo, he will scalp us, and if we say he is not as handsome as Apollo, the girls will scalp us, so we will compromise and say that Ned is one of the finest boys we ever knew.

PRESTON L. SPAULDING

Born Corsicana, Texas, Jan. 8, 1904. Entered from Powell. Camp Dallas Club.

Preston has not been with us long, but long enough to make a host of friends. He is a good student and will be missed when he is no longer at Bryan.

STEVE COLE

Born Celeste, Texas, May 14, 1904. Entered from Austin. Football.

Steve is an agreeable fellow, a real ladies' man, and at times we have become almost convinced that knowledge is within his grasp. At any rate, much may be said in his favor.

PHIL DAVIS

Born Chicago, Ill., July 9, 1904. Entered from Royal Street. Minstrel 1920-1921.

Hair, "Jazz Bo," Elysian fields! What a dresser! But there is a reason—if it were only known. And otherwise he's normal; in his off moments, subnormal. Thus even the great have their weaknesses, and may at times descend far enough to be yclept a "good kid."

ALLEN TILLER

Born Wanette, Okla., Dec. 7, 1905. Entered from Fannin. Treasurer and director Hi-Y, Camp Dallas Club, Dalhi staff '21 and '22, Good Scholarship Club, Phi Kappa, business manager June Bulletin, basketball.

Wham! Sock! And then he enters the class. Hair——! Oh, man, Allen is adorable. And at the "entertainments" in the "gym," that's where he shines (also his hair). But in spite of these drawbacks Allen has managed to gain the partial friendship of one or two weak-minded students of which we are one.

ISADORE K. FRENKEL

Born Dallas, Texas, Sept. 30, 1903. Entered from Royal Street. Hi-Y, Minstrel '19, '20, '21, '22, Lieutenant R. O. T. Co., business manager Dalhi Journal, Camp Jackson, Senior play, Little Theater.

We're here to say that Isadore's O. K. Never in all our varied career have we seen such a human expression of innocence, of childish faith, of unadulterated unsophistication. We say this in all sincerity.

LOLA PATTERSON

Born Dallas, April 5, 1904. Entered from San Jacinto.

"Lola" is a synonym for the much-coveted and admired adjective "popular." All we ask is that you turn to the Senior pictures and judge her for yourself as to beauty, and get to know her to realize her charm.

EUNICE MARGARET STEVENS

A blue-eyed maiden sunny and fair,
Captured the heart of a Lochinvar.
Her name was Margaret, don't you see?
His George, or Jimmie, or Frank, maybe.

JIMMIE WILSON

Jimmie is attractive, to say the least. But mere physical beauty is meaningless without personality, and when we think of Miss Wilson we always spell personality with capital letters.

HELEN SMITH

Born Hot Springs, Miss, March 7, 1905. Entered from Oak Cliff.

She came to us from the suburb where the strong breezes blow, and if she is a fair sample of the femininity usual over there, we would be glad of more immigration from this foreign land.

MATTIE ELLEN VERSCHOYLE

Born Dallas, Texas, June 30, 1905. Entered from Fannin. Philo, Girls' Club secretary Philo four terms.

If you were not so outrageously smart, we would never have been aware of your presence, I fear, for you are about as noisy as a shadow.

MARVIN HALL

Born Dallas, Texas, May 26, 1905. Entered from Houston. Hi-Y, Annual staff, Le Romanesques.

What made them grow like that? What kind of inducement do you offer to them? Have you not found them a great protection to the eyes from the scorching rays of the Texas sun?

MARGARET MEDLOCK

Born Dallas, Texas, Sept. 28, 1905. Entered from Fannin. Annual staff '22.

Margaret has difficulty with economics, and she does not exactly breathe easily in English, but as far as her friends, they could not be discouraged with a stick. When Margaret graduates, she will leave a vacancy hard to fill.

FLOY JANE NORWOOD

Born Greenville, Texas, Oct. 10, 1905. Ata Pye reporter, Art Club, Annual staff, Dalhi staff, Prophet Class '22.

They say geniuses are often erratic, and from observing "Sunshine" we believe it. English and verse are the delight of her life, history is made entrancing by rhyme, but all of "Sunshine" fades when physics time comes.

DOROTHY WITCHER

Born St. Louis, Mo., May 29, 1905. Entered from Webster High School. Philo, Good Scholarship.

When did Dorothy ever fall down on a job? Never! She makes good at everything from A to Z (include what you will). She receives her reward when the time comes for the little pink cards to be passed around.

JOHN KENNEDY

Born Dallas, Texas, April 14, 1905. Entered from Austin. Lientenant R. O. T. C.

"With lokke curlle, as they leyd and presse," is quite true of you, John, but you smile so well, why don't you indulge oftener?

CARTIER STOVALL

Born Chicago, Ill., May 12, 1902. Entered from San Jacinto. Little Theater, Polygon, Rifle Team '22, Minstrel '22.

Ah, Cartier! "Apple of the students' eye." We fear thy fickleness with the fair sex has caused thy downfall. We remember the days when you were Bryan's "lady-killer." But, alas! It is no more. We are so sorry.

RICHARD FUQUA

Born Clinton, Mo., Aug. 27, 1903. Entered from Fannin.

We ask you, students, isn't Richard a quiet chap? Maybe so, but we have an inkling that this young fellow has quite a reserve force of possibility, at any rate.

HERSCHEL WOOD

Born Cleburne, Texas, Jan. 6, 1905. Entered from Austin School, Houston, Texas. Hi-Y, Lieutenant R. O. T. C.

"I sat beside the road and wrote the words into my book!" And incidentally in a beautiful red sash and tie you appeared to resemble strongly a tragic, Spanish troubadour.

NOVELLE McGUFFIE

Novelle, your chemistry recitations show you to be a man after our own heart. Your earnest, pleading look, albeit tinged with ignorance, seems just the thing for sympathetic teachers. "Got the formula?"

MARIE, KELLY

Born Wortham, Texas, March 5, 1904. Entered from Wortham High School. Girls' Club, Good Scholarship Club.

Marie is quaint. We might also state that she is a conscientious student, a true follower of the paths of knowledge and education. By the way, Marie, are you by any chance Irish?

FLORENCE ROBINSON

Florence is the aggressive, self-assertive, independent type of girl. She will never be guided by circumstances, but will, like Napoleon, make circumstances by the power of her will.

LILLIAN HANEY

Born Dallas, Texas, Juy 19, 1904. Entered from Sam Houston. Girls' Club.

Lillian hasn't much to say, but when she does speak she always makes us glad we heard her. She is popular because she is a good listener, which, by the way, is a mighty good beauty secret.

DECIMA WILLIAMS

Decima is just downright good-natured. When it comes to upholding a spirit of optimism and "pep," this young lady can't be surpassed. All of which

goes to show that a smile or laugh is appreciated.

JOSEPH R. KILMAN

Born Corsicana, Texas, March 22, 1904. Entered from Terrill School. Hi-Y, Annual staff '21, Dalhi staff, R. O. T. C.

"A lovyer and a lusty bachelor." Since when? We can't quite remember, but for many a month.

"So hatte he lovede, that by nightertale
He sleep namore than doth a nightingale."

FRANK DEACON

Born Dallas, Texas, Jan. 8, 1903. Entered from Fannin. Forum, Hi-Y, Minstrel '20, '21.

Frank, whenever we see you we think of razors and hair brushes. Your truly angelically beautiful face and nigrescent locks are fitting arguments for the continued manufacture of these articles.

ROBERT WILSON

Oh, man! Let him alone. Don't you know it's heaven while it lasts? Why demolish ruthlessly the moments of bliss by rumor of realities to which he will awake?

DANIEL DAVID

Born Dallas, Texas, Sept. 10, 1905. Entered from Fannin. Lieut. R. O. T. C., Minstrel '22.

What will Daniel do when school is out and the entrancing background of an officer's uniform has vanished? Go to A. & M. and make believe he's a lieutenant.

EVA MAE WOOD

We don't see why there wasn't a Miss Stevenson for you to impersonate so that you might picturesquely have carried off the appearance of a romantic senorita.

ONA MAE PRUITT

Born Waxahachie, Texas, March 11, 1904. Entered from Alamo. Public Speaking Club.

Oh! the calming, subduing effect you must have on little sister! Relatively, or possibly "sisteratively" speaking, Ona Mae is quiet.

ISABEL DELLINGER

Born Miles, Texas, May 29, 1905. Entered from Milam.

Isabel has a quiet, solid air of ability which makes us feel she can and will rise to any occasion whatsoever. When she is present, there is no question of leadership—her initiative instinctively takes the lead.

FRANCES GAMMON

Born Dallas, Texas, Nov. 10, 1904. Entered from St. Edwards. Girls' Club, Orchestra.

Our unexpectedly excellent speaker! To win a place upon one's first attempt at public declamation is an achievement. In the future, Frances, we expect much from your talent; much, to Bryan's honor and glory, and your own, too.

ISRAEL SHWIFF

Born Russia, Europe, April 23, 1904. Entered from Ball High, Galveston. Band.

They say that quiet streams run deep, but how is one to know unless he has sounded them? You have been so profoundly quiet that we have never had the opportunity to sound you.

NORMAN GILKER

Born Boston, Mass., April 16, 1906. Entered from Sam Houston. Good Scholarship Club.

What we want to know is whether they are all like you in Boston. Young, quiet, learned, wild-haired, and blue-eyed. If so, another carload, please.

PEARL DAVIS

Born Dallas, Texas, Sept. 1, 1904. Entered from Travis. Girls' Club, Polygon Club.

In her heart there is sympathy for both friend and foe. She is just the kind of a girl that everybody likes. Life to her will be a long path of love and light.

SIDNEY BRADFORD

Born Mineola, Texas, Aug. 2, 1904. Entered from Mineola High. Woodcraft Club.

He is the original model for Arrow collars and Hart, Schaffner & Marx clothes. His patronage enables the Wrigley Co. to declare dividends quarterly. In spite of this incriminating evidence, he is a good student, and a fine friend.

KATHRYN WATKINS

Born Union Springs, Ala., June, 1905. Entered from Denton High.

She's entirely too bashful for anyone with such pretty dimples. Underneath her bashfulness, however, is a quiet determination to learn.

LOU ELLA BROWN

Born Dallas, Texas, March 4, 1904. Entered from Cumberland Hill.

Modesty, gentleness, and a quiet determination to conquer have endeared Lou Ella to teachers and schoolmates alike. She is a student who is a real credit to Bryan High.

DOROTHY ABBOTT

Born Chicago, Ill., Oct. 22, 1904. Entered from Williamstown High, New York. Girls' Club, Good Scholarship Club.

Dorothy, you are a good sport. You know how to laugh fine, when laughing time comes; but say, isn't it hard to stop?

ELIZABETH OWENS

Born Denison, Texas, May 3, 1905. Entered from Milam.

Elizabeth stuck by Latin for four years and it didn't ruin her either, for as far as we can see, she blossomed out remarkably since her initial sally into the realms of the dead.

MADGE ROBERTSON

Madge lost out for a while up at Bryan when she migrated back North; but you tell 'em, boys, it didn't take her long to re-establish herself.

LOIS WILLIAMS

Born Delhi, Okla., May 17, 1904. Entered from Milam.

We entreat you don't take us so seriously. Missing one stray question in English does not brand you—so brace up and grin. The worst is yet to come. We are deeply appreciative of your art work, Lois.

CHRISTINE McGRAW

Born Royse City, Texas, April 5, 1904. Entered from Greenville High. Students' Council.

Christine, how do you do it? When Caesar "appugnoed" the Czecho-Slovaks, we quit; but you, invincible spirit, kept on! It is for the lowly to enjoy the great; we covet your four years of Latin.

JAMES BRODERICK

Born Quincy, Ill., Oct. 19, 1904. Entered from San Jacinto.

Geometry is his middle name, and he is always cheerful until somebody tries to make a geometric figure—out of his sweater. Stay in there, Jamie.

HOMER WELSH

Born Dallas, Texas, Oct. 20, 1904. Entered from County District School No. 29. R. O. T. C.

Homer is loud, but in spite of this and the unique structure of his facial features, we admire him for the sheer novelty of the lad. Homer, if you ever need some plow hands, call on us. Boy, you have our best wishes.

CECIL WRIGHT

Cecil paralyzes the English class when he recites, but this is nothing beside his effect on the powder-puff toters of our unblemished school. He captivates them all. Cecil is, however, rather clever than otherwise, and has an ever-widening circle of friends among the boys.

KELLER HARWOOD

Born Dallas, Texas, Aug. 1, 1904. Entered from San Jacinto. Business Manager Annual, '22; Phi Kappa.

Outstanding among his many good attributes, is his good nature. His smile can be seen at a distance, and his laugh has immense carrying power.

THOMAS MAHONEY

Born Dallas, Texas, Dec. 3, 1905. Entered from Cumberland Hill. Lieut. R. O. T. C., Weekly Staff, Phi Kappa, Press Club, Good Scholarship Club.

Thomas, of "Jasper Bugle" fame, gives promise of attaining an eminent position in the journalism of this country. He also likes dried peaches. He is affectionately known as "Lolly-pop."

JOHN H. SCOTT

Born Narragansett Pier, R. I., Aug. 29, 1902. Entered from Houston.

John is the chemistry shark of Bryan. He is so good in this branch of study that "Pop" lets him explain all the experiments in the laboratory. We'll say he certainly can manipulate the instruments.

CHARLES WITCHELL

Born Dallas, Texas. Entered from Armstrong. Hi-Y, Capt. R. O. T. C.

The world has laughed at Charlie, but in our opinion, it has laughed unjustly. In what other personage can you find such genius, such talent, such intelligence? Charles' character cannot, will not, and shall not be equaled.

CHARLES MERZBACHER, Jr.

Born Marshall, Texas, Jan. 18, 1901. Entered from San Jacinto. President Woodcraft Club, Weekly Staff, Dalhi Staff, Minstrel, Basketball, Football.

Charlie is all for Bryan. When he enters any school activity he goes in to work for the good of the school, rather than for his own glory. Aside from having false teeth with which to eat lunch-room chili and being the proud possessor of a mustache and wig, he is a fairly good boy for his age.

JANIE ANDREWS

Some dark night we are going to get the shears and hide them till your golden locks have grown to your ears and then, having once gotten the effect, maybe you will desist from "barberism."

DOROTHY HAYES

Born Houston, Texas, July 22, 1903. Entered from Sam Houston. Secretary Art Club, Press Club, Philomathian, Woodcraft Club, Girls' Club.

Dorothy is all that a Senior should be, to start with; then, added are her

other achievements, which produce a charming personality. All who know her, and they are not few, proclaim her a good sport! she wins universal approval.

KATHERINE McDUFFIE

Born Ennis, Texas, Feb. 15, 1904. Entered from Ennis High School. Philomathian.

Katherine, in all things most pleasing to the sight, adds to her natural charm and grace rare qualities of mind that makes her one among ten thousand.

MARGARET PEPPLE

Born Dallas, Texas, Sept. 20, 1904. Entered from Fannin. Secretary-Treasurer Freshman Class, Treasurer Philomathian; Little Theater.

Popularly known as "Pep" and although inseparable from our thoughts of "Katty," is unlike Catherine in that she richly merits the name "Pep," and is also a most unique personality.

HENRIETTA SCHAEFFER

Born Elkhart, Ind., May 1, 1904. Entered from Houston. Girls' Club, Swimming Club.

Henrietta, we like your smile and your breezy conversation; and we know that we are not alone in our sentiment. All of Bryan will back us up when we say that you are one girl (whisper it) we will certainly miss.

ESTHER WINKLER

Born Effingham, Ill., April 12, 1903. Entered from Fannin. Good Scholarship Club.

Esther is one of the most dependable members of the Senior Class. She has those virtues of stability and dependability that make, undeniably, an asset to our school.

PHIL KIRCHAINE

Born Dallas, Texas, Dec. 15, 1904. Entered from San Jacinto. Polygon Club, Minstrel '20 and '22, Phi Kappa, R. O. T. C.

Phil, how did you manage to pack so much into one person? Inordinately smart, audaciously cunning, a good sport, and so on, ad infinitum.

SAM TOBOLOWSKY

Born Dallas. Texas, Sept. 22, 1905. Entered from Cumberland Hill. Weekly Staff, Good Scholarship Club.

We'll admit that Sam is quiet and unassuming, but when it comes to hard work. he "can't be beat." Now, can you, Sam? And by the way, boy, you certainly have grown in the last few years.

CORINNE ELIZABETH IREDALE

Born Alamagorda, N. M., July 24, 1904. Entered from Sam Houston. Girls' Club, Polygon Club.

Corinne has one of the most striking individualities of any girl in school. She has her own way of doing things and her way is usually the best. She is in her sphere in 305-E.

MARY ELIZABETH THOMAS

Born Topeka, Kan., Jan. 19, 1904. Entered from Morgan.

All who know Mary class her as an all-around shark—especially in History and Math. She is a good student, a true friend and an assiduous reader.

ROSALIE SPEED

Born Dallas, Texas, Nov. 27, 1903. Entered from Houston. Girls' Club, Polygon Club.

Rosalie is a student in every sense of the word. She usually keeps her thoughts to herself as she treads her way through the corridors of old Bryan.

ANDRE LAMKIN

Born Monterey, Mex., Aug. 30, 1905. Entered from Cumberland Hill. Girls' Club, Good Scholarship Club.

Everybody knows Andre because she is always smiling. It is a pleasure to be with any one so cheerful. She is happiest when serving others.

H. B. CRISWELL, Jr.

Born Dallas, Texas, Jan. 6, 1906. Entered from Fannin. Phi Kappa, Little Theater, Hi-Y, Camp Dallas, State Debate '19, winner Phi Kappa Oratorical Medal '19, Weekly Staff, Columbian and Military Essays, winner Declamation Contest '22, Lieut. R. O. T. C.

After reading Criswell's list of accomplishments, we felt like charging him an income tax on his honors and living the rest of our lives in ease and luxury. We seriously considered issuing a supplement to the Annual so we could fully describe his activities. Honestly, we did.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

Born 1903. President Government Thrift Bank; Students' Council, President Polygon; Hi-Y, Better Scholarship Club.

He's my great uncle's cousin's sister's husband, but I don't claim kin, says J. P. Jr., but we think the original J. P. would have no cause to complain if he knew his namesake.

MARY JO HAMER

Born Caddo, Okla., June 27, 1903. Entered from Fannin. Little Theater, Girls' Club, Woodcraft, Dalhi Staff.

Mary Jo is a splendid example of that exalted order of humans—the Senior girls! She attracts, and upon a closer acquaintance continues to attract, all whom she meets. She is a normal,

laughing, well-balanced student of our school.

J. C. WALVOORD

Born Holland, Neb., April 5, 1903. Entered from San Jacinto. Phi Kappa, Weekly Staff.

A thorough, ambitious student, a wide reader and a rather experienced speaker. He takes life seriously and hopes that if the outside of his head doesn't set the world afire the inside will at least cause a small conflagration.

SARAH CHOCKLA

Born New York City, Oct. 13, 1906. Entered from Travis. Little Theater, Semper Fidelis, Better Scholarship Club.

Sarah's strong, well-developed mind and her loving heart have made her one of Bryan's best students. Although she is still quite young, she has accomplished much in the field of victory.

MILDRED BULLOCK

Born Terrell, Texas, Aug. 23, 1904. Entered from Houston. Girls' Club.

Sincere in all she does, with always a cheery word of encouragement to those in need of it. We wish she would come our way more often.

REGNA BRYANT

Born Kansas City, Mo., May 1, 1904. Entered from Rusk School. Girls' Club, Polygon Club.

Regna is just an all-round student. She has an unlimited supply of enthusiasm and an undying love for old Bryan High and her school friends.

ALLISON TEMPLETON

Born Corsicana, Texas, Sept. 6, 1902. Entered from Terrill.

Allison is a "good kid." This supreme title of praise is bestowed upon him by acclamation wherever students congregate. Aside from his "good mixing" abilities, Allison is a determined student and conquers his lessons with an ease that betrays a clear understanding of a subject.

LESTER HALEY

Born Dallas, Texas, Oct. 1, 1902. Entered from Crockett.

This young man believes in the doctrine of leaving hurry to slaves. He feels it beneath the dignity of a Senior ever to show the slightest haste. And say, Lester, we entirely agree with you in this policy.

JOE THORP

Born Chatfield, Texas, Nov. 11, 1904. Entered from Travis. Lieut. R. O. T. C.

Rather quiet is Joe, but you will always find him on hand with a new joke. We wonder if he is as good in everything as he was in physics. We guess so, 'cause Joe is "some kid."

FLORA BELLE MOON

Born Sherman, Texas, Oct. 8, 1904. Entered from Fannin. Weekly Staff '21.

Flora Belle is known and liked almost instinctively—certainly without effort on her part.

MILDRED HAGG

Born Dallas, Texas, Dec. 1, 1904. Entered from Rusk. Girls' Club, Polygon Club.

Mildred has that unusual general ability that has made the Class of '22 famous as a group of progressive young Americans.

GLADYS HOUSE

Born San Antonio, Texas, 1904. Entered from Ben Milam.

One who is always true to herself, and to her friends; on whose lips is always a word of cheer. The years of her High School life have been years of faithful toil and gratifying accomplishment.

VERA and VIDA SMITH

Born Cleburne, Texas, Sept. 25, 1903. Entered from Austin, Texas, High School. Girls' Club.

This is a case of the double role being played to perfection. Our class of '22 counts itself fortunate in that it has two pairs of honest-to-goodness twins.

MARY and EMMA ANGUS

Born Palestine, Texas, Sept. 10, 1904. Entered from Helena, Ark. Girls' Club.

When we gaze upon Mary and Emma our mind presents one great interrogation mark—which is which? However, as we so well know of the excellent qualities of both. it is needless to write of them separately.

BOB ALDRIDGE

Born Dallas, Texas, Oct. 16, 1903. Entered from Terrill School. Football '20, 21.

Why is it heroes are so often quiet and bashful when the battle is won? They say that experience is a good teacher, so won't you enlighten us, Bob?

GEORGE CROZIER

Born McKinney, Texas, July 23, 1903. Entered from McKinney, Texas. Hi-Y.

Tell us so we can smile, too. You are always smiling to yourself and we do not know whether it is at the world, about yourself, or just a perpetual smile.

(Additional personals on last reading matter page)

A Senior's Advice to Freshmen

I, who have toiled and suffered four long years to reach the exalted position which I now occupy, wish to impart some words of advice to the poor unfortunates—otherwise Freshmen—who are only on the first round of the difficult ladder of high school education, so that they may perhaps find the ascent less weary by the disclosure of my superior knowledge obtained from bitter experience.

First of all, Freshmen, study! You have perhaps heard this unwelcome advice from various members of the family circle, such as mother, father, brother, sister, aunt, uncle, cousin, grandmother, et cetera—but no matter how distasteful it is, it is nevertheless worth heeding. I don't ask you to be so studious that when you go to class you fairly radiate knowledge. Far be it from me to advise anyone to surpass the average student in such a way. Study enough to pass, and perhaps a little more, although that is immaterial; but bear in mind that no matter how much you love dear old Bryan High, your affection for it will be strengthened and reciprocated if you depart from its "halls of learning" in the allotted four years instead of four and a half or five years. Alas! I have indeed learned this, through—but it isn't advisable to disclose too much even to Freshmen. That reminds me, however, of another piece of advice I have to offer.

Keep your own counsel; and, as far as possible, conceal your lowly position. When asked about the statue in our auditorium which has so sadly been deprived of its head, do not reply with your voice trembling in ecstasy at your knowledge that somebody told you that the careless movers broke it against our own benevolent walls. Perhaps that is the cause of its sad plight (far be it from me to disillusion the meek and innocent on that score), but in the future keep such valuable knowledge to yourself. Also do not burden superior intellect with your conjectures, surmises, and theories. Your time will come, but be wise enough to realize that you are Freshmen, and remain in your humble sphere.

Do not indulge in childish antics or vain attempts at jests. The inelegant title of "Fish" has been given to you on account of your continuous "flapping," in body as well as in mind. But of course I must be patient and sympathetic as well befits my noble character—and I must also be optimistic. So, if all of this valuable advice which I am so generously giving is heeded and bequeathed to other Freshmen classes in turn, after about a hundred generations, the Freshmen class may be moderately intelligent. The way of the reformers is hard—but, if need be, I will die a martyr.

Again, children, hearken to my words of wisdom. Transform your unrestrained enthusiasm into unparalleled school spirit. Support the games with your welcome presence and brazen lungs; invest your allowance not only in our famous chile, for bodily strength and sustenance, but in literature such as the "Dalhi" and Annual; for they impart the same indispensable characteristics to the mind. Peruse the "Weekly" also, for valuable knowledge can be obtained from each of these "gems of literature" as unparalleled and unsurpassable as the words of advice I am so generously bestowing upon you.

Although so innocent and unsophisticated in the ways of the world—do try to assume an air of nonchalance at the proper time. When you are elected a member of a club, although it is well that you should realize the honor conferred upon you, try—er—to become not so ecstatic and make your elation so manifest that—er—oh, well! I fear this advice is too deep for such undeveloped and immature minds. It might be misinterpreted and tend toward making you, the guileless object of my reform, assume an air of affectation, and, in regard to "affected" Freshmen—in the uncouth words of some illiterate mortal—"well, deliver me!"

In your attitude toward your dear instructors, Freshmen, do not permit yourself to become so familiar that you retort to them as you might to your own "mama" or "papa." They might resent your familiarity, and the result might be as unpremeditated and as unfortunate as if you did address the former. It is well to avoid, as far as possible, all dire chambers of punishment. Acquaintance with them might cause your gentle and sensitive natures some pain. Strengthen your character by submitting peacefully (for you can only submit, anyway) to all sarcasm and criticism, although it may almost break your heart and torture your soul. You will eventually become hardened and "laugh to think how you cried," but the accomplishment of that state of mind does require time.

History of the January '23 Class

By MILDRED ROBERTSON

Let it hereby be known to the inmates of Bryan High that hitherto the history of the Senior Class of January, 1923, has been especially conspicuous by its absence—in other words, it has been entirely lacking. This being the undeniable and undisputed circumstance, the historian has been in a quandary—perplexed, as it were. But, being a genius, though an unrecognized one, she has solved the problem by relating what the history might have been.

The class has been distinguished from the beginning—why, in 1919 it was noted by our fond counsellor, Mrs. Belle W. Collins, that the illustrious Freshmen had consumed three pounds of tardy cards more each quarter than any other group of seekers of knowledge since the founding of our justly famous temple of learning.

Before the first year was out it was decided by unanimous vote that the class had contributed more than its share in the interest of stage performances, dancing, pie-eating contests, oratory, and high grades. In fact, the champion lip-stick wielder, Miss Betty Verdeline Delikatesene, was selected from this estimable assembly.

During the second year our right honorable members, haggard with the strain of assiduous pursuance of their scholastic duties, renewed their lost buoyancy of spirit, with a hilarious snake-dance down the lengthy whole of Rue de Deep Ellum in celebration of that memorable occasion of the defeat of Forest's heroes of the gridiron by deah ole Bryan's husky valiants.

To round out the year, Mary Lamar was awarded second prize, an engraved rouge box, for composing an excellent essay entitled "She Couldn't See Through It; or, The Glass Eye." which was declared by such unusually competent judges as Le Roy Rowlett and Frank Hines, to be far superior to Bacon's well-known essay "On Studies."

The third year was exceedingly full. Under the gentle supervision of the president, Stirling Germany, the Juniors waxed and grew fat, or, to mix the metaphor, "flourished like the green bay tree." Goldy Cotton held the strings of the class' ever-empty purse, and wrote the accounts of the unprecedented expenditures, of which there were none, by reason of aforesaid lack of funds. Alice Jones, the most prominent club member and author of our band, was given the privilege of signing vice-president after her name.

At a fitting climax for the finish of the year 1921, an unparalleled entertainment was given for the especial purpose of awarding divers tokens to several meritorious ones of our company. Among those who received these awards were Louis Dieterich and T. J. Farmer, essential units of the eleven, each of these getting a bottle of red ink with which to better record his exceedingly high grades; Nick Varcasia, our golden-throated song bird, who discovered a narcissus bulb in a hand-painted wash tub to be his token; "Son" Wyche. the infant wonder of the basketball plot, who achieved the distinction of a "boiled front" shirt; and Fritz Glitsch, our extraordinary physicist, who got a perpetual-motion baby-rattle. At the conclusion of this program, pink lemonade and cheese straws were served.

The class, looking back upon its unsurpassed record, has resolved to keep up the high standards it has set for itself and show what the 1923 January Seniors can do. (N. B.—Part of this history is true.)

Officers of the Class of January '23

STIRLING GERMANY
President

ALICE JONES
Vice-President

NINA SANFORD

JANIE NOLES

MADELINE SANDERSON

ELIZABETH VORHEE

EDITH QUIST

DAVID HUDGINS

BENWAH ASH

MILDRED ROBERTSON

DORIS SPEIGHT

GOLDIE COTTON

LUCILLE DYKE

FANNIE LEE CASWELL

HELEN DOSTERSCHELL

LURLINE PROCTOR

BETTIE LEE HEATH

SADIE LEVINE

SYLVIA STOCKARD

CLARICE SNYDER

L. H. PAINTER

KATHLEEN JACKMAN

AUBREY STEIN

MARY LAMAR

ELIZABETH BROWN

LORENA LOVE

MARGARET WEAVER

MARY KATE HOLLINGSWORTH

MYER ROMOTSKY

ROSELLE THORP

ALICE JONES

MARY MONZINGO

PAULINE PARKER

JANICE LONGLEY

ARTINE SMITH

RALPH BUTLER

DOROTHY STRONG

TERESA HORN

BESSIE BRATTON

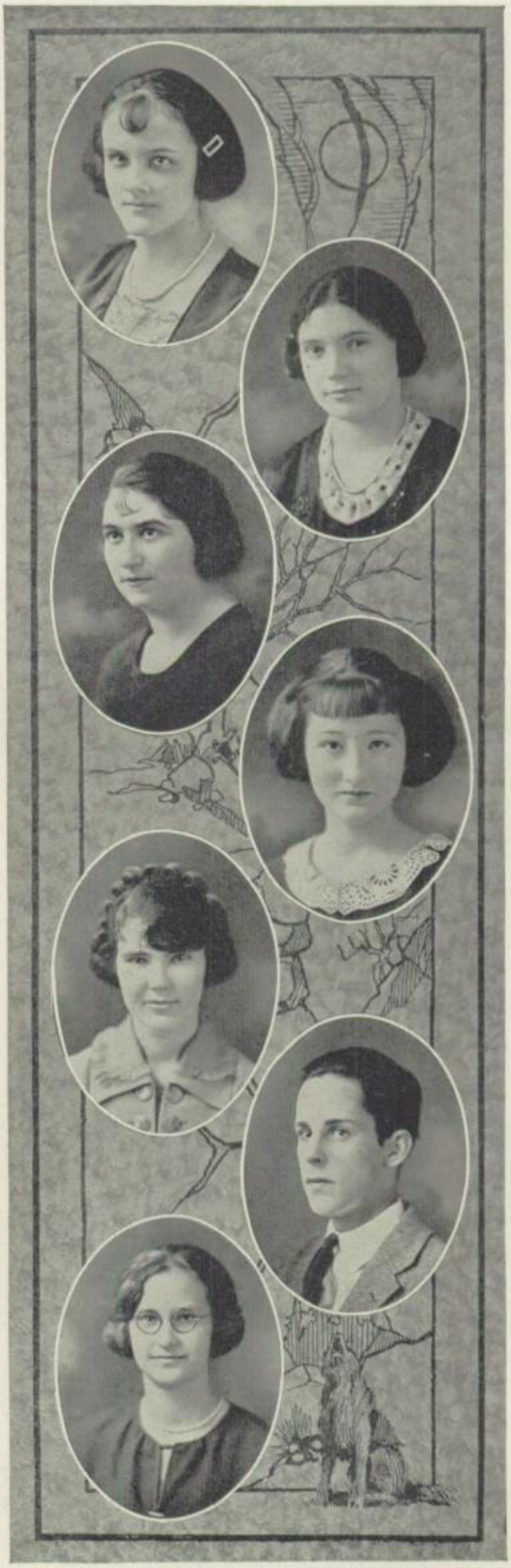
ELSIE LANSKY

GRACE MERCER

BERTHA EASLEY

JOHN OGLESBY

DELPHINE MILLER



RUTH LAZARUS

AMELIA KLEBER

MARY AGNES DE BOW

FAY KNIGHT

BENNETTA CARTER

JOSEPH FOX

WILMA ORR

MARTHA LEMMON

VIVIAN CLARK

RUTH PITTS

JOE WYLIE

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

RUTH PATTERSON

SAMUEL LICHENSTEIN

? ? HUMOR ? ?

ROY ROWLETT ? ? ? ? ?

MILFORD SMITH—Ha! Ha! Ha!

The following boys give us a pain, and we wish that they would fall and tear their trousers or have some other misfortune befall them:

1. Ben McCleskey.
2. B. T. Robertson.
3. Robert Martin.
4. Ben McCleskey.
5. Preston Spaulding.
6. Ben McCleskey.

Aren't we spiteful?

Isadore Frenkel strikes us as being silly.

We like Katherine Thornton, Maurine Knight, Ruth Patterson, Kathleen Newton, Margaret Fears and Lois Turner, because they're pretty.

We wish to goodness that Bobbie Brewer would graduate.

We had a Boys' Beauty Contest. This is how it turned out: (No, we don't believe we will tell you the results in this volume, but look for it in our next issue.)

Cecil Newsome is a peculiar chap.

McBride plays football—so does Smuck —so does Reynolds.

Who is May Fears?

Brain monopolists, Corinne Iredale, Rosalie Speed and Andre Lamkin.

Who's who???

The power of suggestion is great—Mr. Stockard.

Phil Kirchaine, a black-haired——

Albert Thrasher, exceedingly——

Margaret Medlock, simply————

Charlie Witchell, outrageously——

Dorothy Witcher, startlingly——

Pierpont Morgan, compellingly——

Fill in the above for yourself.

Be sincere.

Long live "Dalhi Annuals."

We conclude this page by writing the words—"George Washington."

We beg your pardon, but we must add:

"Long live our school and Mr. James."

If each Senior filled out his group of statistics as he inwardly desired, the following might be submitted:

JOHN JONES

Born Dec. 28 (3 days after Christmas), 1902 (2 years after 19th centennial). Schools attended: The Samuel Houston grammar (3 school terms), the William Beelzebub Travis grammar school (attended for six weeks), (thought about attending Lucius Quintius Caesar Lamar grammar school). Entered William Jennings Bryan Street High School in 1918. Activities: Guard duty R. O. T. C.; lunch line; attended early morning assembly at 8:40; Good Scholarship Club (grades were 85, 81, 88 and 87); Phi Kappa (acting sergeant-at-arms May 22); private R. O. T. C. '18, '19, '20, '21, '22; covered corporal; served periods in 109 (Sept. to June); aided raising of colors, '22; erased boards for Mr. Johnson; carried slips for Mrs. Collins, 1921; Dalhi Room Agent '21; poem submitted to Dalhi 1918 (not yet published); water boy O. C.-Bryan game 1919; rifle number 368478 (1921); Camp Dallas, fatigue duty, tent fell down, washed clothes; rifle range, score as follows: 15, 11, 12, 18, 1; saluted Captain Coleman as sentry 1918; missed dinner Dec. 8, 1920; usher at Minstrel 1921; peanut league; expect to graduate.

Prophecy of Class of 1923

There are those who will marvel at my wealth of information and wonder at the attainment thereof. It is only the fulfillment of a vow made twelve years ago—to retain at least some slight thread of knowledge that could not be obliterated, of as many of my classmates of 1923 as possible. To this end I have striven and my efforts have not been in vain.

With the exception of a few, into what a state of restlessness and eagerness for adventure have the lives of those of our class, formerly of such a staid and proper spirit, progressed! Who would have pictured Myer Romotsky excelling as an expert detective, or Frank Hines as an impassioned evangelist, or Grace Mercer as a meteorologist? Such are they. T. J. Farmer, crossed in love, is living as a hermit in some ghoul-haunted glen on Lord Wyche's inherited estates in England, while Mildred Robertertson has found the object of her desire in a sheik of the desert. In a United States court Judge A. Jones, of august sternness, is ruling with the rod of justice. Roselle Thorp, Ruth Davidson, and Margaret Weaver, with the aim of becoming teachers, are zealous students of the new international language, Esperanto. Elizabeth Vorhee is the admired captain of the Salvation Army, and Amelia Kleber the contented wife of an undertaker. Under the very able instruction of Professor William Williams, Artine Smith, as Robin Raola, is dancing before the footlights, while Elizabeth Hatfield, as fashion leader, is charming Paris with her marvelous creations.

In bonnie Caledonia do Margaret Rhodes and Myrel Wilson abide in a wee American tea shop. Somewhere in Switzerland Mary Agnes De Bow and Wilma Orr are studying nature. Charmingly demure and petite, Vivian Clark has donned the veil to prevent friction between her scores of suitors. Bessie Lee Heath, as always, is living a full life and noble, while David is developing a sense of humor in his English scholars. Doris Speight has realized the height of her ambition in an ostrich farm and Fay Knight is now a portrait painter, living comfortably on an income from western lands. Numbered among those of the idle rich are Elsie Lansky and Stocia Brazzell. William Haley, Lit. D., and Walter Self, engineer, are yachting on the Pacific, having among others as guests Maurine Shields, author of the new Standard Dictionary, and Sylvia Stockard, who is now Madame Hugues.

Ted Hansen is an indefatigable orator who makes no mattress of his laurels. In Nondovia, Guy Tribble is Knight of the Sword, and the Black Hawk. Stirling Germany is trailing a gypsy band, led thither by his poetic fervor and the sweet, alluring eyes of a gypsy maid. Ada Bradley is America's newest promising astronomer, who has acclaimed as a notable piece of genius the astronomical invention of Emory Har-

rell. Mary Kate Hollingsworth and Lisca Walters are residing with their respective husbands in Brazil. At the same royal court of India, where Fritz Glitsch is master sword swallower, Martha Lemmon is living as an Indian nobleman's wife. Theo Bison and William Holmes, under the management of the Pitts Opera Company, are making a singing tour of the world in Scottish plaids.

Nor are those of our class lacking in newspaper fame. The papers are teeming with such news as the coming presidential election. Laurence Dantzler is among the nominees. The construction of the newest "Templeton Pyramid Building," under the supervision of Easley, chief architect, is of wide fame. The fruits of Dennis Chapin's pen are accepted by a clamoring public, nor are the Irish ballads of Jake Cohen of mean repute. Nina Sanford is the rejuvenating matron of an old folks' home, while Dorothy Lemmon is pursuing life as a broker's wife. The Angus twins are devoting their lives to the improvement of prisons. The University of New York has been improved greatly by the addition of Thomas Moberly as fencing master and Eugene Aldredge as instructor in Greek.

'Neath a southern moon, Elizabeth Brown is finding life exceedingly romantic in Hawaii. At the other end of the world, Lucile Dyke has wandered to Greenland with her exploring husband, while Aubrey Stein and Milton Fletcher follow close behind in their search of a rare animal. Bennetta Carter, posed on her famed Arabian steed, is being used as the subject of a French sculptor's masterpiece. Helen Dosterschill is a prominent clubwoman and Daniel David is living a sequestered life on his ranch. Dorothy Strong is now president of the American Automobile Institution.

On Broadway the glittering signs announcing "Fox's Insurance Company" and "Wright and Woolvoord, Lawyers," and "Parma and Levine, Beauty Parlors," can not escape the eye. Nor can "Tapp's Taxis," which seem to be of the Colley "make," be avoided. George Crozier and M. P. Frank are determinedly seeking wealth in the mountains of South America. Madeline Sanderson is consecrating her whole soul to the conversion of the heathen. Benwah Ash is sojourning for her health on Minnie Cohen's Mexican estates. Eda Mae Watson is studying for the ministry and Helen Rice is a student of optometry. Delphine Miller is the very efficient director of a band. Mary Lamar has attained almost incredible skill as a bareback rider, and Jeff Henderson is now a tamer of wild animals.

Of my knowledge of the class, this is the extent. But what a harvest of memories to revert to in pensiveness or loneliness! May they all prosper through the coming years.

NINA SANFORD

Nina's smiling face is the "trademark" of a happy disposition. "Pep" and dignity mix beautifully. If you don't believe it, watch Nina, and you'll see.

JANIE NOLES

Red-headed and full of pep, Janie has nonchalantly wended her way through her school existence. She shines at games, where she can yell, and in study halls, where she can chew gum.

MADELINE SANDERSON

This girl is small in stature, but certainy not in our estimation. Madeline is pretty—that's all there is to it.

ELIZABETH VORHEE

Elizabeth, with her golden hair and general attractiveness, has made for herself a place in the hearts of all her acquaintances and has kept this place by her good nature and personality. Bryan will be the loser by a great deal when Elizabeth graduates.

EDITH QUIST

Edith, your talented self has left its impress on Bryan in the short year you have been with us, and not without its benefit to our school. If there are more like you at Forest we're moving to Forest Avenue.

DAVID HUDGINS

A military man from the tip of his head to the top of his toes. May he find success in his future. May he win his way to fame (we're getting sentimental) and fortune. You've may a good start already, guy.

BENWAH ASH

Benwah has achieved the well-nigh impossible task of being every one's friend without ostentation. For this we admire her, and as a friend we like her. We can say no higher praise.

MILDRED ROBERTSON

Everybody is acquainted with Mildred. Her varied personality is compelling, her character is provocative of sincere admiration. You have just completed a successful high school career, Mildred! Good luck!

DORIS SPEIGHT

Doris' popularity is unquestioned, and it is no mystery why she is so well liked by all her class. Her steady application to her school work has resulted in her exceptionally high standing in scholarship, which, in addition to her unusual personality, makes her one girl in a thousand.

MARTHA LEMMON

Martha is one keen girl! No mere words of ours could add or detract from her unusual popularity. We wish you success, Martha.

VIVIAN CLARK

Vivian is studious. She finds an outlet for her seemingly inexhaustible energy in devouring lessons, winning thereby the adulation of her teacher. She has lived this down, however, by her good-natured way of taking part in all the class activities.

RUTH PITTS

She is the kind that Titian craved, and oh, the brains! Why is it that they invariably accompany the "flaming tops?"

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

Bill is just naturally a man's boy. Outside of being a fine swimmer and an unusual athlete, he is a splendid type of Bryan Hi's student body.

RUTH PATTERSON

Personality, brains and beauty—these three—and the greatest of these is beauty. Ruth is well known and better liked, and, best of all, she justifies the friendship of her admirers.

SAM LICHENSTEIN

Sam has progressed through high school, making friends all the way. He approaches the end of his course with an enormous number of associates who admire him because of his very self.

BESSIE LEE HEATH

Bessie Lee is likable and sincere, friendly and entertaining. We are not numbered among her fortunate associates, but—well, sour grapes!

SADIE LEVENE

Sadie has by a perpetual exhibition of good nature won the admiration of all her associates. It is a rare thing for a young lady to be possessed of so enduring a popularity.

SYLVIA STOCKARD

Famous niece of a famous uncle—who is Sylvia? She is a good sport, but has a Stockard head of hair, including the brains inside.

CLARICE SNYDER

Clarice! What a name! One to conjure with. Clarice enchants her associates so that they soon become admirers. And more willing victims we have never seen.

L. H. PAINTER

L. H. Painter, six feet tall,
Strolls in the corridor, with his feet in the hall;
Hard-boiled captain on the outside,
Never would walk when he could ride.

KATHLEEN JACKMAN

Kathleen is a steady, level-headed, cool personage whom nothing can disturb. Her equanimity excites our envy and admiration, for a more balanced character we seldom meet.

AUBREY STEIN

Aubrey wears uncreased trousers, a key ring and a grin. Also he has curly hair. Mr. Stein hasn't startled the world yet, but he's young. Give him time.

ELIZABETH BROWNE

Elizabeth is full of fun, and her enthusiasm makes itself known on numerous occasions, to the merriment and vast entertainment of those present. No one can help liking Elizabeth, and we are certainly not included in this class.

MARGARET WEAVER

We hardly feel as if we can do justice to Margaret. We haven't know her long enough, but we're here to state that it would be hard for us to like her any better than we do now. We just like her —that's all!

MARY LAMAR

Mary astounded us with her scholarship. When exams try the steel of students, she always comes out first, with an ease that bespeaks long and profound preparation.

MARY KATE HOLLINGSWORTH

Mary Kate has a marked individuality, which makes her stand out from the rest of the class with a clear-cut character. That Mary Kate has won the esteem of those closest to her is proof of her merit.

ROSELLE THORP

Roselle has in a quiet way achieved much that is denied to her noisier sisters. Her perseverance and determination are forceful motives in shaping the destinies of herself and her class.

LORENA LOVE

Another of the splendid girls of the Class of '23 is Miss Love. The very fact that she has successfully completed four years of high school work speaks to her credit. The fact that she has made innumerable friends tells us of her attractive personality.

MYER ROMOTSKY

Myer is a tough-looking specimen, but her certainly can play baseball. When it comes to the above-mentioned game he's an infant prodigy, that's all there is to it.

GOLDIE COTTON

"Goldie" is well-named, for the gold is visible not only in her hair, but in her character. She is a good worker, but finds time for plenty of fun on the side.

TERESA HORN

Teresa, you are demure; you are quiet; you are also selfish! Wanta know why? 'Cause you haven't allowed us to know you better. We have enjoyed your stay here at Bryan immensely.

JOHN OGLESBY

John, we have never gotten well acquainted with you because we have never been able to attain the elevation of your face. However, we're going to get a ladder and find out how good-looking and genial you are.

MARY MONZINGO

Mary is certainly pretty. She has other virtues, but the element of beauty predominates. A class may count itself fortunate in possessing so unusual a member.

RUTH LAZARUS

Ruth is temperamental. We say so, because she is tall and slender, possessed of dark hair and good looks. Are we not correct, students?

JANICE LONGLEY

Tip-tilted like the petals of a flower. Such is Janice's nose. Miss Longley is temperamentally an artist. Her literary efforts have been an important factor in the success of our various school publications. Janice also has the very prettiest of hair.

BERTHA EASLEY

We always know when she is near. She tells you about it, and also of other things. With it all she is some girl to have for a friend.

GRACE MERCER

Grace is one girl that we admire. She does not shout her attributes from the housetops, for that is not her nature, and, besides, it is not necessary. Her reputation speaks for her.

BESSIE BRATTON

A girl concerned in every activity of the class, always on hand for a frolic, ever attentive to duty, firm in friendship of teachers and pupils—that's Bessie Bratton.

ELSIE LANSKY

Elsie is rather inscrutable to a casual observer, but we know personally that her true character displays an unusual amount of friendliness and amiability. One is only interested to become acquainted with her.

JOSEPH FOX

One young lady said of Joe: "The girls all like him, but he doesn't seem to mind." He is a bored man of the world, you see.

STIRLING GERMANY

The fact that Stirling is his class president speaks for his popularity. It's not such an easy job to guide a bunch of Seniors harmoniously to the day of graduation, is it Stirling?

DELPHINE MILLER

Delphine is the life of the class. Her joyous manner and breezy conversation bring gladness into the hearts of her associates. Pollyanna, we dub her, and we know it will stick.

MARY AGNES DE BOW

We sure would like to know you a little better Mary Agnes, but it would seem impossble that we increase our liking for you, as now we think that you are the best.

FAY KNIGHT

Fay is tall and stately. Her dignified mien, however, has not kept at a distance her many friends and comrades. Bryan has expected much and received much from her and expects more in the future.

LUCILLE DYKE

One who seems to have discovered the fountain of perpetual good cheer. Even if "circumstances over which she has no control" (lessons 'n' things, you know) do prove troublesome, she can always "bob up serenely." May you never lose the secret, Lucille!

LURLINE G. PROCTOR

Lurline typifies the girl who gravely but quietly conquers her school problems, one by one. and emerges from her four years of high school life a rounded and developed character, stronger by much for the battles she has won.

FANNIE LEE CASWELL

Fannie Lee, you are our conception of an ideal student. "If every girl were just like you, what kind of a school would this school be?" Well. if that were the case, Bryan would be the quintessence of perfection in all lines.

HELEN DOSTERSCHILL

A dependable girl who is always sunny-tempered. No one ever labored more persistently to achieve her goal than Helen. "Slow but sure." And she has fully earned her success.

AMELIA KLEBER

Amelia is easy-going and cheerful, but she gets there just the same, in the hearts of her friends and countrymen. Here's luck. Amelia! We know your personality will win!

WILMA ORR

Wilma is but one of a host of attractive girls that constitute the "better half" of the IV B Class. Such excellence of mind must be taken in small doses to prevent intoxication. Here's to you, Wilma, and your incomparable class.

ARTINE SMITH

Artine is one of those charming girls who can do things. Whether she is arousing enthusiasm for a ball game, or taking a prominent part in light opera, Artine is always capable, always attractive. Is it strange that she has so many friends?

BENETTA CARTER

Benetta seems to be a young lady of varied talents, not the least of which is histrionic ability. Good looks, good scholarship, good friends—what more could a maiden desire? And Benetta has them all!

DOROTHY STRONG

Dorothy is another girl we like, but we are rather reticent about saying so because a certain young gentleman named John might resent it. Of course you know that Dorothy's popular.

RALPH BUTLER

Ralph is good looking; why, we don't know. However, in spite of his obvious indolence Mr. Butler is saturated with popularity.

ALICE JONES

That rare but happy combination of an all-round capable girl, lively and likable, who manages to have a good time and yet maintain a high standard of character and of scholarship. Won't you tell us how you do it, Alice?

PAULINE PARKER

Pauline is always faultlessly attired. This immaculate girl has easily achieved a reputation for beauty, intelligence, and dancing ability that few can surpass.

Acknowledgment

The Annual Staff is deeply indebted to the following for aiding in the publication of this book:

1. The engraver, who consented to make our plates.
2. The printer, who was inveigled into signing a contract with us.
3. The photographer, who finally acquiesced in reproducing our semblances.
4. The school janitor, who monthly cleaned up our offices.
5. The teachers of Bryan Hi who were an inspiration to us, "whenever" they offered us assistance.
6. The students of Bryan High who so cheerfully subscribed to this Annual after being begged to do so for six months.

INCIDENTAL INFORMATION

There are by actual count 9,357 words in this book.

The word "and" is used 1,543 times.

The letter "e" appears 29,588 times.

This book was printed in our print shop with the aid of Journalism classes.

The English language was employed in the editing of this volume as the editor calculated upon it as being the most popular with Bryan High Students.

The Annual Staff will go to the North Dallas High School next year to edit that school's first Annual. Such is the devotion of this year's Annual Staff to the demands of the trembling baritone of the voice of duty.

Chile is our idea of liquidated capital.

Joe Kilman's face is perfectly adorable.

Forrest Smith wished that we put under his activities as a Senior the fact that he was a member of the Peanut League. We feel deeply for Forrest and are sorry that he gives his time to such idle pursuits. We ask that he take Ben McCleskey as his model of industry and dignity.

We have found the ideal boy! He is Ben McCleskey. Ben says that he is ideal because never in his life has he chewed gum.

Keller is the "man higher up."

Henry Smith—Humpty-Dumpty.

Roy Rowlett has red hair and is silly—so there.

Why do some of the boys in our school go around wearing big sweaters with D's on them? (That's the latest question the Freshmen ask.)

Military Training—an Asset

Most essays or would-be essays (we'll make the term broad to include this masterpiece) begin with an introduction. This one doesn't. Besides being lazy, we nave had from time immemorial an intense antipathy toward introductions; and so we are seizing the opportunity to leave it off.

Getting down to business (we have to get serious some of the time at least, or the editor will certainly rebuke us—that is, if he catches on that we are fooling away perfectly good space like this), military training is an asset to our school. No, you don't have to take our word for it—we're going to produce a long and monotonous list of arguments and reasons, and before long you will be glad enough to admit it to get rid of us. That's our system. Simple, isn't it?

You, noble reader, may have already noticed that, like most amateur writers, we have difficulty in sticking to our subject. No comments, now! We have the floor. What we were going to say when so rudely interrupted is, from here on we do highly resolve to tread only the chalk line of duty, paved as it certainly is with thorns. Military training helps Bryan boys in—well, we don't know just how many ways, but we are going to write about the two ways we think are the most important, laziness and lack of space forbidding any further discussion. And don't think that just because we put one before the other that it is any more important; as a matter of fact we borrowed a nickel and flipped it to see which one to put first. We are not telling the name of the fellow we got the nickel from, because we might want to borrow it again sometime.

The first big reason why military training is an asset to Bryan High is that it gives to more than half of the boys a period or more (accent on the "more" when thinking of early morning drills and extra duty) of vigorous drill in the open air. The average Bryan boy, we feel safe in saying, follows approximately the following program: Get up at 7:30; dress and eat breakfast; catch 8:00 o'clock car; get to school about 8:30; stay there until any time from 3:00 to 4:30; stroll "up Main and down Ellum;" go to a movie, or just "hang around," and then go home to supper. This program includes no exercise. Of course, the football and basketball boys get plenty, but only a small fraction of the bewhiskered half of our student body "go out" for these sports. So, with aggravating insistence we repeat, the rest of our boys do not get any exercise. Military training is the only school institution that attempts to fill this crying need. (You have by this time probably noticed that we have an enormous stock of trite expressions that appear at short intervals throughout our literary (?) efforts. We don't take any credit for it. We were just born good, we suppose.) But, as we were saying, military training, by giving the boys a period of vigorous exercise daily, is thereby of immeasurable benefit to them, and thus directly to the school.

"But," I hear someone among my readers say, "why will not a mere physical training course fill the need?" The answer is one word: Discipline. In no other way besides belonging to a military organization may the boy acquire quite the same training as he receives through participating in the activites, the duties, and the privileges of this kind of an institution.

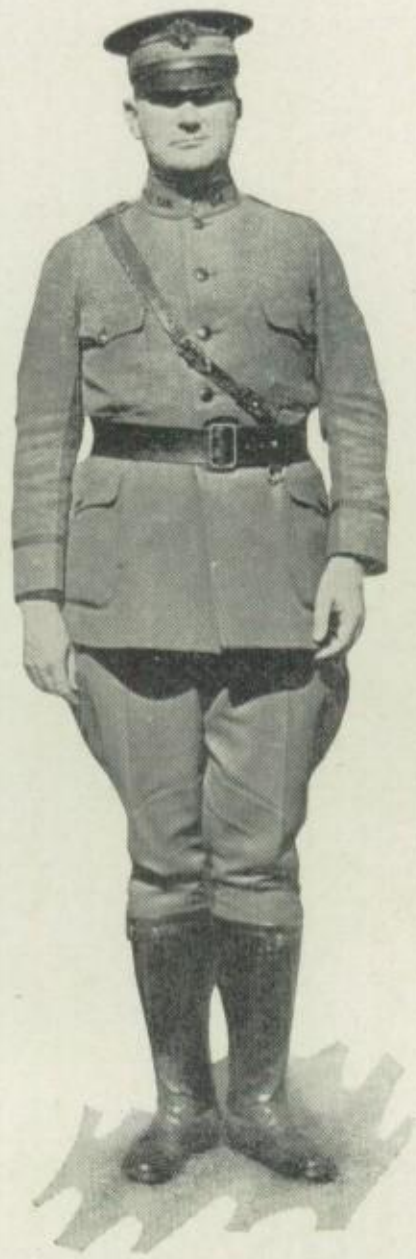
Discipline is drilled into him until he acts subsconsciously at the word of command —not simply because he fears punishment if he does not, but because he has been shown, and he believes that only by subjecting his will to the will of the group as a whole may the best interests of the group, and of the individual, be furthered; because he realizes the necessity for authority, and can see how by restricting the absolute liberty of action of the individual the freedom of the collective body is increased; and because he has learned how he may obey implicitly and yet retain his self respect and the respect of others.

So, then, even if we cannot cheerfully obey every order of the sometimes diminutive "guard," or even if we regard our right to slip in the lunch line as inalienable, let us not judge the whole system of military training on the ground that it interferes with our pleasures (innocent, indeed!) but on the higher level of benefit to the school and to the nation. And who would question the benefits of an institution that gives to our citizenship men who not only possess a good physique but who have been instilled with the American idea of obedience to recognized authority without degradation—the idea on which our government is founded. Long may she wave!

DEVOTEES of MARS
U.S.
R.O.T.C
Lois Williams

CAPTAIN STONER

"He's little but he's loud" is the verdict when this dimunitive personage is discussed. Captain Stoner, for his size, is the most energizing man Bryan has seen for many autumns. He is behind everything, even when he is leading in the fun. He is a happy combination of the astronomer and the geologist, and delights in going to Fort Worth in yellow cabs. Some day, we hope, he will be a big man like papa.



CAPTAIN COLEMAN

Captain Coleman we take for granted. Past years of efficient service have so accustomed us to his unusual ability that we abhor the idea of Bryan's R. O. T. C. without him. To his lot this year has fallen the task of overseeing all the petty and annoying details of the "paper work" of the corps. and in so painstakingly discharging this disagreeable duty he has shown himself to be what we always know him as—a patient devotee of duty.

Of him, as of Brutus, a judge of men might say:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'"

SERGEANT ROGERS

Sergeant Rogers is the anonymous author of the "Infantry Drill Regulations," and has a private edition with original illustrations which he gives to his friends on birthdays, hog-killings, etc. He is at present at work on a book, "Who Won the War;" or, "Golden Hours With the Poets." The illustrations are said to be really good. But aside from his lterary activities, "Sarge" finds time to hold a controlling interest in the "Little Motor Kar Co."

ROGERS

MAJ. LAURIN P. MARLOW

This is Goose-Grease Rudolph Vaseline Laurin Precious Marlow. He is handsome. If he had his hat off you could see his hair and the sta-comb. His smirk is natural and not artificial. He might be a good major if given a chance to develop, although this is questionable. We like to hear him sing (a la Hamgravy).

MAJ. MARK COTTON

This is Mark, otherwise known as "Kid Kotton." He also flexes a wicked larynx, and he shaves every day (or ought to). Mark means well, but you know what is paved with good intentions. He has a military figures but small feet. We don't care about seeing Mark roll.

MAJ. GERALD HAYES

Behold Jelly, of martial fame! He almost rode a horse at camp, and he has some boots. He is a good major, and he has some diamonds to wear on his shoulders. Jelly has a big voice and he is some shot at 15 feet. He puts up a good front and an impressive rear. We would like to see Jelly roll.

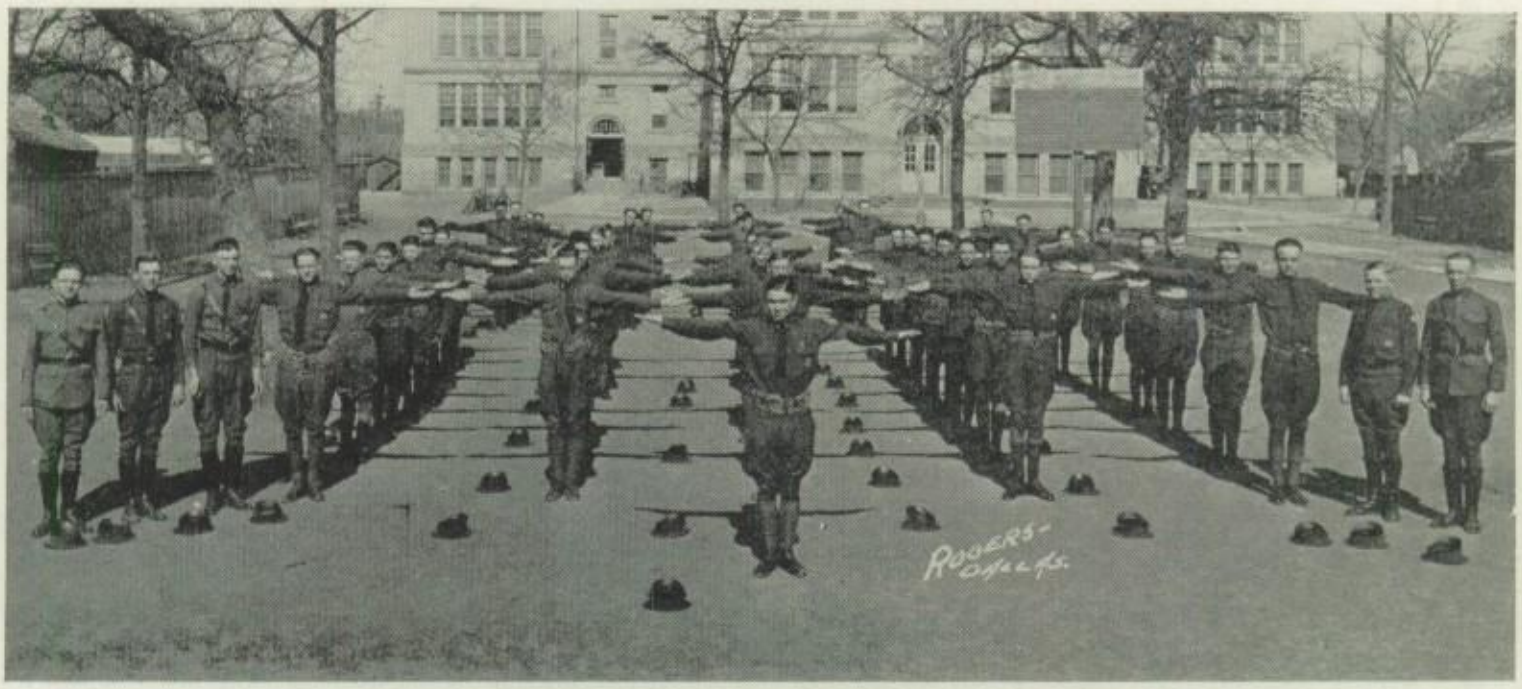
COMPANY "A"
Captain Hudgins

Military

To the sound of martial strains (we didn't have the heart to use the word music) of the Military Band the Bryan Hi Cadets have marched with precision and faultlessness to a position of honor among R. O. T. C. units.

Bryan has had the benefits of military training now, for many years. The results of this influence are apparent. The school has that atmosphere of efficiency and co-operation that is the certain accompaniment of military education.

Besides those qualities that better school government and discipline, it is our opinion, and we believe it with vehemence, that military training is of incalculable desirability to our school because of the darling appearance made by the cadets in their really strikingly attractive uniforms. We mutter this pungent remark in all regard to the everlasting and fundamental essentials of truth. Is anyone so base as to doubt the veracity of the elucidation that the Bryan Hi Cadet is anything but irresistibly charming in his daily garb? We ardently hope not. Boy, page Lieutenant H. B. Criswell, ye wearer of ye Samuel Browne and ye campaign chapeau.



COMPANY "B"
Captain Hunter

Mars folded his arms and beamed. Far below, in the glare of Apollo's luminescence, toiled a straggling band of innocents under the condescending direction of a bebuttoned and bediamonded infant. Mars chuckled.

A shrilled command, and the group assumed a new formation, grudgingly; and then moved off with an unnerving disregard for alignment. Mars visibly swelled with pride.

But nearby, in another favorite resort of Olympus, yet another celestial was holding forth to a lounging circle of attentive listeners.

Minerva directed the superhuman gaze of her audience to the same incident which had so favorably impressed Mars. "Here, my children," she observed, "we have the foundation of everlasting peace among quarrelsome mortals." A murmur of dissent ran through her listeners. This was decidedly new. "Do you think, fellow immortals, that that child"—indicating a particularly bedraggled and perspiring toiler—"will, after a year or so of this, want to go to war when he grows up? I think not." And she sipped nectar with a triumphant air. Mars frowned.

COMPANY "C"
Captain Witchell

This theme is written by a disinterested spectator, in protest against a practice which he considers to be an autocratic outrage; a tyrannous perversion of the rights of the populace. The deplorable practice of which the author speaks is the extra duty edict. After a careful study of philosophy and psychology, it appears to the more intelligent to be ridiculous to force an able-bodied young American to remain at school and drill with a score of his equally mistreated associates, simply because he wilfully disobeyed the orders of those in authority or because he failed to execute some trifling duty required of him by his superiors. How much more agreeable would school life be if all unpopular regulations were abolished; how much more would we enjoy our daily existence if annoying restrictions were removed.

The writer wishes to voice his opinion as being heartily opposed to a continuance of compulsory punishment. Let us have harmony at all costs. We repeat with all the vehemence of Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

COMPANY "D," HONOR COMPANY
Captain Dowis

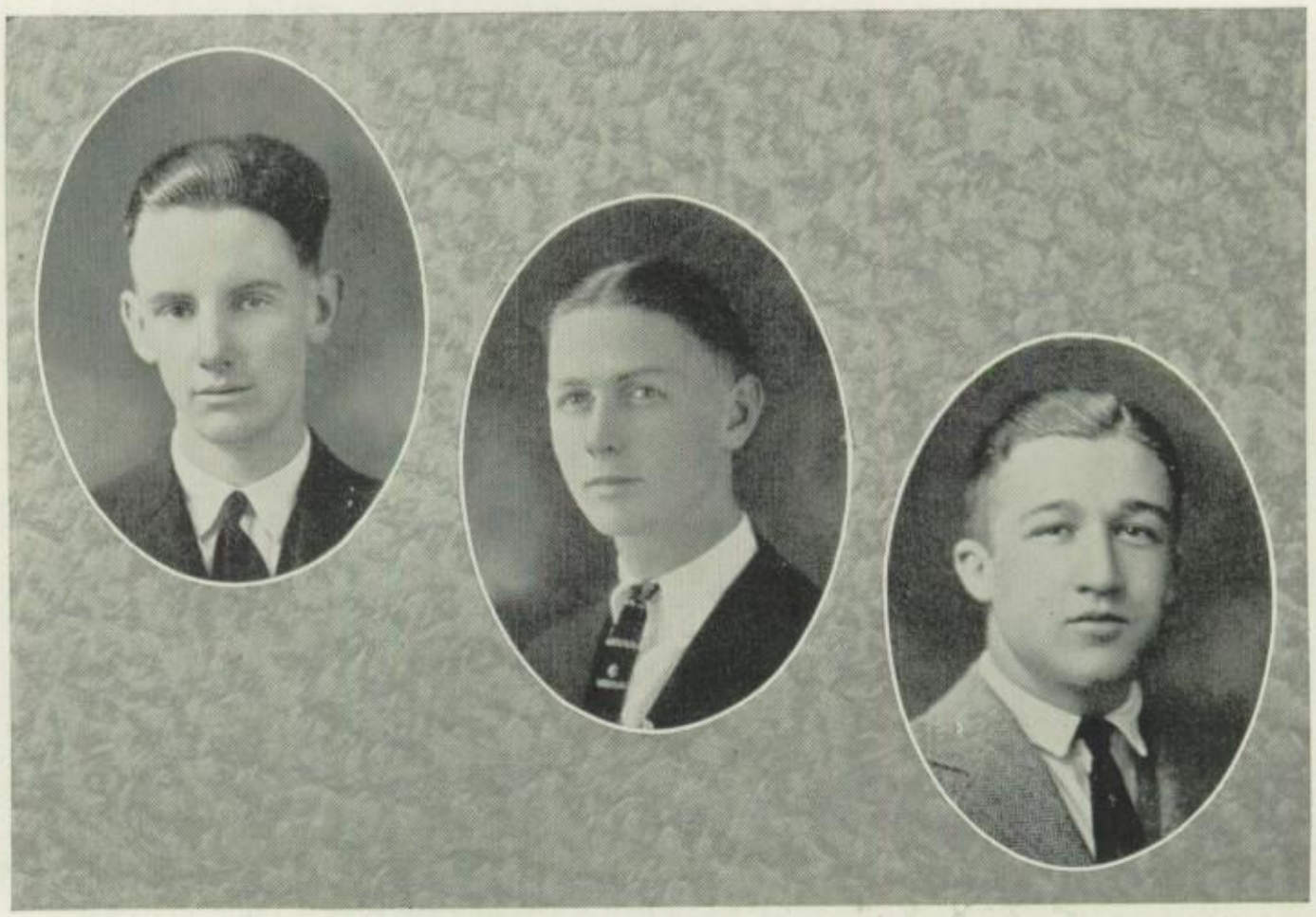
Sherman made some very emphatic remarks concerning war and its similarity with a much-pictured future existence. While the editor was privileged to term himself a member of Bryan military organizations, it might be stated that his mental processes coincided with those of that great general of Civil War notoriety, but now that he no longer is terror-stricken by such comamnds as "Fall In!" "Right Shoulder Arms!" and "About Face!" he only sighs and becomes enraptured with the progress and development of our sturdy R. O. T. C. You have read at length of the advantage of military training. Allow us as unflinching votaries of truth and bold opponents of all fabrication and facts factitious to present the following disadvantages:

Firstly, the peculiarities of the cadet uniform, emphasizing, with little-desired publicity, the imperfections in the nether limbs of our male sex. Secondly, the too numerous decorations and emblems emblazoned on the blouses of our cadets cause them to be likened unto Joseph of biblical fame or unto that eccentric followed of the sawdust ring, the clown. Thirdly, the stern mandates of the school's commandants as to the necessity of the immaculate in the cadets' appearance cause that conscientious soldier in the embryo to stay awake far into the night in a glorious but futile effort to make his uniform presentable for the following day, and fourthly, the military guards posted in our halls daily cause unhappiness to a multitude because of their avowed purpose of sending the above-mentioned multitude to their classrooms and study-hall wherein they must needs toil at a pretense of labor.

After such a presentation of factual evidence I am sure you will assent with unanimity to an immediate abolition of military training from our Bryan Street High School.

COMPANY "E"
Captain Painter

A few cadets saunter aimlessly about, seemingly looking for articles of inconsequential value lost some time previously; "non-coms" work themselves into frenzies of commands and whistle blasts; officers chat with Sergeant Rogers; peace is unto all mankind. The tardy bell rings, without accelerating to any noticeable extent the progress of the formation, which is all the while by slow degrees being moulded by sheer force of will upon the part of the officers. At last, however, the apparently impossible task is accomplished, reports are taken, and rifles are received. Here a diversion occurs: two men have misplaced their rifles. Their plaints trouble high heaven and third-story classes. They demand justice, and are referred to the supply sergeant. The company listlessly ambles about for a period whose brevity is limited only by the ingenuity of the cadets in thinking up excuses for not drilling longer. Eternities pass; the warning bell rings; the passing bell—and a wild burst for freedom, led by the officers. Another period has passed!



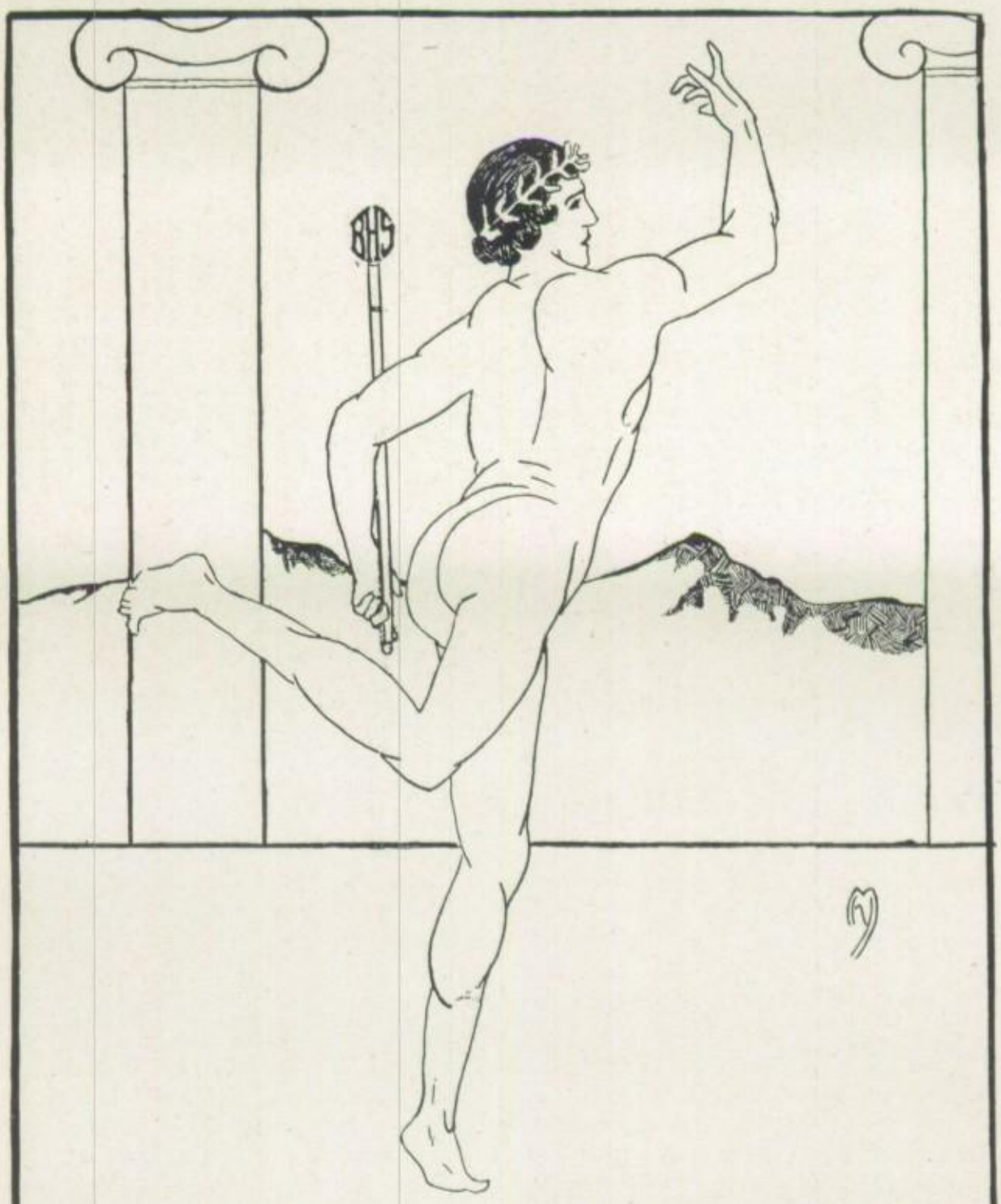
Athletic Association

Since athletics are such a vital factor in the maintenance of school spirit, the Athletic Council must of necessity be an all-important organization. Intrusted as it is with the great task of preserving all the sports of the school, its officers must bear a grave responsibility, and any inefficiency on the part of those in charge is immediately apparent to the student body

The officers for the term of 1921-22 were elected by ballot, the votes being taken in first period classes. Mark Cotton was made president, Richardson Scurry vice-president, and Carol Hull secretary-treasurer. Since their election these officers have filled their respective positions in a most admirable manner. The teams have at all times found firm and unalterable support in the student body, and the pupils have been rewarded by the excellent sportsmanship of the teams.

A novel achievement of the Athletic Council is the development of a fine spirit of co-operation which has sprung up under its guiding hand between the faculty, the students, and the athletic representatives, and has made discord among these groups a thing of the past.

As a vitally necessary organization, as a fitting personification of Bryan spirit, and as an exceedingly efficient group, we wish you, the Athletic Association, a successful future!



WEARERS of the LAUREL WREATHS

"The Man on the Second Team"

Of all the goats it would seem that this man, the man on the second team, is the biggest goat. He gets the knocks and the blame, and he fails to receive the encouragement which means so much to a man's success. Day after day he drags his weary, stiff, painfully bruised body out to the gridiron and places himself manfully before the onslaught of eleven of Texas' star players, to be knocked down, trampled upon, dashed one way and then the other, just as the whim of the all-powerful first team man dictates. If he yields too easily to the superior, rather persuasive will of his high and mighty brother, the voice of the coach is to be heard distinctly in tones of adverse criticism of the weakling, or if by chance his ire is sufficiently raised to produce a brilliant tackle, dropping the first team man with a thud, the same familiar voice sends forth warnings of the drastic consequences, if so much as the hair on the head of the precious man, who is to start the next big game be injured. This species of goat is commonly and appropriately known as "scrub" from his daily actions. For, every afternoon for two and one-half months, with an aching body, he painstakingly and conscientiously scrubs the entire field, biting the dust at every opportunity, presenting himself a tackling dummy and a pushing machine for the more fortunate stars. There is no girl on the sidelines screaming her lungs out for him, as he lies shivering on the ground ready to give his blanket to the first man "out" and praying to be the one to take his place. Such, I have heard, is the life of a "scrub."

However, compensation is a law of nature and these atrocities must have their balm, for even a goat has feelings. These "scrubs" are all-important to the first team, for without the daily scrimmage and stiff resistance which they offer the first team, all the wonderful material of that body would go to waste. The school knows this and the "scrubs" know it. Then there is always the possibility, the hope, the expectancy of being put in a game and, once given the opportunity, there is no doubt that any "scrub" could shine brilliantly. Last, but not least, first teams are made of second teams. The man with a second team training behind him has a much better opportunity to make the first team next year than a green fellow, unlearned in the ways of the jolly life of a "scrub," who is the stuff in the making, the backbone of the first team, the salt of the earth.

So here's to the "Man on the Second Team." May he make the first next year.

The Bryan Hi Wolf

Invincible, inspiring, eternal is the spirit of the Bryan Hi Wolf. May each student find him permeated and saturated with that spirit which acknowledges no defeat; which is tenacious, hard-hitting and patriotic.

As the citizenry of our Bryan High, we hereby solemnly pledge, with all the strength of American manhood, to uphold and perpetuate the ideals of our nation and school as they are represented in the red-blooded vitality of the Dalhi Wolf.

'Twas a wild bunch of students who cheered till they were hoarse at an assembly given Oct. 7. The football team was about to get under way after a week's delay.

Coach Cobb had a game scheduled with Garland for Sept. 30, but at the last minute Garland backed down and there was no game. So on the morning of Oct. 7 the coach bundled his boys up and carried them to Mineola. They came back that night. The score was Bryan 0; same for Mineola.

Not to be the loser, because Garland cancelled their contract, the Wolves took on Weatherford Saturday morning and won a 56 to 0 victory.

Things had gotten started by then and on Oct. 14 Muskogee and the Wolves tied up at the Fair Park Stadium. When the tangle was unraveled it was found that Muskogee had 13 points and Bryan 7.

Next on the program was McKinney. The Wolves went down there confident of a victory, but somehow they were city-slicked, and the final score was 14 to 14.

The last game before the game with Forest came Saturday, Oct. 29. Coach "Willie Dear" Franks brought over his Central Fort Worth boys and threatened the Wolves with a three-touchdown victory. The count at the end of the final period was Fort Worth 0, Bryan 0.

Between the two games of the city series, Garland came up to keep the date which she had broken at the first of the season. After the hard Forest game a week before our lads couldn't seem to get started and the game ended with the score in favor of Garland 14 to 7.

The Forest Game

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah" etc.

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! F. A. H. S.," and so forth.

The teams had not yet made their appearance. Still more "rahing" by the respective schools. Then the teams trotted out on the field. Quite a lot of "rahing" went on but not in unison.

The game started. It was at Marine Field, Nov. 11.

Bryan kicked the ball. Forest ran it back fifteen yards. Eddie Tosch made first down on a line plunge. Forest marched the ball down the field. Two feet from the goal line, the Wolves braced and the ball went over on downs to Bryan. McBride punted the ball sixty yards.

Forest fumbled the ball and Chili Payne got loose for a thirty-five yard run. The ball was carried to the twenty-yard line, but went over to the Green and White on downs.

In the second quarter, Forest completed a twenty-five yard pass. The ball went over the line in a few line plunges. Tosch kicked a goal. Forest kicked off, and the ball fell behind the goal line. Hall fell on it, making a touchdown for Forest, the kick being onside.

Forest kicked off again, and Bryan made it back to the twenty-yard line. McBride tried several passes, but none were completed. It was Forest's ball on the twenty-yard line. Forest was held for downs and the ball went back to Bryan. McBride punted and a minute later, Despain intercepted a forward pass and the half ended.

In the second half, Forest plunged through the line for the third touchdown of the game. After the kickoff and several attempts at forward passing, Forest held for downs. The heavy backfield plunged through the Wolves for the fifth touchdown.

The ball was switched back and forth in the last quarter, both sides having equal periods with it in their possession. Bryan came near to scoring when the ball was on Forest's ten-yard line. A pass was intercepted, but McBride intercepted and ran back. He was downed on the fifteen-yard line just as the whistle blew.

Margules, Hall, and Tosch were the stellar players for Forest, while Hull, Payne, Despain, and McBride illuminated the Bryan lineup.

The lineups: Bryan—Hull and Reynolds, ends; Noe and Young, tackles; Hayes and Clem, guards; Farmer, center; McBride, quarter; Payne and Despain, halves; Montgomery, full.

Forest—Steineker and Vinson, ends; Goldberg and Cox, tackles; Zaiser and R. Tosch, guards; Swift, center; Margules, quarter; Moseman and Draughn, halves; E. Tosch, full.

It was in this game that Farmer's knee was injured. His injury kept him out of the game for the remainder of the season.

The Oak Cliff Game

"Bryan on this side! Oak Cliff over here!"

Words like these, or to that effect, met us as we marched through the gates to the Fair Park Stadium to see Oak Cliff and Bryan tie up in the annual football classic on Thanksgiving Day.

And it was almost a tie, too. The score was Oak Cliff 13, Bryan 7.

As soon as Keller Harwood, our long, rangy cheer leader grabbed two little strips of Maroon and White, and dashed across the field and hung them, flaunting their brilliance to the world, on the goal posts which Oak Cliff had chosen to defend, and Billy Gaston, redoubtable cheer leader for the school across the river, retrieved the colors and waved them at the school from his left hand, we knew there was going to be a fight to the finish.

And the fight was to the finish. In the opinion of certain scribes of prominent newspapers, if the finish had not have arrived so soon, Bryan would have possibly made another touchdown, tieing the score. But the whistle blew with the unfailing accurateness and relentless precision.

Oak Cliff kicked off and Bryan started to march the ball back to the center of the field. Oak Cliff got the ball when King recovered a fumble and Oak Cliff went back up the field.

Joy reigned in Bryan's part of the stands, when Oak Cliff fumbled and a flash in a Maroon and White jersey picked up the ball. From then on it was a hard fight. And fight those boys did. It seemed that Oak Cliff had to advance the ball to Bryan's ten-yard line to get any opposition from the Wolves. But after the ball had reached said line or thereabouts, the opposition started and the ball changed hands.

Oak Cliff was perceptibly jarred when Charlie Reynolds showed them it was almost an impossibility to go around his end. They figured that Smuck Hull would give them all the trouble so they went. or tried to go. around "Rah Rah's" end. But they were badly fooled. They couldn't go around either one. so they tried the middle. That didn't work so good either, though they got several good gains on off tackle plays and end runs.

It was in the second quarter that the damage was done. Mulkey, the Cliffites' point-maker, went over the line for a touchdown. in spite of all the Smuck and "Rah Rah" could do. And the fun started again with Bryan leading the funmaking.

Chili Payne dealt terror to the hearts of the Blue and White when he went through tackle and around end for good gains. And on running back punts he seemed to slip right out of the tackles' arms. Chili played one of the best games on the field.

Little Mac's toe helped a lot, too. And on the punts when one end didn't get the receiver, the other did. We heard it said that Bryan wouldn't have a team if they were to take Hull and Reynolds out. The same party said, "When Hull don't get him Reynolds does." Mostly correct in both remarks, though each member of the Wolf band did his part.

In the second half, Oak Cliff again went over, but George Player missed the goal and the score was 13 to 0. Things didn't look so bright for Bryan right then, but the tables were turned and the first thing the spectators knew, with several line plunges and a forward pass, it was the Wolves' ball on the Oak Cliff ten-yard line.

Somebody made five yards. So much cheering was going on we could not make out who it was, but we think it was Despain. Then Montgomery started over left tackle, changed his mind and went over right tackle for five yards and a touchdown.

Bryan's fighting come-back was not powerful enough to change the score, and the game ended without further event.

COACH COBB

We wax red over our football team, become purple with enthuiasm about basketball, and white with anxiety as we enter the baseball season; we shriek, stamp, yell, whistle, shout, scream and bellow as our idolized teams trot out on the field; but we never realize that the power that hammered into shape these very players of whom we are so justly proud, the inspiration that keeps them so everlastingly at it, is the coach—our coach—Coach Cobb.

He laughs it off, and says it's nothing, because that's his nature; but Coach, whether you will stand it or not, we are here to tell whomsoever this publication reaches that the Annual and the school know how patiently you have toiled. Coach, we quit. If we said what we think, you and every one else would think it flattery.

Behold the man! Whenever we think of our football season we are reminded of the unusual and spectacular playing of our captain. More than once did he cause consternation to our opponents by his bulldog fighting spirit and by his hair-raising talent for broken field running. Chili, you have often distressed us by your attempts at vocal harmony; you have irritated us by the general arrangement of your face; but we must admit that it is hard to find your equal when it comes to football and basketball playing.

HOWARD PAINE
Captain

Paul Young, tackle. Paul got his letter this year. He says he weighs 158 pounds and is 5 ft., 11½ in. high. We believe him. Paul likes most anything connected with Bryan High.

John Clem, guard. Johnny was in a Bryan jersey for the first time in 1921. His weight is 175 pounds, and his height is 5 ft., 10 in. Johnny likes his little old Dodge car.

Lyle Montgomery, fullback. Monty tips the scales at 152 pounds. He is 5 ft. and 5½ in. in length. This was Monty's first year. He made four touchdowns. Monty likes to get gummed up with printer's ink.

Carol Hull, end. "Smuck" played for the second time this year. He makes the scales balance at 145 pounds and the measure stick measures him as 5 ft., 6 in. He made two touchdowns. "Smuck" likes T. J. and "Mac."

Ralph McBride, captain-elect and quarterback. "Little Mac" says he weighs 145 pounds. He stands about 5 ft., 7 in. in his stocking feet. "Mac" made four touchdowns and kicked 13 goals. This was his second year. He likes "Smuck" and T. J.

T. J. Farmer, center. "T" finished his second year on the team. He is 152 pounds heavy and is 5 ft., 7 in. in linear measurement. He likes "Mac" and "Smuck."

Charles Reynolds, end. 'Rah Rah" played for the first time this year. His weight is 146 pounds. His height is 5 ft., 8 in. "Rah Rah" likes his little "D 2nd" sweater.

Ray Dowling, tackle. Ray was with Bryan for the first time in 1921. He measures 5 ft., 10 in., and is 158 pounds in weight. Ray likes to visit Mr. Muse in 109.

Rex Despain, halfback. This year was Rex's first time. He weighs 161 pounds, and is 5 ft., 7 in. tall. Rex likes ladies

Bassett Orr, halfback. Orr made the first team for the first and last time in 1921. He graduated in 1922. He weighs 139 pounds, and is 5 ft., 9 in. tall. Bassett likes everything that's good and lots that's bad.

Robert Aldridge, center. Bob Aldridge got his "D" this year for the first time. He weighs 148 pounds and is 5 ft., 8 in. tall. Bob doesn't know what he likes best.

Gerald Hayes, guard. Jelly was in his second year in 1921. He says he weighs 210 pounds. His length is 5 ft. and 6 in. Jelly likes to eat.

Harold Noe, tackle. Noe played for his second year in 1921. He is 150 pounds heavy and 5 ft., 11 in. high. Noe likes physics and algebra.

Fergus Van Wart, fullback. Fergie weighs 147 pounds and is 5 ft., 8 in. tall. He likes Bob Aldridge. This was Fergie's first year.

Louis Dieterich, guard. Dieterich played for the first time this year. He is 5 ft., 10 in. tall and weighs 162 pounds. He won't tell us what he likes best.

HOWARD PAYNE

Captain Payne, leader of our pack of death-dealing Wolves, is a splendid example of Bryan's fighting spirit.

RALPH McBRIDE

"Mac" was the cool-headed general of Bryan's forces. He picked his plays with consummate skill, and could always be depended upon to find the foe's weak points.

CAROL HULL

Hull was picked as the all-city left end, and deservedly so. He was considered by all who saw him in action the best end in this section of the state.

CHARLES REYNOLDS

Reynolds has a genius for accurate tackling, and he simply refused to be "boxed." Time after time he dived between the runner's interference and spoiled the play.

T. J. FARMER

"T. J.," our "Rock of Gibraltar," was the point of rest of most of our line resistance, and to him should go the lion's share of the credit for Bryan's line work.

LYLE MONTGOMERY

When "Monty" couldn't go through or under the line, he went over with disastrous results to his personal, facial characteristics, but he usuallly got his distance.

REX DESPAIN

Rex was an important part of our hard-hitting backfield and in a broken field he was unconquerable.

HAROLD NOE

When Noe said "nay," it was noticeably nix for Bryan's opponents. He played brilliantly in the line in every game, and his consistency was no small part of his total value.

RAY DOWLING

Dowling was a dependable man at all times, and he was always ready with a hole in the opponent's line big enough for a steam engine to go through whenever it was necessary.

GERALD HAYES

"Jelly" was given the title of "Pike's Peak of the Line" early in the season and he certainly lived up to his reputation. The opposing players could not get around him, or over him, and they certainly couldn't get through him, so there you are!

LOUIS DIETERICH

When Dieterich laid back his ears and grinned, the other team was simply up against it—"it," in this case, being Bryan's line.

BERT McCLURE

Bert plowed into the line like a buzz-saw going through cheese, and he left a trail like a thousand-pound shell. He didn't have to hunt holes in the line—he made them to order.

JOHN CLEM

When Clem got a toehold on the line and gritted his teeth no team that we played could do anything with him. They just went the other way after the first attempt.

PAUL YOUNG

Young's excellent handling of his opponent and himself was commented on more than once by those who saw him play, and it was seldom indeed that anyone went through his position in the line.

FERGUS VAN WART

Fergus had many winning little ways on the football field, usually in the way of getting gains that told on the final score.

BASSETT ORR

Bassett usually ruined things for the other side, either by tackling their man or tearing through, himself, for a very substantial gain.

Basketball Season

We fooled them.

The other schools, we mean. Basketball practice started about three weeks before Christmas and about two weeks before the other schools had thought about starting.

Arthur Harris took charge of the forty or fifty men who reported the first day. Among them were Felix Tapp and Son Wyche.

Five pre-season games were scheduled, two with Lindale, two with Red Oak and one with the Alumni.

The boys went up to Lindale. They found that they couldn't lick professionals when they looked at the scores of the two games. They were Lindale 38, Bryan 10; and Lindale 46, Bryan 2.

Coach Cobb took charge right after the Oak Cliff football tilt and he matched a game with Red Oak. They played up here. The final score was Bryan 43, Red Oak 17. A return game was played that week-end at Red Oak on an outdoor court and the farmers succeeded in ringing 27 markers to the Wolves' 9.

The Alumni came next. The day that school dismissed for the Christmas holidays was the date. The team of '20 couldn't get around the Wolves of '22 and the score, thanks to Son Wyche, was 23 to 22.

The first game on the season's schedule was with Garland. They came up this time and went back with the little end of an 18 to 12 score.

Next on the list was Weatherford. They lost their chance of revenge for the football defeat when they lost the game, 36 to 26.

East Texas Normal came next. The game was played in the Bryan gym. The Greenville lads didn't get started and the final score was Bryan 55 to Normal's 16.

Coach Cobb bundled up the Wolves and went down to Waco on Jan. 30. The Waco lads, used to playing on the "cracker box" court, finally won out in a stiff game, Waco 29, Bryan 19.

The last game before the city series was played at S. M. U. with the Freshman team. The Freshmen couldn't get started because of the team work of the Wolves and took the little end of the score of 19 to 7.

To fill in the week when Forest played the second game with Oak Cliff, Central High of Fort Worth came over. "Willie Dear" had a good team and at the end of the game the score was tied. An extra period was played and Hubert Wyche got away for a couple of markers before the last whistle. The final score was 24 to 22, favor of Bryan.

Oak Cliff Game

The Bryan Wolves sharpened their fangs at 3 p. m. Feb. 1.

The basketball team was to tie up at 3:30 with Oak Cliff. The Wolves were going to try mighty hard to get the Cliffmen.

The referee's whistle blew at 3:30 sharp and the two teams were at it. On the first play a technical foul was called on the Wolves, which seemed to throw them off their guard, though Danny Lynch failed to make it count.

After the first foul the game was on fast. The ball was switched back and forth over the floor, Oak Cliff taking it almost to their goal, only to lose it to Bryan, the Wolves duplicating the feat of the Blue and White tossers.

The final score of the game was 15 to 12, in favor of the Cliffites. But, though outscored, the Wolves were never outplayed. Paul and Hubert Wyche held up their standard, and though Paul wasted a good many shots at the basket from the center of the field, he was a mainstay.

The star of the game was "Smuck" Hull. Hull didn't start because of a bad foot, but he was at the finish, big. His playing was the feature of the game. He covered the floor entirely and King hadn't a chance against him.

"Chili" Payne played his usual bright game, though he didn't do any especially brilliant work. Felix Tapp made known his presence by ringing one of the Wolves' goals.

For the Oak Cliff squad, Lynch took Player's place as star easily. Though King played at center, Lynch was the mainstay of the team, making 11 of the team's 15 points.

Ox Higgins was next in order of the stars. This was his first year at the game and he put up a bang-up one.

The Forest Game

The Foresters didn't know what hit them on Feb. 3, and as a result, when the final pistol sounded, the score was Bryan 10, Forest 10. The coaches trooped out on the floor, conferred, and then the referee announced that a five-minute period would be played.

The five-minute period was played and then another, during which Mann dropped a couple of free trials through the hoop, winning the game.

'Twas a hard scrap throughout. The team which Coach Cobb sent in fought every inch of the way and the work of Chili Payne on offense and defense had a big hand in the close score.

There were plenty of fouls during the game. But neither foul shooter got as many as he should have gotten. Mann got 8 out of 16 and "Son" missed all but four.

Though Hubert Wyche, Felix, and "Smuck" didn't get any goals, they played a game that is to be remembered. And McBride got in for a while, during which he "did himself proud." Hull played the same old game against the Foresters that he put up against Oak Cliff.

Coach Loos of Forest had to use eight men. Mann, Jones, and Tosch were the stars, however. Eddie slipped for one basket, Jones looped one basket and Mann got 8 points. It was the fouls which beat Bryan, for the Foresters got only two field goals to Bryan's three.

Good officiating was also a feature of the game. Gibson, a Y. M. C. A. man from Waco, came up to referee. His work was of the best caliber seen in the city. Both teams got a square deal, though he called numerous fouls.

This game made the standing in the city series as follows: Oak Cliff won two, lost none; Forest, won one, lost one; Bryan, won none, lost two.

The Second Oak Cliff Game

The Wolves failed to stage a comeback Feb. 10 against Oak Cliff.

The score was 16 to 1 in favor of the Cliffmen. But the end is misleading as to the method of obtaining it.

Bryan put up a scrappy game from the start, but it was an off day. A reluctance to shoot baskets probably kept them from making more than one marker. In the first half not more than a half dozen times did the Maroon and White lads heave the ball toward the object of the game.

But "Rah Rah" Reynolds played the best game of the day for the Bryan team. His defense, though circled once or twice, was the best put up. Charlie was inexperienced at the game, but he clinched for himself a place for the rest of the season.

It was the bright offense work of Dan Lynch that threw the Wolves off their balance. He seemed to be everywhere at once, and the able assistance of Higgins and Ward in the guard positions left him free to do the attacking.

Son shone as usual, flashing here and there, dribbling the ball well down into the Bryan territory, only, by some misfortune, to lose it. Hull covered his end of the floor well, keeping King worried through the game.

McBride and Hubert Wyche held down the forward positions. Tapp was taken out, because of an injured hip, during the game, and Hubert was not in the best of health.

Scores of students were at the game. The gymnasium was crowded and then some. It seemed that all Bryan had turned out to witness the game, but, as a matter of fact, there were not more than 400 rooters.

The Second Forest Game

Valentine's Day was a boon to Bryan and a jinx to Forest.

When the pistol, announcing that the game was over, went off, the scorer looked at his book, and yelled out that the score was 19 to 18, Bryan.

The crowd on the Bryan side went wild and the players did too. On the Forest side was deep sorrow. The city championship was lost decisively; Oak Cliff was the victor by one point.

Stars stood out in the game. Son Wyche, Payne, and Stephens held up the honors of stellardom for the Wolves. Son was high point man with 11 markers, and Stephens was second with 6.

Hull was out of the game. Feeling that they were not only fighting for Bryan,

but for their star center, the Wolves went in and, from the first whistle to the pisol, played an aggressive game.

At all times they were playing on the offense. The first goal was made by Mann, when he scored in the first few seconds of play on a "center to forward to forward" play. Son evened the tally shortly after and the score was nip and tuck from there on.

Reynolds played another great game at guard, and Payne, out of the Forest game four days before, and still a little weak from the effects of his illness, did likewise.

Coach Cobb shifted the diminutive Son to forward to pair off with Tapp. Hubert Wyche and McBride also had a chance at the position held down by Felix. The game was the highest-scored game of the series, the others being lower than 16 points.

It was the first game of the series that Bryan had won and, by virtue of their fight, they were entitled to win. The game was the hardest seen on the Y. M. C. A. court for a long time.

The Southern A. A. U. Meet

On Feb. 17 and 18th, the high school division of the Southern A. A. U. held its annual basketball championship tournament in Dallas. The three high schools entered, and Bryan was matched with Krum High.

The game was played on the afternoon of Feb. 17 in Oak Cliff gym. Both teams scored frequently, but Bryan the most frequently, the final count being 29 to 23. The Krum boys put up a game that was astonishing to basketball fans.

Unheard of, they had one of the best teams entered in the meet. The game was hard-fought throughout. It was played after Celina had given Weatherford a drubbing.

That night at the Y. M. C. A. the Wolves butted into the Celina five. Celina rated as the best in the meet, won the game by the close score of 16 to 10.

The long shots of the Celina center featured the game. Time and time again he stood in the middle of the floor and looped goals. The luck with which he was blessed was disconcerting to the Wolves, who failed to make similar shots.

The game eliminated Bryan from the semi-finals which were played in the Bryan gym, Saturday, between Forest and Celina, and Oak Cliff and Corsicana.

The Foresters and the Cliffmen met Saturday night, and Oak Cliff was victor, 16 to 13. A hard game was played, despite the fact that both teams had played hard games that afternoon.

The Muskogee Trip We Approached

Eight white-sweater-clad basketball players and one coach (chaperon) left Dallas at 8:15 a. m. for Muskogee, Ok. The basketball season was to close with two games which were scheduled with Central High of that city.

The eight boys were "Chili" Payne, "Son" Wyche, Hubert Wyche, "Smuck" Hull, "Rah Rah" Reynolds, Felix Tapp, Ralph McBride, and "Sheik" Stephens. The chaperon was Capt. Frank E. Stoner.

After an exicting ride, on which Felix almost had an altercation with a "heap big" Indian chief, and on which Hubert went to sleep and Son scrapped with anybody who would scrap, the train pulled into Muskogee.

That night the team took the floor against the fast Muskogee five. The lineup was P. Wycre and Hull, forwards; Stephens, center; Reynolds and Payne, guards. "Son" slipped the ball over the rim for the first marker of the game and then Muskogee got some counters.

Luck seemed to be against the Maroon and White for many heart-breaking shots were missed. And then it seemed that Muskogee couldn't fail to drop one in every time one of their men tried.

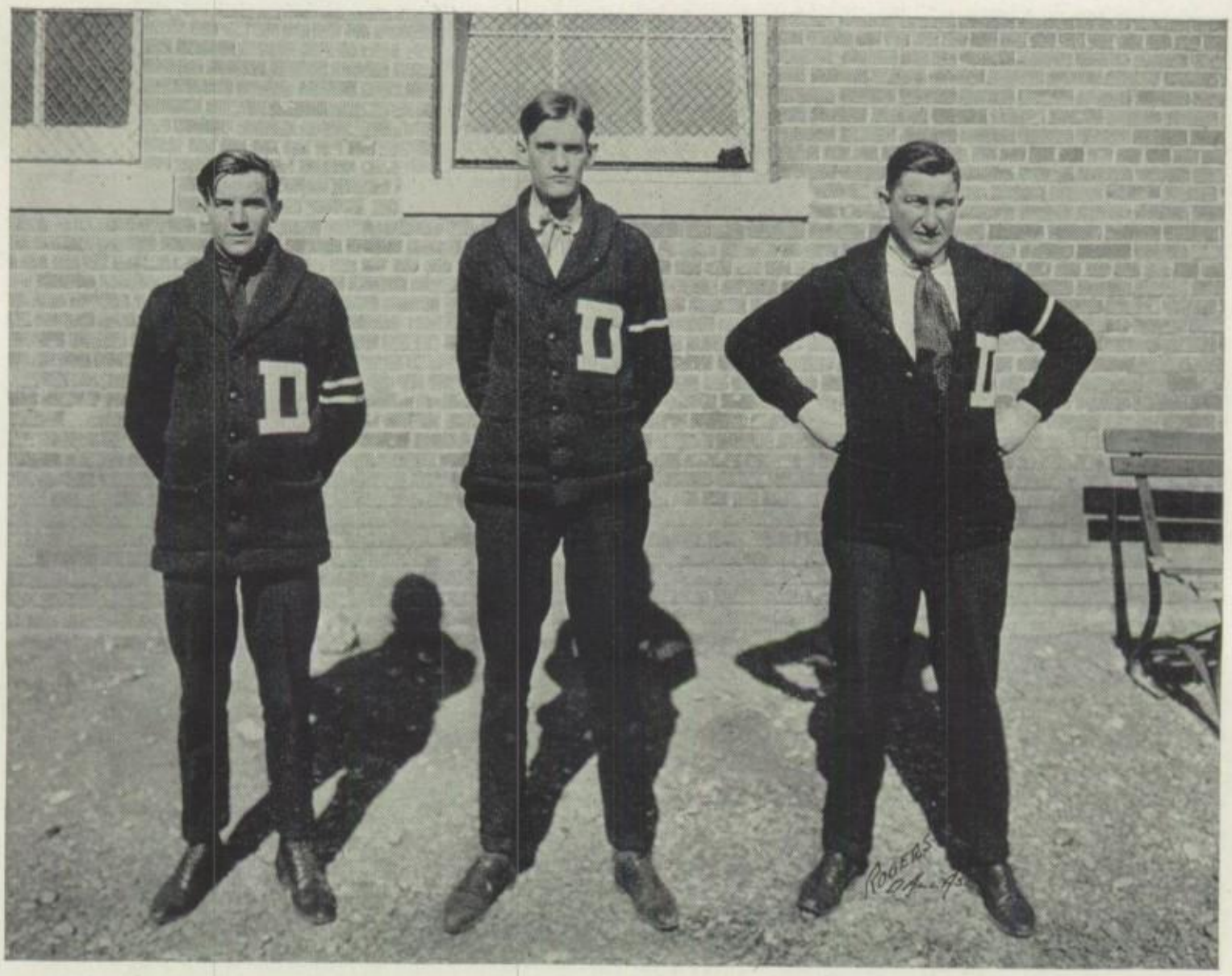
The score the first half was 7 to 7. In the last half the Green and White men flashed up and took a large lead. The final score was 25 to 9.

The second game was on Saturday night. The boys laid around the hotel all day Saturday, except when Bower, Muskogee captain, came around and gave them an exciting ride over the city.

Capt. Stoner started P. Wyche and H. Wyche at forwards; Hull at center, and Reynolds and Payne at guards. Stephens was out of the regular lineup because of sickness. Tapp and McBride played in the latter half of the game.

Son was star again, getting most of Bryan's 16 counters. Muskogee had great luck and hit the goal from all angles. Their final score was 32. The game Saturday night was rougher than on Friday. There seemed to be a strain on the players of both teams. They felt that they had to win the last game.

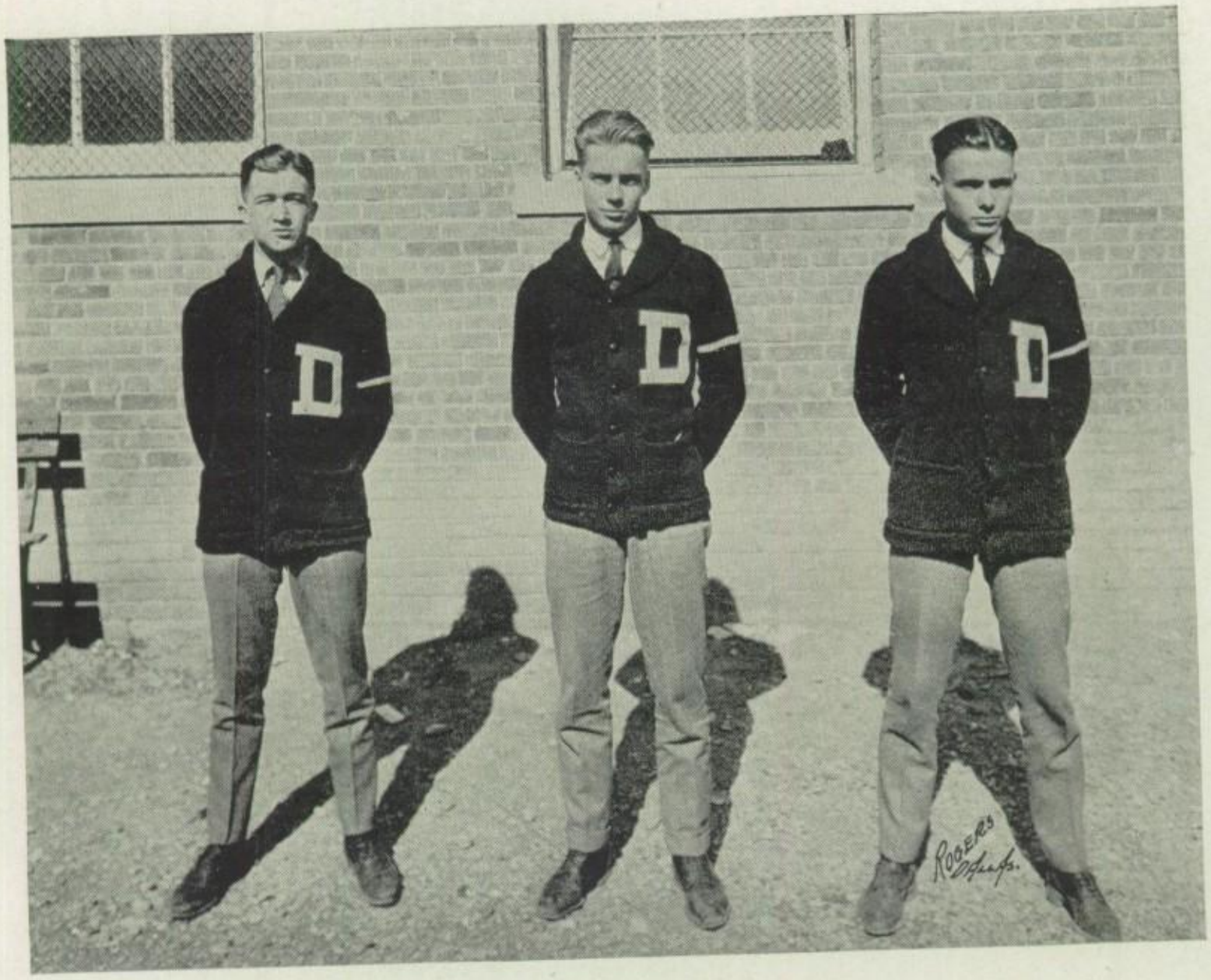
The boys arrived in Dallas Sunday afternoon at 2:15.



Paul Wyche: "And a little child shall lead them." So it was this year when Paul Wyche, diminutive captain, piloted Bryan's superb basketball team. Stay in there, Paul, we sure trounced Forest in the last of the season—and say, just watch us next year!

Marvin Stephens: In Marvin we have an unique paradox. He is the successful combination of the poet and the athlete, of the dreamer and the man of action. Marvin, here's good luck to you; you sure played in that last Forest-Bryan game. Bryan is proud of you, old man.

Coach Cobb: It has been rumored that Coach Cobb in his idle moments really teaches History. Of course that's nothing really serious against his character, but we will always remember him as Bryan's popular and "peppy" athletic coach. Alright, coach, smile for the readers so they can go on to another page!



"Smuck" Hull: Hull was such a "keen" football player that he sometimes forgot himself and tried to mix that game with basketball. His opponent at all times wore that dazed expression that bespoke the troubled mind. As a fast, enduring, and whirlwind basketball player "Smuck" Hull can't be beat.

Charlie Reynolds: Handsome and hard-playing is Charlie, the prodigy of our athletic teams. Isn't it peculiar that everybody in Bryan likes Reynolds, while everybody in rival school hates the very sight of him? We guess it's because he is such a formidable opponent on the gridiron and court.

McBride: This year McBride proved that he could play basketball as creditably as he could disconcert the opposing eleven in football. We could say a lot about McBride, but we merely state, because praise for this athlete is trite and obvious, that he "sure knows his stuff" when things athletic are concerned.

Chile Payne: To us, Payne is the personification of the Bryan Hi Wolf fighting spirit. Tenacious, hard-fighting, and persevering are adjectives that well describe his genius for athletics. The name "Payne" is synonymous with fair play and achievement in football and basketball.

Felix Tapp: A second-year man and a star player is Felix Tapp. Like all the rest of our incomparable basketball team he knows the game from A to Z, or rather from basket to basket, and proves that knowledge by superior playing in every game.

Hubert Wyche: Playing with the ease and grace of a trained athlete and veteran of many battles, Hubert assured himself of the respect and admiration of his coach and of the student body. Hubert, coming from Forest, proved that there was good even in that rival school of ours.

	G.	Go.	Fg.	Fmg.	P.	T.	Pts.
P. Wyche	4	5	14	18	3	9	24
Stephens	2	3	0	0	0	3	8
Payne	3	2	0	0	7	1	4
H. Wyche	4	2	0	2	3	4	4
Hull	3	1	0	0	1	0	2
Tapp	4	1	0	0	5	1	2
McBride	4	0	0	1	2	1	0
Reynolds	2	0	0	0	4	1	0

Paul Wyche, affectionately called "Son," high point man, and captain. "Son" says he weighs in the vicinity of 120 pounds, and is about 5 feet 5 inches tall. "Son" has played basketball since he was big enough to catch one without falling over. This was his second year.

Hubert Wyche, known as "Subconscious," Paul's big brother. Hubert weighs 139 and is 5 feet 10 inches in his stocking feet. Hubert has played so long he has forgotten more than the rest of the team knows. This is his first year at Bryan, though he has made three letters at Forest.

Carol Hull, alias "Smuck," star center and guard. Smuck weighs about 145 and tips the height market at 5 feet 7 inches. Smuck played basketball for the first time this year. He was some star, too.

Felix Tapp, known as "most anything," held down forward position. Felix tips the scales at about 148 and is about 5 feet 10 inches, though he doesn't know for sure. This is Felix's first year on the team. He was first string sub last year.

Howard Payne, our "Chili," the "grand old man" of Bryan. "Chili's" work during the whole season was the talk of Horace McCoy and his contemporaries, George White and Jere Hayes. He played for the second year on the team. "Chili" weighs 150, and is about 5 feet 10 inches.

Charles Reynolds, otherwise known as "Rah Rah" or "Big Mitt," our "uncircleable" guard. Charlie's 5 feet and 10 inches weighs about 157 pounds, though he won't admit it. (We saw him weigh.) Charlie thought he was the Rock of Gibraltar and nobody could penetrate him in the city series. It was his first year.

Ralph McBride, known as "Mac," starred in basketball as he did in the pigskin sport. "Little Mac" isn't little any more. He is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 145. This was Mac's first year on the team also.

Marvin Stephens, called "Shike," "The Sheik," "Rangy," and "Bones" by his contemporaries, plays at the center position. He is 6 feet and 1 inch high and 141 pounds heavy. This is his first year on the team.

CRITES

A good ball-player, and a worthy captain of our successful '22 team. We just want to let you know, Marion, that the school appreciated your leadership. Coming back next year?

TRACK

In track and field events Bryan had many promising candidates for the team, but in the inter-city meet her showing was perhaps not as creditable as we, her supporters, would have liked. We rest content, however, with the knowledge that our men, true always to the ideals of the school, fought and fought and did their best. The Annual feels that no disgrace can stain the colors of the school as long as our teams remain the good winners, and, harder, the good losers that they are now and have been in the past.

BASEBALL

In baseball our cherished dreams of a city and (shout it) state championship bid fair to materialize. Centering around Paul Deputy, our hurling genius, the Bryan team sweeps all before it, and at the time of this writing is unconquerable. The support of the student body is not lacking in victory, as it is ever present in defeat. Such a team we know will be a credit to our school, let it win or lose.

Wielders of the Gavel

Girls' Club

It's mighty hard for an editor to attempt to fittingly describe the virtues of our many clubs and organizations in language that is at all times varied and adequate.

The Girls' Club, however, fully deserves what praise may flow in honeyed words from this poor editorial pen. It is a club whose influence is far-reaching and all-enduring. It is an institution whose motto is "service," whose watchword is "progress."

The Girls' Club is to the young ladies of Bryan what the "Hi-Y" Club is to the boys of our school. It is truly remarkable and interesting to note that nearly all of the worthwhile campaigns and movements are backed by the Girls' Club or the "Hi-Y."

Miss Ruth West, a Senior, had the privilege of leadership in the Girls' Club during the past year. Good work, Ruth.

The Senate

In encouraging debate among the girls of Bryan Hi "The Senate" has opened up a new field of literary activity. The several old and well-established debating societies of the boys have been engaged in this work for years, but it remained for this club to initiate the movement for participation in public spaking on the part of the less stern of the sexes in our school. The officers have been particularly well chosen for their positions of importance in guiding the society through a trying year, and, with the solid co-operation of the membership, have done the seemingly impossible in stimulating interest in an indifferent student body. That their efforts have achieved at least some measure of success is evident in the substantial increase in the number of girls trying for declamation, nine in all, while only five boys competed for the corresponding honor. The Annual appreciates efforts that get results. We admire "The Senate" and its work.

NED GREGG WALLACE
Vice Presidente

DORIS SPEIGHT
Presidenta

RUTH PITTS
Reporter

El Círculo Hispáno

El Círculo Hispáno fue organizado para los estudiantes que querían más práctica en hablar Español. El Español es el idioma del club y el socia que hable una palabra de Inglés tiene que pagar una multa. Ha tenido el club varias sesions con programas en Español y tendrá sesiones sociales para practicar las costumbres sociales de los Españoles y para comer enchiladas, atole, etc. Tendrá también oradores ilustres de habla Española, las maestras de Español son las directoras.

Colores: Amarillo y encarnado.

Lema: Adelante, siempre adelante!

FUNCIONARIOS

Presidenta.....Doris Speight
Vice Presidente.....Ned Gregg Wallace
Reporter.....Ruth Pitts
Crítico.....Benwah Ash
Macero del Rey.....S. C. Jones

SOCIOS

Ash, Benwah
Baily, Charles
Birz, Rosa
Biddle, Ruby Du
Boyd, Hazel
Broun, Lou Ella
Carlisle, Anice
Cohen, Celia
Daguet, Pierre
Durrett, Marylynn
Eby, Fay
Hall, Dorothy
Hamilton, Ramelli
Harbin, Ruby Mae
Jones, S. C.
Levene, Sadie
Musgrave, Juanita
Painter, Robert
Pitts, Ruth
Prewitt, Josephine
Ray, Anna Katherine
Reichenstein, Elizabeth
Robinson, Dixie
Romotsky, Myer
Slack, Pansy
Speight, Doris
Tomlinson, Herbert
Wallace, Ned Gregg
Watson, Floyd
Wall, Eulalia

Zetha Nee Club

The term of 1921-22 has so far been very successful. At the first meeting the club decided to continue the study of drama.

The club took part in the Thanksgiving Assembly Nov. 29. The following tableaux were shown: Making of the First Flag, Thanksgiving of Yesterday; Thanksgiving of Today, and The Spirit of America.

Only ten of the old members were left from last year, but the new members have shown much interest in the club. The following were initiated at the home of Dorothy Boren Dec. 12: Elizabeth and Alice Disosway, Margaret and Mary Etheridge, Margaret and Geneva Rhodes, Mildred Ormesher, Mary Louise Simpson, Virginia Smith, Jeanette Lyne, Jimmie Luna, Joe Wylie, Marguerite Cockrell, Mary Hereford, Elizabeth Perry, Lucy Clark and Katherine Saunderson.

As the club's former sponsor, Miss Sarah Meriwether, could not be here this year, Mrs. Durrett was unanimously elected as sponsor. The success of the club this year is largely due to her help and interest taken in the club.

"ZETHA NEE"

OFFICERS

President - - Frances Jones
Vice-President - Pauline Parker
Secretary - - Amelia Kleber
Treasurer - - Dorothy Hardy

Members: Dorothy Boren, Lucy Clark, Marguerite Cockrell, Sarah Collet, Elizabeth Disosway, Alice Disosway, Margaret Etheridge, Mary Etheridge, Dorothy Hardy, Mary Hereford, Frances Jones, Iris Kilman, Amelia Kleber, Jimmie Luna, Jeanette Lyne, Mildred Ormesher, Gilma Orr, Pauline Parker, Louise Parker, Elizabeth Perry, Geneva Sanderson, Mary Louise Simpson, Virginia Smith, Elizabeth Toomey, Joe Wylie.

"ZETHA NEE"

"ATA PYE"

Ata Pye Annual Report

Throughout the year the Ata Pye Club has been deeply engrossed in the study of Greek Mythology, under the competent guidance of its sponsor, Miss Coe. But its activities have not been centered on itself alone. A beautiful little pageant, "The Awakening of America," was presented before the student body Thanksgiving; and the first party given by any of the clubs in the gymnasium caused the Ata Pyes to "set the prece-

"ATA PYE"

"ATA PYE"

dent." An enjoyable entertainment was given during the Christmas holidays, and the feast and initiation of pledges at the home of Miss Lois Turner was a delightful social affair—for the members. The Ata Pyes are living up to their motto, "Learn to live and live to learn," more and more each year, for whatever they attempt, they accomplish, and their activities are always marked by enthusiasm and pep.

"ATA PYE"

"ART CLUB"

Art Club

Another of Bryan's clubs, which add so much to her school life, is the Art Club. The past year has been one of increased activity in every line of endeavor, and to excel this year's record will be a hard task for the club next year. The presidents, Elizabeth Finley and Elizabeth McClure, have been exceptionally competent in managing the club's affairs, and, with the aid

"ART CLUB"

"ART CLUB"

of the solid support of the club, have elevated the organization to prestige and reputation.

Art Club, you have our sincere respect and admiration. Your talent is unexcelled, your spirit is unconquerable, and your membership is unconquerable. With these assets, how can a club fail?

And the Art Club has not, does not, and will not. Are we not right?

"ART CLUB"

"PHILO"

Philomathian Club

The Philomathian Club is an organization popularly conceded to be filled with pretty girls and "pep." Even the casual thinker will be convinced that such a combination is bound to achieve success; especially will it be popular in a school where there is a high percentage of those who term themselves "young men."

The Philomathian Club is particularly noted for its Philo Review. A fuller description of that entertaining performance will be found in another portion of this book.

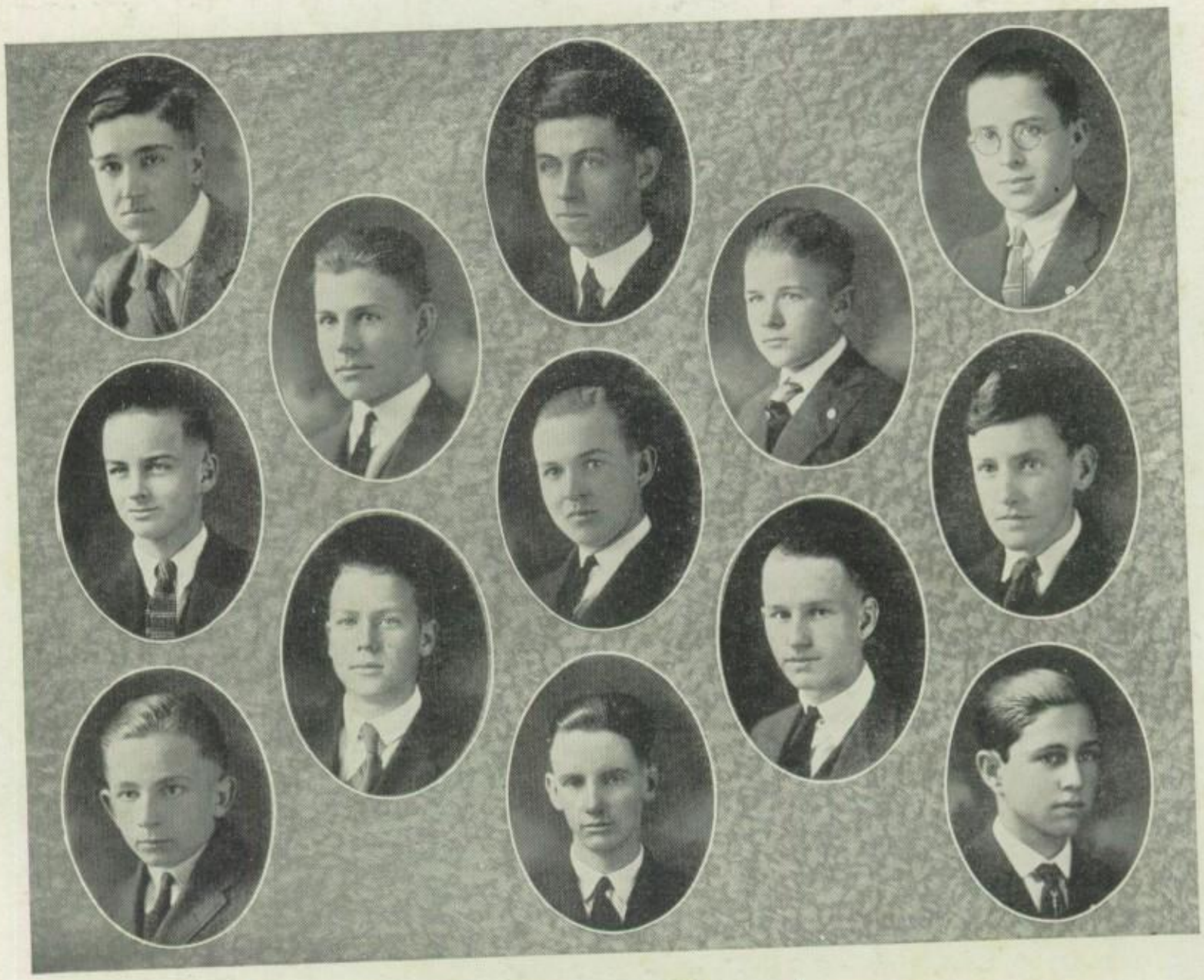
"PHILO"

"PHILO"

The Philomathian Club was blessed this year with presidents of unusual caliber and talent. Misses Frances March and Margaret Fears held the position as chief executive during the first and second terms, respectively, and sustained during their administrations the enviable record of their society.

Club work is of inestimable value to the High School students and so it is with pleasure that Bryan contemplates its numerous societies. May the Philos in future years be possessed of the same spirit of accomplishment as they certainly are today.

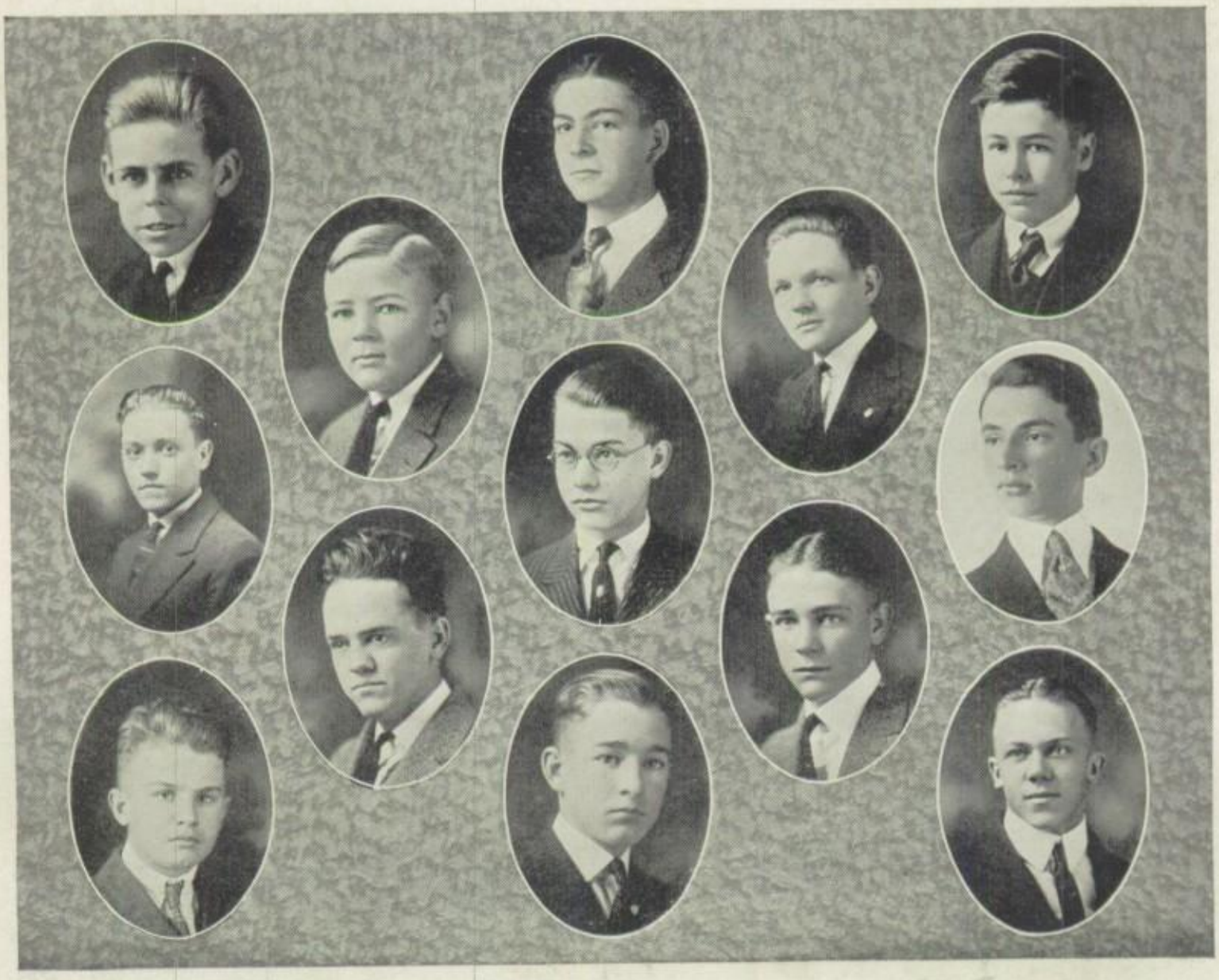
"PHILO"



Phi Kappa Report

Phi Kappa initiated the year with verbal manifestations of genius, and since then the cob-webbed corridors of the school have resounded long and loudly to the efforts of her youthful orators to chime the welkin. However, that worthy instrument is not fractured as yet, and the members have received a great deal of benefit from their efforts in that direction, so all concerned are better off.

The banquet, at the Oriental Hotel, was in every way successful, and at it the members received both a square meal and a great deal of information, not to mention the inspiration which the alumni attempted to impart to them. Mr. Crozier, as toastmaster, added no small part to the enjoyment of the members and guests. If the pie was hot, so were the emotional passages in which the love of those present for Phi Kappa was declared in glowing terms, and while the rolls were cold, so were the feet of some of the members when extemporaneous speeches became the order of the day, or, rather, night.



The officers have been capable, to a degree, and fairly honest; but no man knows what the future holds in store for him; nor does the society. Howard Hayden was our first president, and William Nearly somehow managed to get elected for the second and third terms. There is still a cloud over his campaign expenditures, but in view of his comparative integrity while in office, the society has decided not to make a scene.

Last and least, H. B. Criswell served the fourth term and carried out the questionable program of his predecessors.

Mr. Guice, our faculty critic, has served faithfully throughout the year, and under his tutelage several most creditable debating teams have been developed. The weekly programs, also, have been interesting and instructive, and have afforded ample opportunity for every member to demonstrate his ability along the lines of debate and oratory.

The society voted to adopt the use of a pin, and a most artistic design was devised. The pins have added a great deal to the spirit of the organization, and have given an added incentive to the members to live up to the high standards of Phi Kappa.

"LITTLE THEATER"

Little Theater

The Little Theatre this year progressed much farther than last, in that it presented two dramatic programs of passing excellence. Immediately before the Christmas holidays a seasonal masque was given, which showed in a striking manner the talent of the members. Encouraged perhaps by the success of its initial effort, the club outdid itself in producing "The Land of Heart's Desire" in the latter part of March. The acting of the characters was favorably commented on by all who were fortunate enough to witness the program.

"LITTLE THEATER"

"LITTLE THEATER"

The Little Theater has set a high-water mark for the club of future years to aim at in its attempts to surpass its own record.

This society is the only purely dramatic organization in the school, and, as we feel that histrionic talent is not lacking and the development of this native ability must play no small part in the formation of character, the club's work is important indeed.

It is a society that adds much to school life at Bryan, both in the pleasure it affords those who enter upon its activities, and the instruction which these same members receive as they participate in the programs of the club.

"LITTLE THEATER"

Polygon Club

In November of the year 1920 a few lovers of mathematics held a meeting for the purpose of organizing some kind of club which should promote interest in mathematics in our school. "The Polygon Club" came into existence as a result of this meeting. From that memorable time up to the present, this club has continued its growth, and it is now one of the most highly esteemed and influential clubs in the school.

During the past year the club has made a systematic study of the "Origin of Number." It has also made a general study of phrenology and astronomy.

Believing in the old saying that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," they have their annual picnics and parties, which have made the social life of the club quite famous.

One regular meeting out of each month is turned over to the "chess players," who have made attempts to teach the entire membership to play chess. Despite the fact that few of them can really play, they have great fun trying to learn the game.

The success of the club is due not only to its faithful and efficient officers, but also to Mr. A. W. Harris, the sponsor. Mr. Harris suggested the organization of the club, and has ever been its faithful guardian.

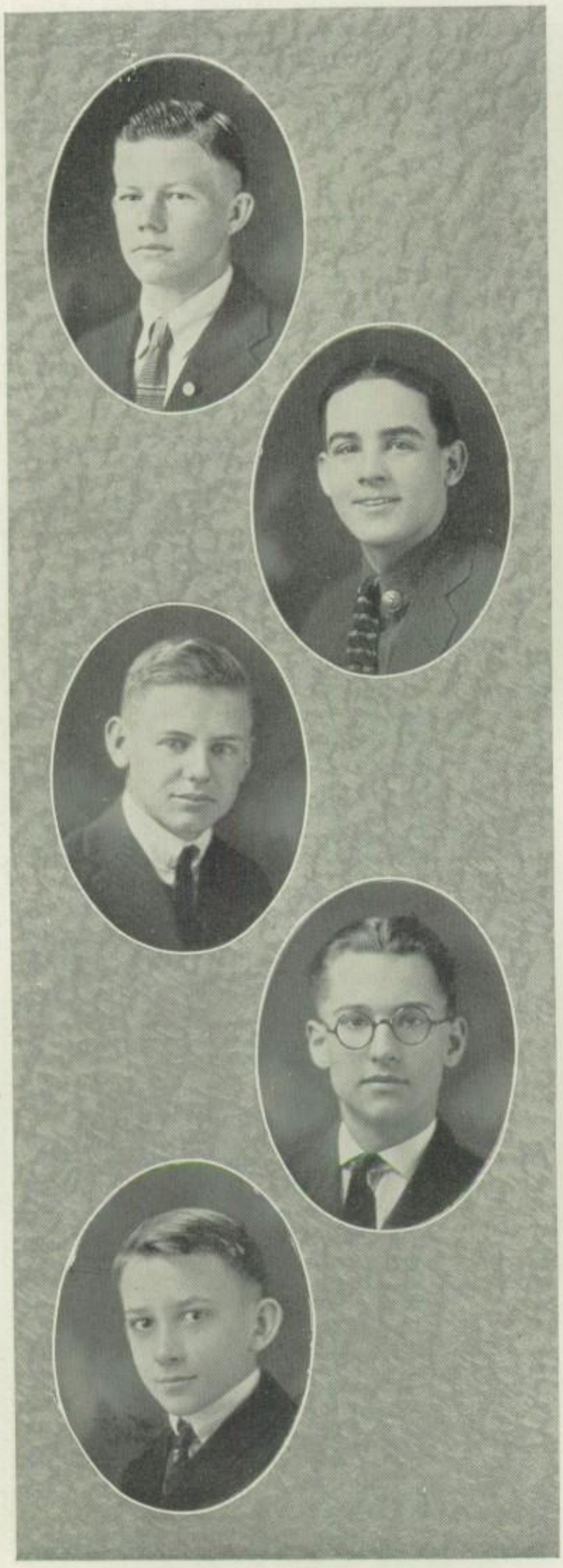
"POLYGON"

OFFICERS

President.....J. Pierpont Morgan
Vice President.....George Davis
Secretary.....Remington Christian
Treasurer.....Albert A. Terry, Jr.
Reporter.....Maude C. McKnight

MEMBERSHIP

Adair, Cecil, '23
Bryant, Regna, '22
Christensen, George, '22
Christian, Remington, '22
Darby, Exia, '22
Davis, Pearl, '22
Davis, George, '23
Dellinger, Isabel, '22
Donnelly, Perry, '23
Gannon, Frances, '22
Gatlin, Billy, '23
Hagg, Mildred, '22
Iredale, Corinne, '22
Kirchaine, Phil, '22
Mannon, Erma, '22
Marshall, Catherine, '23
McKnight, Maude, '22
Merzbacher, Charles, Jr., '22
Morgan, J. Pierpont, '22
Speed, Rosalie, '22
Stearman, Jewell, '22
Stovall, Carter, '22
Terry, Albert A., '22
Waples, Edgar, '22
Welch, Homer, '22
Wood, Eva Mae, '22
Worthington, Mary, '22
Worthington, William, '23
Zeller, Henry, '23



"The Forum"

The Forum Literary Society has weathered its second year. Praise be to the society and organization capable of successfully combatting the ever indifference to the benefits of public speaking training.

The Forum Literary Society has continued the splendid work begun by the membership of last year. It was quite an achievement for a society in its infancy to capture the Phi Kappa Oratorical Medal from three determined Phi Kappa members, but this very thing was accomplished last year by the Forum through the person of Nick Williams, one of its ablest speakers.

"FORUM"

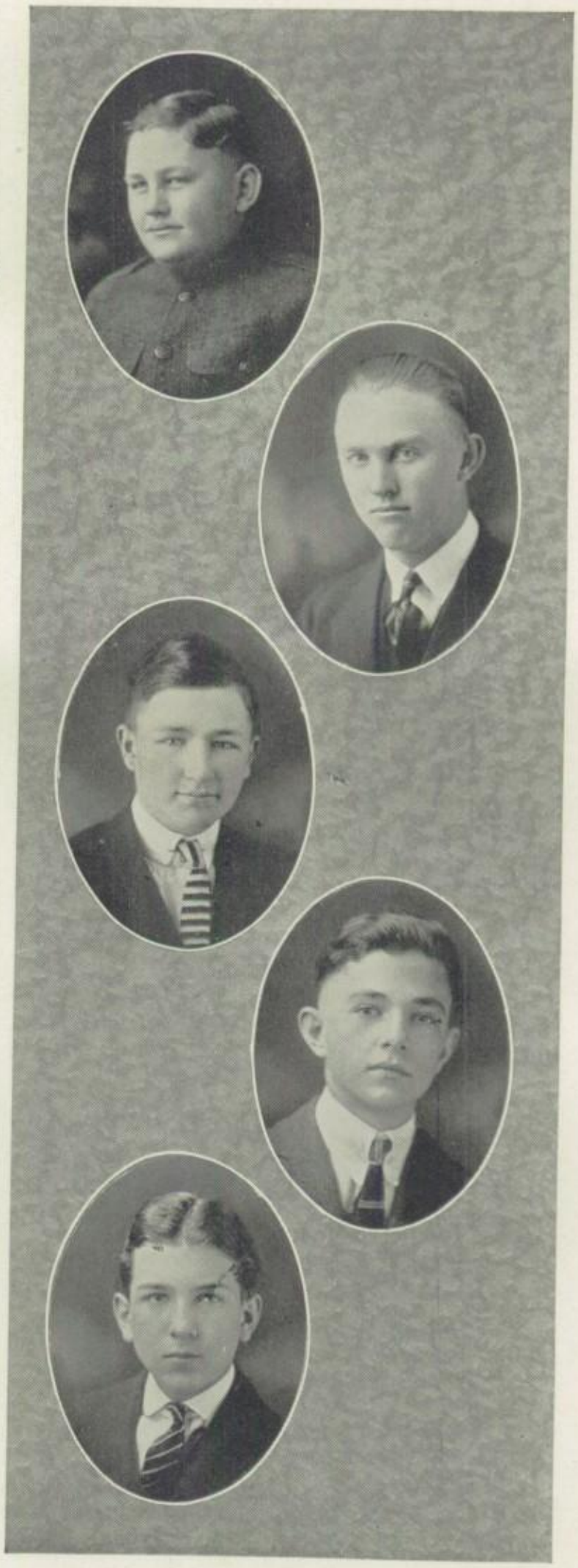
This year the Forum won second place in the Declamation Contest because of the splendid work of Browning, a literary novice of unusual possibility.

Just as our athletic teams must battle for Bryan's supremacy in things physical, so also is it the duty of our literary and public speaking clubs to foster and preserve the honor of our school on the rostrum and on the speaking platform.

It is the continued hope of the Annual Staff that Phi Kappa and the Forum will go hand-in-hand in the coming years, fitting representatives of our school, to achieve for her, to the detriment of all her rivals, a lasting and permanent place in the fields of oratorical and debating endeavor.

Jimmie Alberts as president of the Forum served his society as a conscientious and devoted leader. Alberts did his share in the maintenance of Forum honor by entering both the debating and declamation contests for State honors.

Watch the Forum next year. To the male aggregation of Bryan's splendid body the Forum extends its honest invitation for membership.

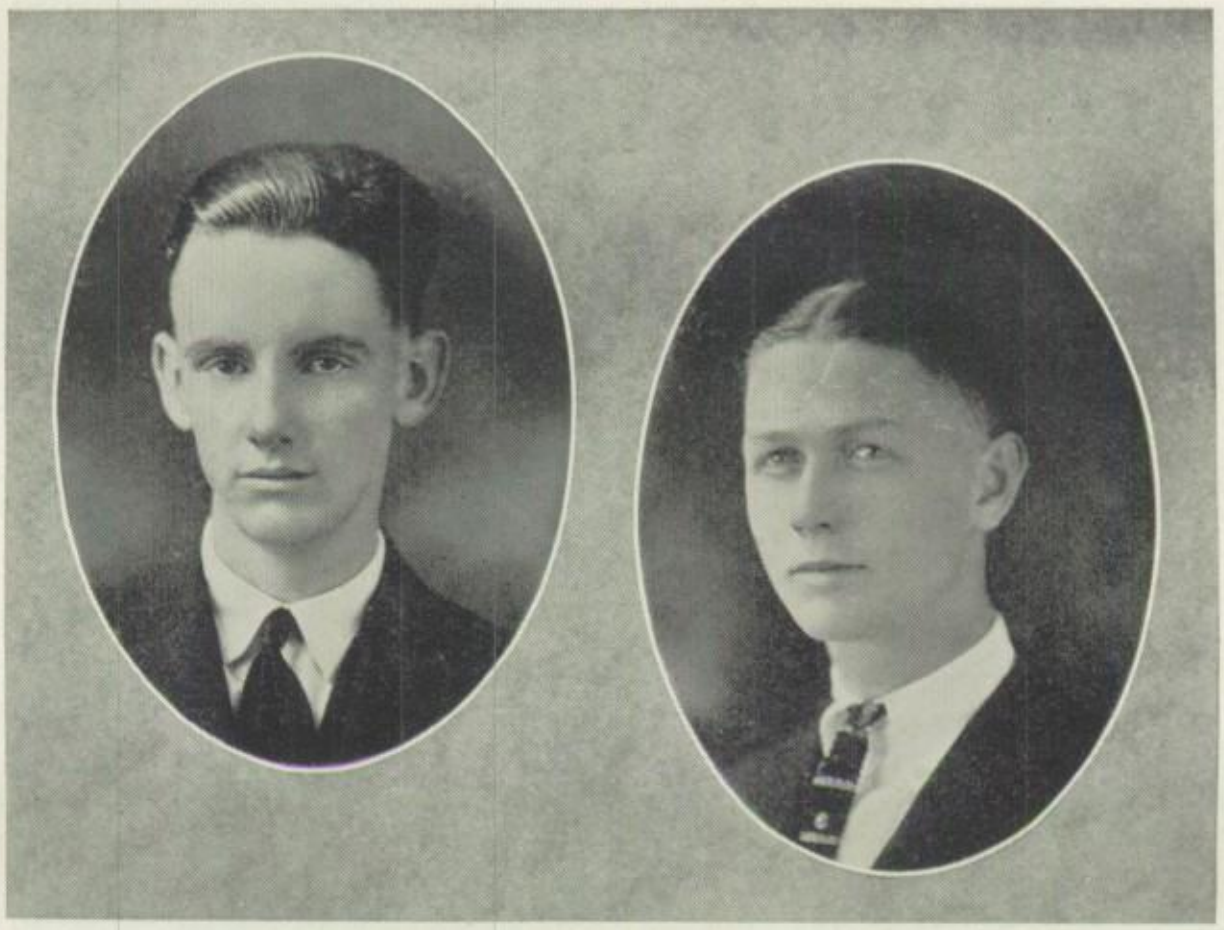


"FORUM"

Girls' Glee Club

Another product of the Music Department is the Girls' Glee Club. In common with our other musical organizations, this club has been unusually successful, and has done a great deal toward establishing Bryan's reputation in musical circles. Although no public concerts have been given, the work of the club has been commented on very favorably by all who have heard them sing. The girls have worked hard to maintain the standards set by their sister organizations, and have in no way failed in their attempt. Credit to whom credit is due; praise to the Girls' Glee Club.

"GIRLS,
JOIN
THE
GLEE
CLUB"



DICK SCURRY MARK COTTON

Hi-Y Club

The promotion of fellowship and Christian ideals of character is the fundamental purpose of the Hi-Y Club.

Under the presidency of Richardson Scurry and under the guidance of Mark Cotton, chairman of the board of directors, the Hi-Y Club of 1922 was worthy of its ideals.

It is noticeable that the Hi-Y Club is always well attended, although it meets at the rather unusual hour of 6:30. Of course, this is only a theory, but it is our guess that this full membership is due partly to the fact that a splendid dinner is served and that a worth-while message is given the members by some talented speaker at each meeting.

The Hi-Y meets each Monday of the school term at 6:30 at the Y. M. C. A. Building.

Fellows, you'll like the work! Come on down and join next year.

Semper Fidelis

A club of hard-working undergraduates is the Semper Fidelis. "Semper fidelis" is Latin, or Greek, or some foreign language, we think, and it means something about being always faithful. The membership is certainly living up to their club name. Semper Fidelis was the first organization to pay the Annual for its space in this book. It was the most prompt in getting its picture made. We certainly congratulate them for this unusual courtesy.

The Annual desires to impress upon the school the value of our organizations. A far greater number of students should be interested in club work. The Semper Fidelis welcomes any girl desirous of really working to its fellowship. How about joining? Do your bit in placing Bryan at the top in literary achievements.

Boost the Semper Fidelis!

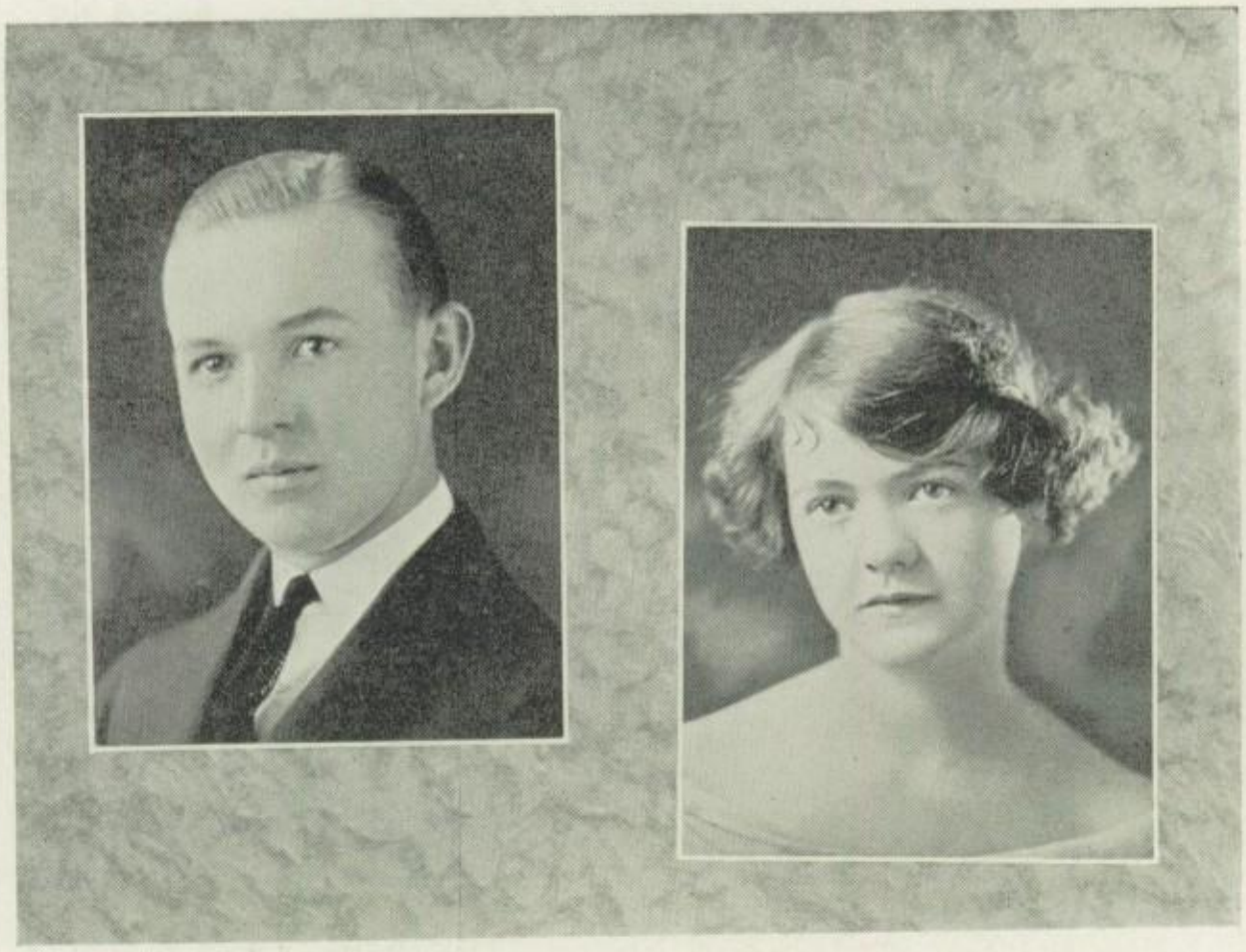
Watch Semper Fidelis grow!

Put your name in its roll!

Semper Fidelis!

Semper Fidelis!

Semper Fidelis!



HOWARD HAYDEN "DOT" HARDY

Students' Council

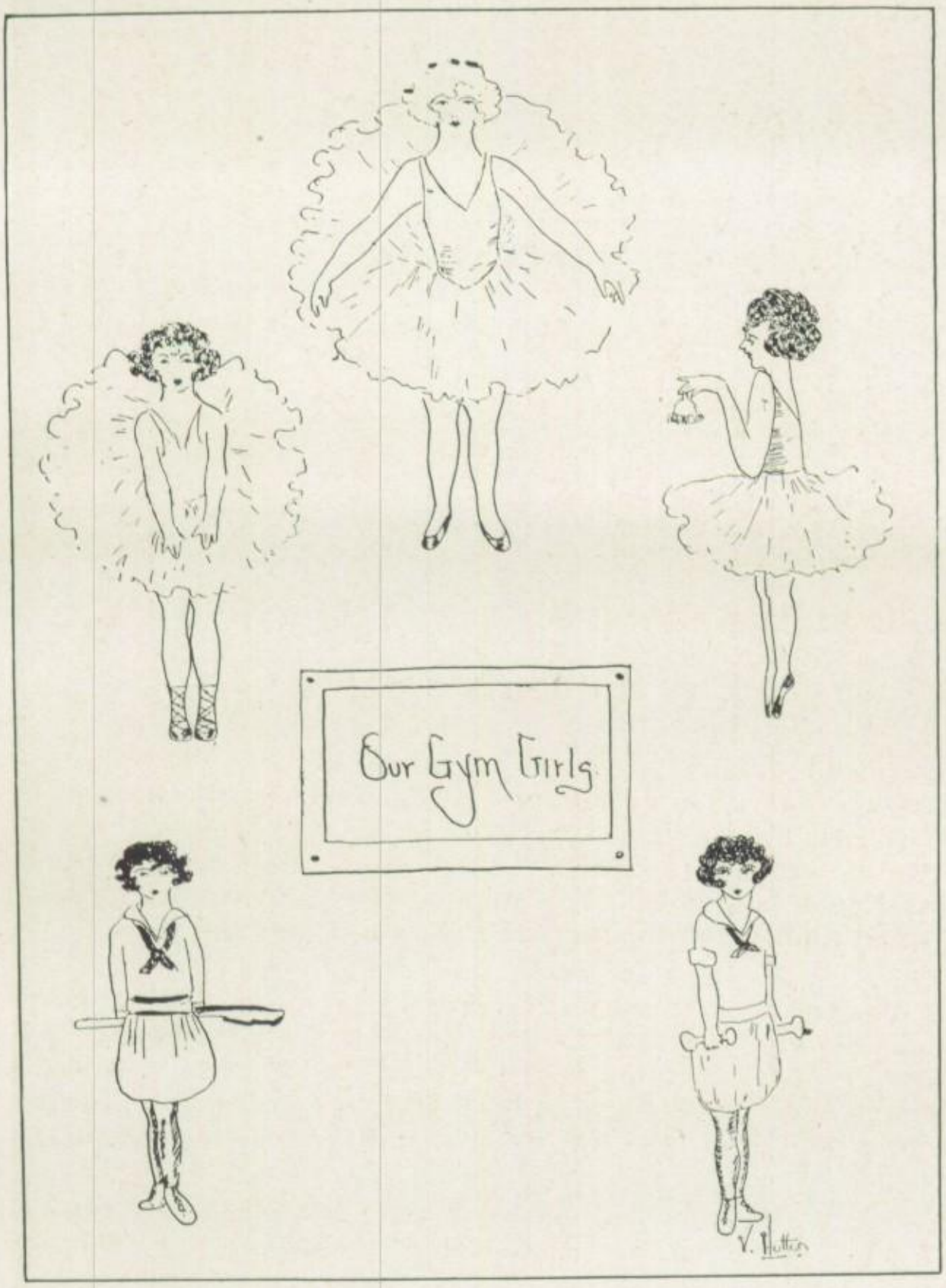
There dwells in Bryan's youth-trodden halls an august, an awe-inspiring tribunal—the Students' Council. The workings of that splendid body are, of course, hidden from the eyes of the flotsam and jetsam of our school world, yet we are positive that we may say that it is one of the foremost elements, one of the leading factors, in the development of our school spirit and in the maintenance of a high morale.

The officers of this majestic assemblage were nominated from the Senior classes and were ratified by the entire student body in a general assembly. It is our opinion that the students of Bryan showed excellent judgment in their selection of Albert Terry as president, Howard Hayden as vice president, and Dorothy Hardy as secretary and treasurer.

The work of the organization is aided by an executive council and by a staff of representatives, who were elected in each first-period class.

Upon the graduation of Albert Terry, Howard Hayden was elected president by the vote of the assembled student body.

To a worthy institution we offer our heartiest and best wishes for a continued success in future years.


Our Gym Girls

Physical Training

That our girls may be the personification of grace and exquisite carriage, the school offers the Physical Training courses. Our pupils of the more effeminate of the sexes have hastened to enroll for it, until now physical training is a firmly established part of Bryan's curriculum. And those enrolling are not disappointed. For in the varied series of novel folk dances and interesting exercises any girl may find an added channel for her ability to show itself. Even while she is enjoying herself, our Bryan girl is storing up buoyant spirits for her present utilization, compounded with health for future use. Her academic side of school life sees to her mental and intellectual development, but it devolves upon the physical training course to supply all the physical activities of her existence. In so doing it performs a task invaluable to the girl, the school and the nation.

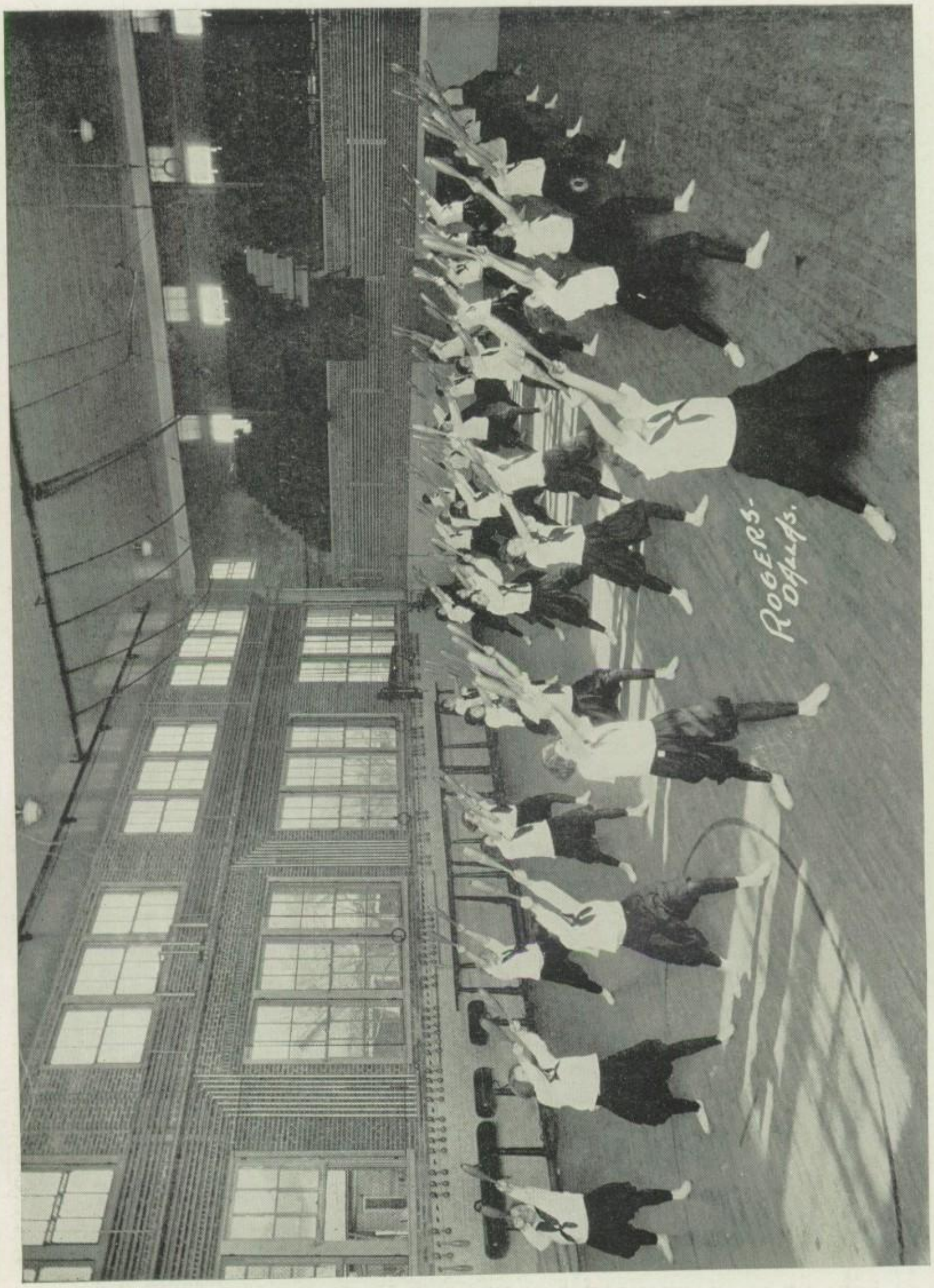
More Physical Training

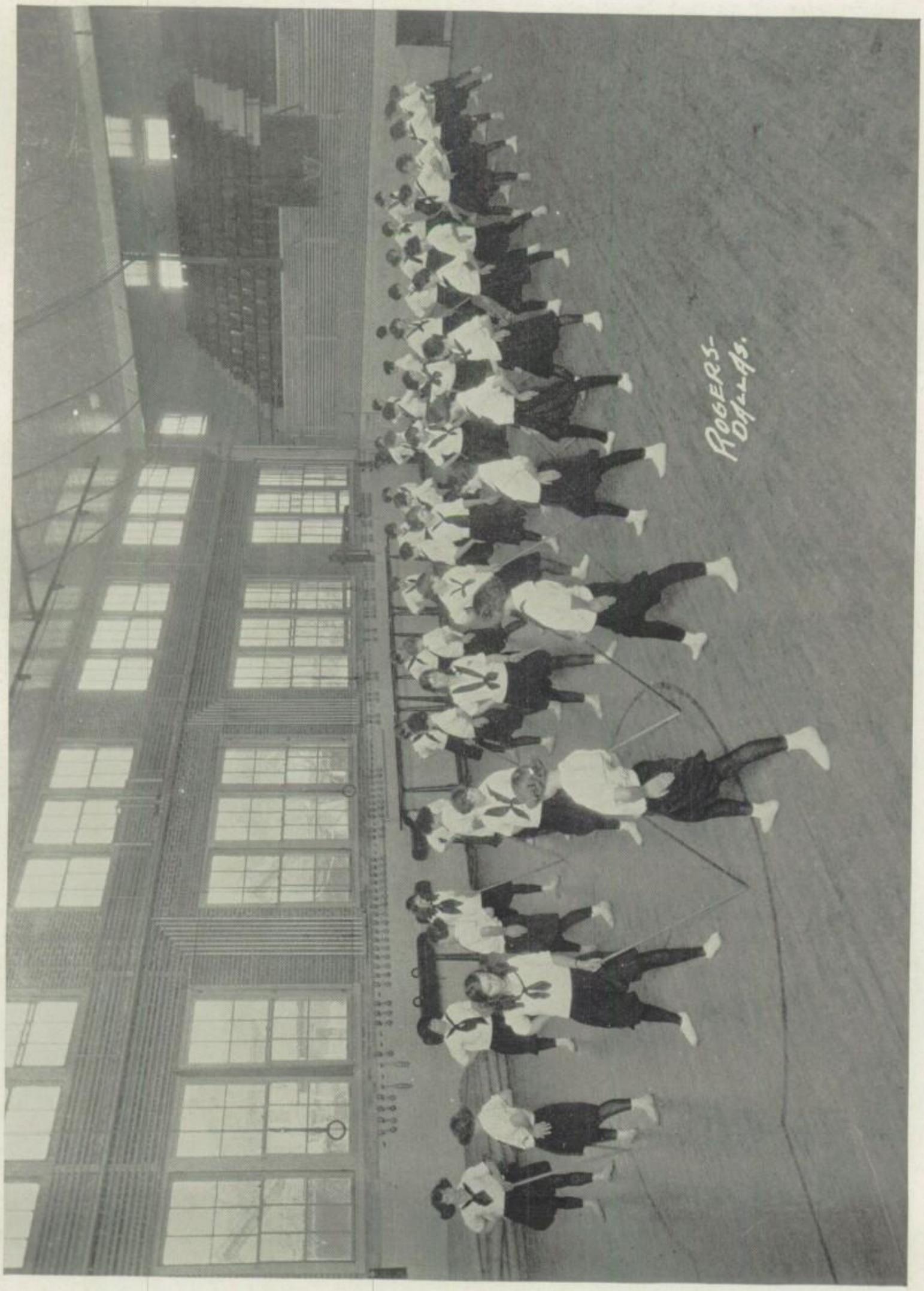
The School Board, in its omniscience, realizing the impelling axiom that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," inaugurated the study of military training and tactics in high schools for the sterner sex. But again the School Board exhibited superb judgment and paraphrased the above-quoted maxim to read, "All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl," and so, "Presto!" As a result physical training was added to the list of possible high school courses for the daintier element of our school life.

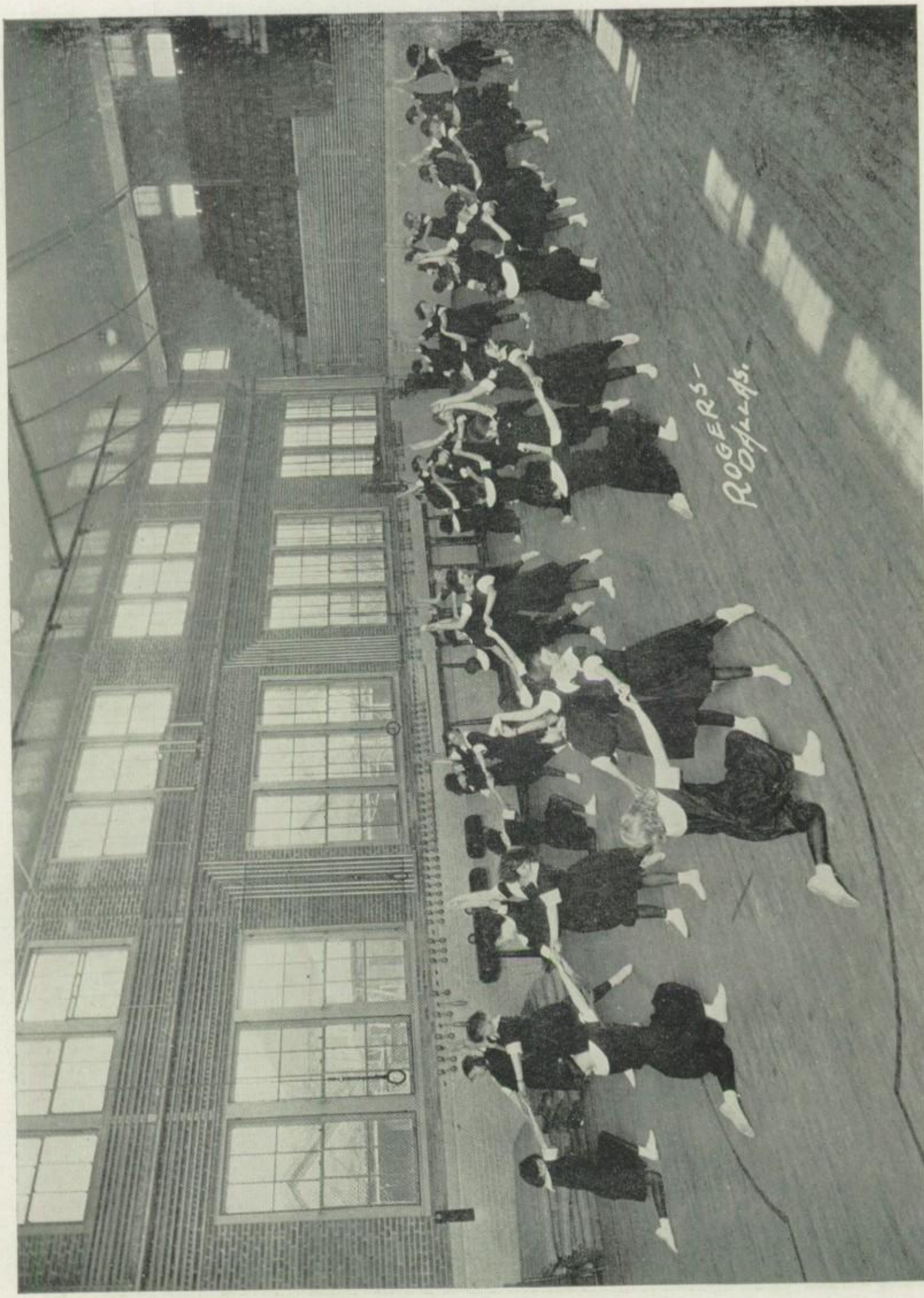
Physical training is ever taking a more prominent part in public education as scientists continue their study of the requirements of the human machine. We are, in attempting to appease the demands of the god of present-day civilization, too prone to forget the absolute necessity of preserving a state of physical as well as spiritual and mental balance and equilibrium. Therefore, in our opinion, it is especially fitting that physical training is so rapidly acquiring the prestige that rightfully belongs to it as an important modern subject.

And, besides, don't we want Bryan girls to preserve, by exercise and physical exertion, the charm of "that school-girl complexion." We'll say we do!

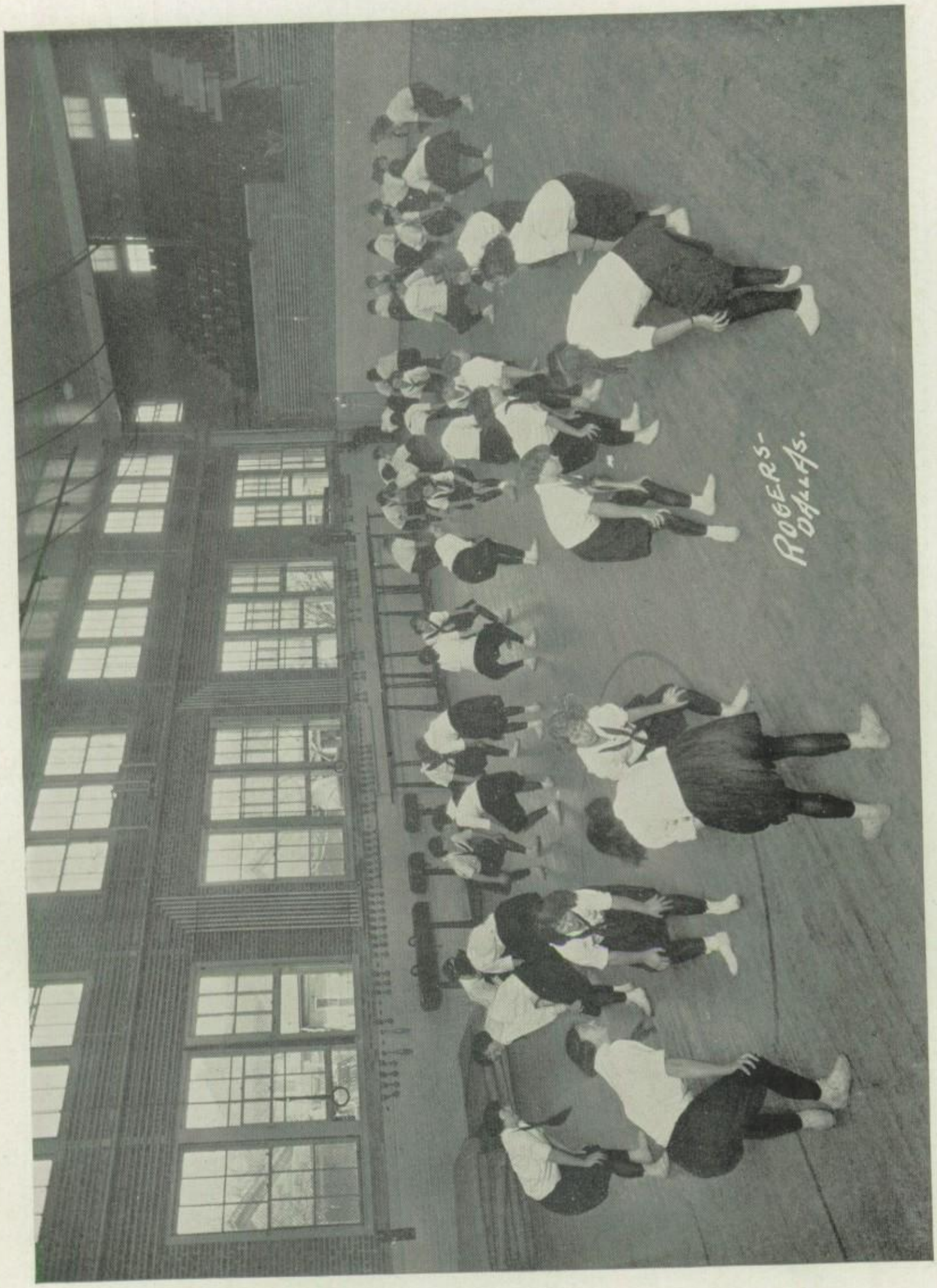
ROGERS-
DALLAS.


ROGERS-
DAHLIAS.


ROGERS-
DAVIS.


ROGERS-
DOUGLAS.

ROGERS
DYLLAS.


ROGERS-
DALLAS.

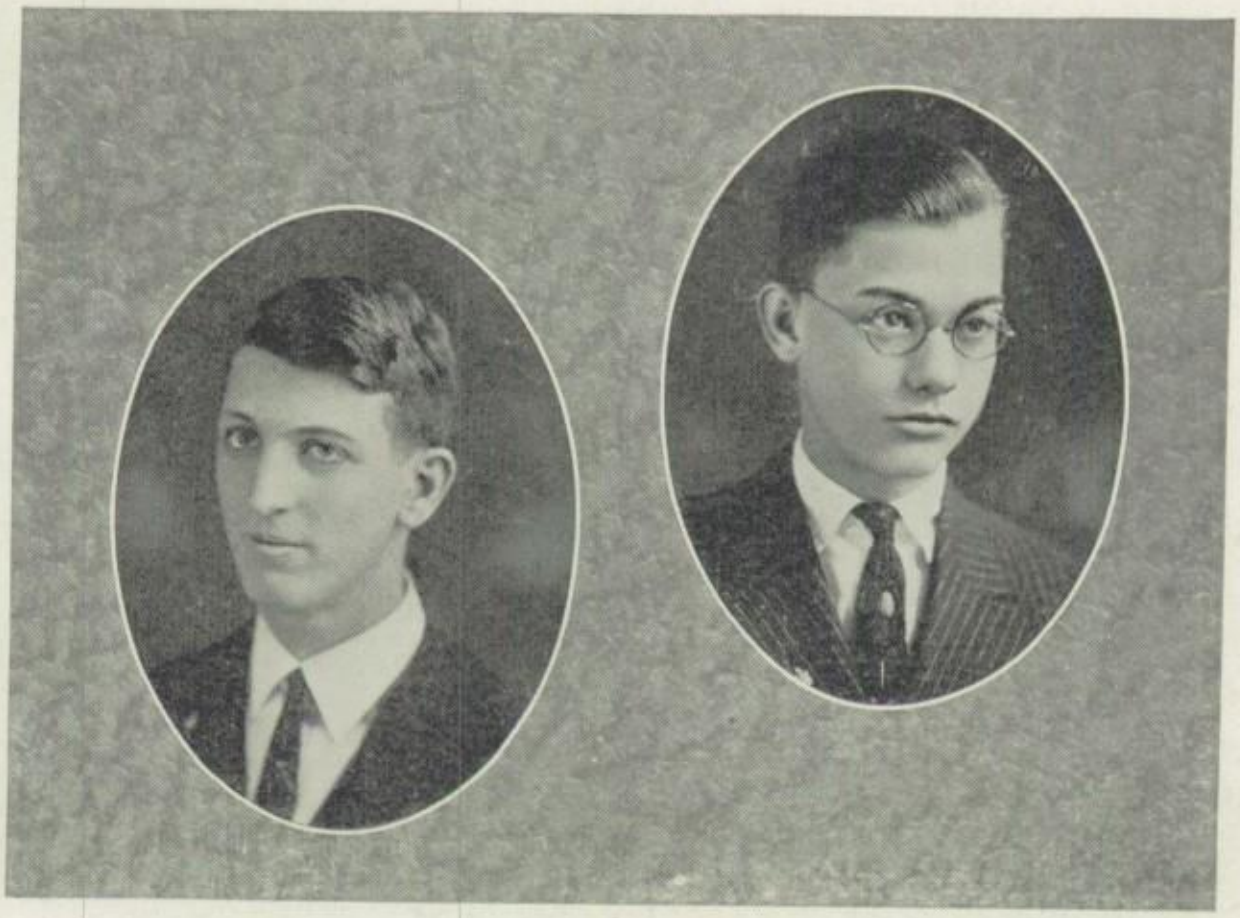
ROGERS-
DALLAS.

The High School Weekly

From the town crier of two centuries ago to the modern weekly newspaper is not too long a stride for the seven-league boots of progress, and so it is not at all surprising that the Dallas High School should have such a publication all to themselves. Written and edited by the journalism classes, the "High School Weekly" carries to even the outer haze of freshmen all the news of the school, and in so doing answers the same purpose that its bewhiskered predecessor, the town crier with drum and bell, did in the villages of the eighteenth century.

Athletic writings, club reports, personals, jokes, feature stories and interviews with prominent citizens, are all incorporated into this publication, and it keeps the student body well informed on matters which are of interest to the school.

And in an institution of the magnitude of Bryan such a means of communication between classes is necessary, that each, by learning of the activities of the others, may become more closely co-ordinated with the whole.



FROM THE EDITOR

Bryan, we who have sincerely labored in thy name salute thee. Thou art an inexorable taskmaster, requiring much from us mortals who dwell in mediocrity and exist on the commonplace. But, oh School! What immensurable honor is his who endeavors even to the uttermost of his limited ability to uphold the ideals of thy name.

The Annual Staff of the Class of '22 has completed its course. We hope that we have fought a good fight. We offer this volume without apologies or alibis, and only ask that thou remember the admonition to judge not lest ye be judged.

However, laying aside all disquieting fears, it is our privilege in the name of the June Senior Class of '22 to bid thee, the student body of our Bryan High, the very happiest of futures.

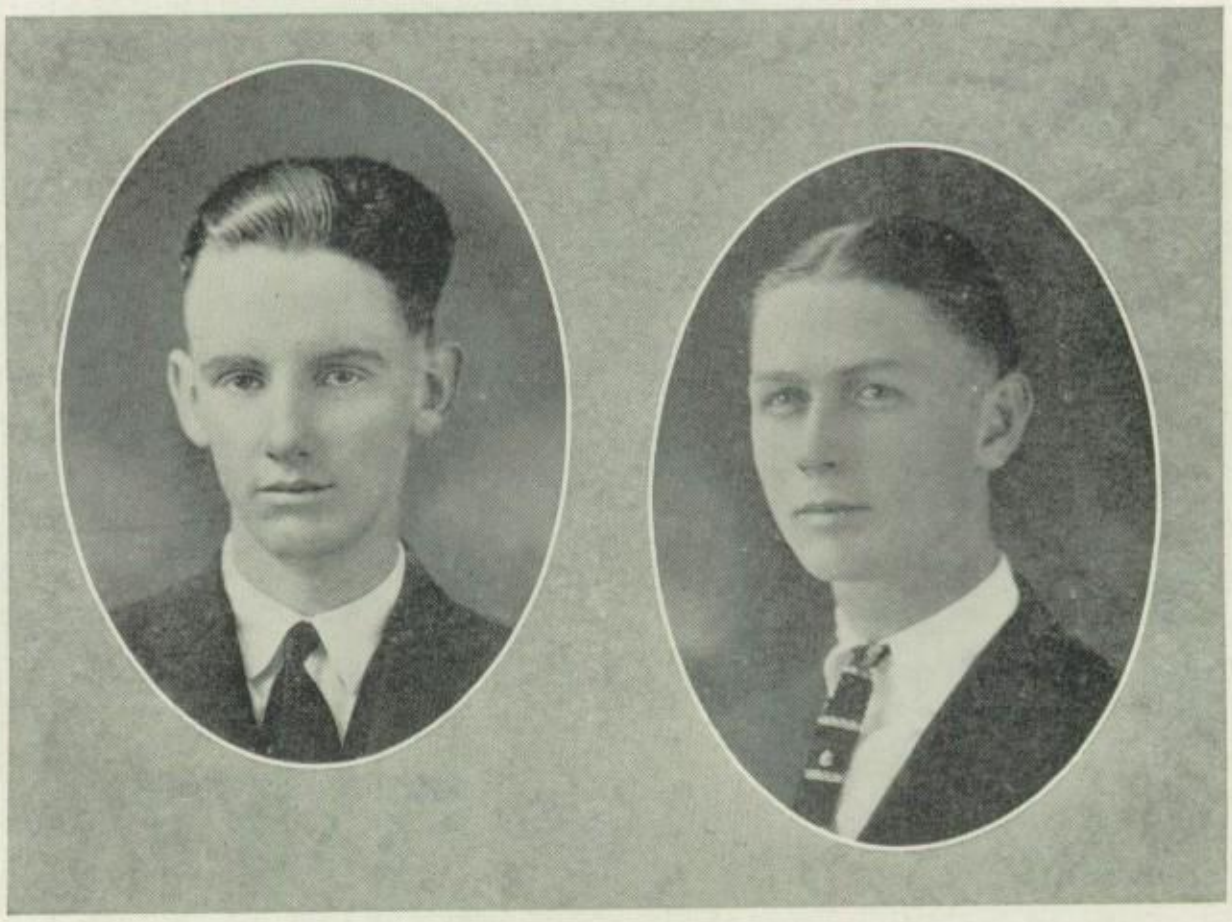
Sponsors

Miss Louise Evans, as the benign adviser of our literary labors, has proved herself little short of a genius at kindly criticism that strikes accurately the weak points and reinforces the strong. Whatever merit may be in this book is largely due to her interest in the struggles attendant upon its formation; whatever bad there is, is certainly due not to any fault of hers, but to a reluctance on the part of the Annual Staff to avail themselves of her assistance. To the last degree of which we are capable, we bestow our gratitude upon her, and know in our hearts that even then it will be inadequate.

To Mr. Pile this Annual owes much. His more tried judgment and superior foresight undoubtedly saved us from serious complications, if not from disaster and ruin. It certainly is "a grand and glorious feeling" to know, especially when you are young and inexperienced, that there is a refuge of strength unto which you can flee in times of possible difficulty. Mr. Pile, you certainly were that place of safety to the Annual Business Staff all through the trying period of the latter part of the school year. Thank you!

The Annual Staff was indeed sorry to learn that Miss Ferguson had been transferred to North Dallas. Just as she was getting into the work, Fate, or, rather, the School Board, decreed that she part from us. Nevertheless the Annual Staff feels that Miss Ferguson has always been with us in spirit, so for that we are thankful.

It was Mr. Kelly's work to give careful judgment in the important matter of placing the contracts for photographs and engraving. After accomplishing this invaluable piece of assistance, he was, like Miss Ferguson, forced to leave us for new fields of endeavor. Here's good luck to you, Mr. Kelly, and our sincere wishes for your continued success.



The Dalhi Journal

It is, in our opinion, almost a phenomenon for a student body when offered the benefits of a splendid monthly publication to deliberately allow that institution to drift from lack of support to financial bankruptcy and malnutrition. We say whole-heartedly that our journal this year has been the best ever; the morale of the editors was not broken! But students, as loyal members of Bryanhi, let us at all hazards, and at any cost, keep up this splendid effort in coming years by a renewed interest in literary activities.

ALWAYS SUPPORT
YOUR
DALHI JOURNAL

The Dalhi Journal

As a result of the untiring efforts of Richardson Scurry, its editor-in-chief, and Mark Cotton, its business manager, "The Dalhi Journal" has completed a year which created new standards and ideals for it and other high school publications in spite of the extreme difficulty which was attendant upon the financial management of its rather intricate affairs. The staff met every difficulty with the knowledge that Bryan's honor depended upon their achievements, and so of a necessity triumphed. The merit of the paper itself was such that Bryan feels justly proud when she compares her Journal with those of other high schools, and even colleges. In both size and literary and artistic excellence the Dalhi has reigned supreme; it remains only for her to rest upon her many laurels until the next year begins anew her annual course.

"Philo Review" and Annual Dance

Terpsichore and Apollo were the "patron saints" of a really brilliant performance given by the Philomathian Society under the management of the Dalhi Annual.

The cast of the Philo Review with the ease and poise of trained dramatists sang and danced their conquering way, straight to the hearts of a crowded audience.

The Philo Review was in its every act worthy of the Philomathian Club. It is needless to say that Bryan is looking forward eagerly to another Philo Review in 1923. May it be as successful as was its predecessor of 1922.

An added and unusual feature of the evening's entertainment was the presentation of the Annual Princess and her first lady-in-waiting. Katherine Thornton did honor to royalty by the perfect poise of her behavior; by her simple dignity and possession.

The position of first lady-in-waiting was graced by Lois Turner. Miss Turner is a criterion of beauty, a—but we had better stop, for our pen invariably becomes almost impudent in praise whenever it writes of that charming young lady.

After the presentation the audience proceeded to the gymnasium, where dancing was enjoyed to the captivating strains of choice selections of syncopation.

The dance, which was held in honor of Katherine and Lois, ended at that bewitching hour when Cinderella lost her golden slipper.

It is indeed a rare occasion when one is privileged to witness a clever performance and enjoy the splendor of a royal court all in one evening. But that's what happened on the evening of the Philo Review.

Art Department

To the most delightful of teachers, to the most accomplished and accommodating of students that constitute our art department we, the editors of Bryan Annual '22, offer our most sincere gratitude and commendation.

When the Annual Staff remembers the superb assistance of this splendid department in producing in but three weeks all of the book plates for this volume; when we consider the prompt service given us when we were in need of advertising propaganda; when we recollect the extreme kindness of Miss Belle as she treated our crude ideas as to suitable designs for our Annual, we are amazed at the perfection of our art teacher's disposition and at the remarkable talent of our gifted art students as it is so ably portrayeed in the execution of the cuts for our book plates.

Music Department

The Annual Staff is prompted by the gratitude in its heart, or by whatever feeling that ensues from the seat of affection of so emotionless an organization as a "staff," to express its pleasure in its association in the past year with the Music Department of our school. Miss Boyle, our instructor in the somewhat bombastic art of high school music, has especially won our deepest admiration. Her willingness to aid us financially by the presentation of a musical program or programs was indeed unusual and worthy of comment. Although unfortunately the plans for this presentation were never realized, the Annual Staff feels none the less grateful to the Music Department for its proffered assistance.

Misses Boyle and Belle, keep up the good work. We're for you!

The Bryan Hi Orchestra

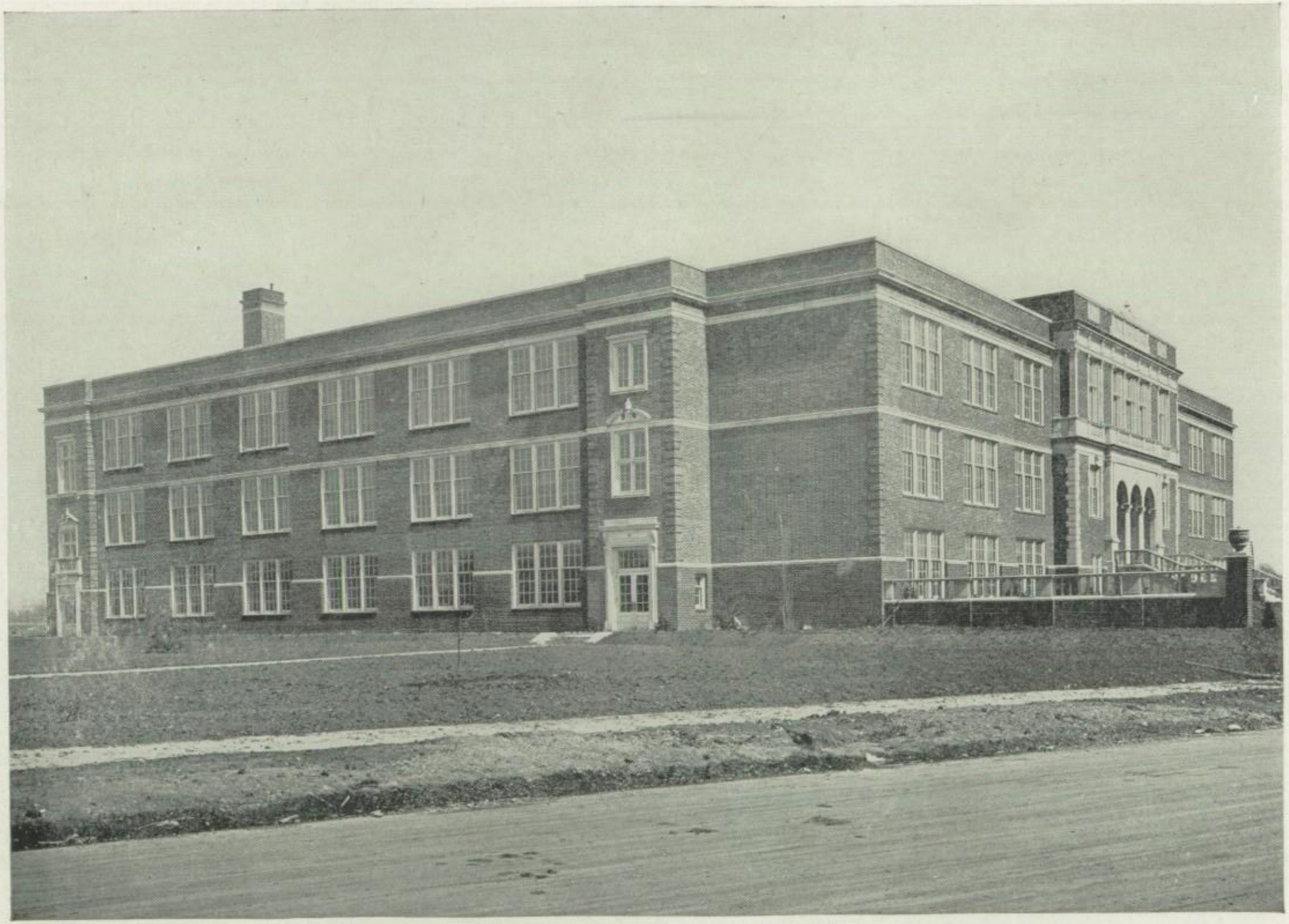
"Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."

"Heaven's thunders melt in music."

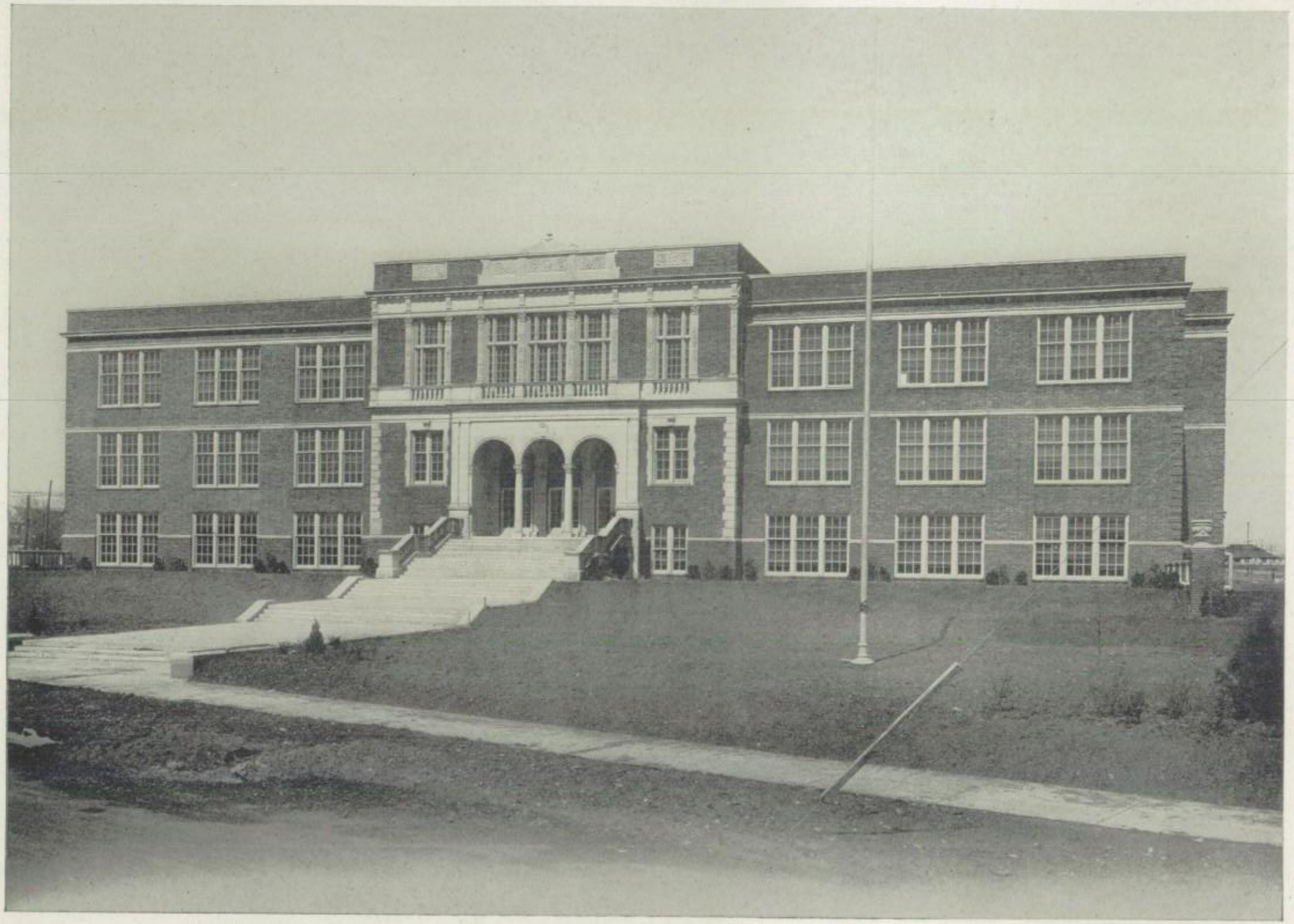
"Music is said to be the speech of angels."

All this that is said of music we're assured may be said of the emanations of the Bryan Hi Orchestra. Oft' in our assemblies, rare, and within the grim knowledge-incrusted corridors of our Alma Mater we hear the heavenly, yea the unearthly strains of that promising and conscientious organization.

But, to be serious, the training of a group of inexperienced musicians into an efficient unit, whose playing is marked by harmony and co-operation, is no mean task and we are moved by sincere admiration to say that we are proud of the decidedly marked improvement made by Bryan's Apollos under the able tutelage of the head of our music department.



NORTH DALLAS HIGH SCHOOL



NORTH DALLAS HIGH SCHOOL

North Dallas High School

Realizing that the strain of arguing with tardy students from the distant stretches of North Dallas and Highland Park was rapidly undermining the health of Mrs. Collins, the Board of Education considerately built the new North Dallas High School.

Hundreds of students were literally torn from their places of concealment in Bryan and brutally hurled into a new school. But the ludicrous element in it is, they seem to be enjoying themselves; Bryan feels hurt, but rejoices in the welfare of her newest offspring and protege. She hopes that its first summer will not to it, as to so many infants, prove disastrous; that it may grow through a well-rounded maturity into hoary age without once proving itself unworthy of its forbears; and that she will be inspired to greater efforts by its competition, as she is by that of its older sisters.

North Dallas, our child, our hopes rest with you. Our only prayer, but one uttered with all the sincerity of parental affection, is this—don't spill the beans.

North Dallas High School

Dallas is growing! How do you know? Look at our new high school, North Dallas. We sure like the building, we sure like the teachers, we sure like the students. If our pencil didn't need sharpening, we'd tell you all the rest of the things that we sure like about Dallas' latest pillar of education. As it is, we will cut short our frenzied rhapsody and relapse into the normal.

But seriously speaking, Dallas should be told what a truly wonderful system of public culture and citizenship it is creating when it continues to erect school buildings, parks, libraries and other public educational utilities. Dallas is the sun city of the South. It has won this appellation freely, for in no other locality of our great commonwealth do we find such a democratic interest in the diffusion of the uplifting and beneficial rays of mental and moral light.

North Dallas High, show that ye be a Dallas school, and, in the words of our famous predecessor, allow us to reiterate: "Don't spill the beans!"

Dalhi Minstrel

Considering the fact that this article is to describe the Annual Dalhi Minstrel, it must start off with a lot of pep. Well, here we go:

Hot dog!! (Wasn't that daring?) The Minstrel this year was a blood-curdling success. But that's nothing strange when we remember that such talent (????) as Isadore Frenkel, Roy Rowlett, Phil Davis, Laurin Marlow, Ben McCleskey (curses on him), John Gaston (more curses), Nick Varcasia (wonderful voice), and Hubert Wyche (too much mustard) participated in it. We hate like thunder to mention them, but Milford Smith (oh, what a boy), Paul Deputy (pitcher), Charles Merzbacher (we laugh at "him") and Miss White also aided materially in the successful completion of the evening's program.

Act followed act (as they usually do), to the amusement and entertainment of the captivated audience. We're here to state that everything was superb.

The end men, Roy and Isadore, were especially ridiculous with their childish antics, while we emphatically declare that we couldn't tell Nick and Charles from the real Ethiopian product.

The culmination of the program was the presentation of the Dalhi Beauties. Miss Maurine Knight was proclaimed the winner, while Misses Kathleen Newton and May Fears were second and third respectively. The Dalhi Beauties were certainly—shall we say—attractive and by all means upheld Bryan's reputation for feminine beauty.

Once more we gurgle forth that the Minstrel was a whooping success.

Such a Little Queen

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Mary	Mary Alcorn
Baron Corsaca	S. C. Jones
Anna Victoria, Queen of Herzogovina	Ferne Gamble
Nathaniel Quigg	Harper Tickle
Robert Trainor	Bassett Orr
Adolph Lauman	Albert Terry
Elizabeth Lauman	Ethel McConnell
Stephen IV, King of Bosnia	Laurin Marlow
Cora Fitzgerald	Glenn Wood
Margaret Donnelly	Tillie Burgess
Harry Sherman	John Burgess
Detective	Esir Ablon
A Messenger	Raymond Harrison
Count Mavichec	Tom Gaston
General Mryza	Carey Snyder
Workmen	William Mizelle, Peyton Carnes
Hale	Edgar Waples
Prince Niklas	John Robertson

Miss Flemma Snidow, Director.

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

Business Manager	John S. Burgess
Advertising Manager	Bassett Orr
Property Manager	John Robertson
Assistant Property Manager	Jessie Jones
Stage Manager	Ben Paris
Assistant Stage Manager	Pete Fulton
Curtain	Raymond Harrison
Manager of Ushers	Robert Wilson

Music by Bryan High Orchestra

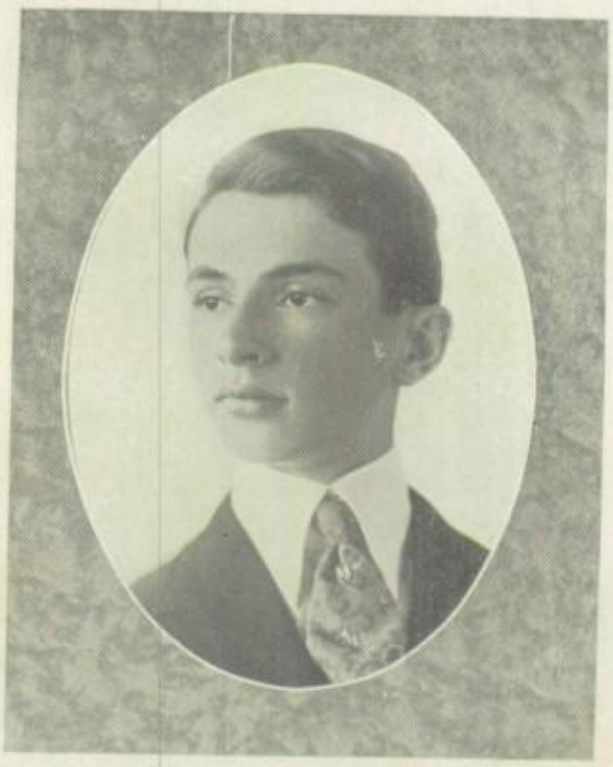
SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN

Any supposition that the histrionic talent of Bryan had departed previously was dispelled on the night of January 7 when the January Senior Class of 1922 presented "Such a Little Queen" in the Auditorium.

The story of the play is an interesting one: On account of a rebellion of the subjects of two adjoining kingdoms of Europe, their rulers, a King and a Queen, who had been engaged since childhood, were forced to flee, with only one friend, to America. been engaged since childhood, were forced to flee, with only one friend, to America. Here, on account of gas bills, room-rent, and other such trivial annoyances, these scions of royalty were compelled to seek employment at the hands of a man who desired the King, now too proud to work earnestly, for a son-in-law. Later complications arise through the theft of some money, and then the little Queen, who has risen admirably to all her trials, is shown the true worth of her King; finally, the rulers are restored—united—and only one member of the cast has to be satisfied with the second choice of his heart.

Ferne Gamble played the part of the Queen with naturalness and animation; Laurin Marlow portrayed the character of the King creditably; Bassett Orr presented the role of the rejected lover and model American so well that we believe that he has had personal experience in that line; Albert Terry will be remembered as the manipulating, kind-hearted, self-made business man, and Ethel McConnell as his daughter. The other characterizations were exact and the details all splendidly worked out.

The credit for the success of this admirable play goes to the director, Miss Snidow, for without her, the hours of faithful practice by the cast would have been useless.



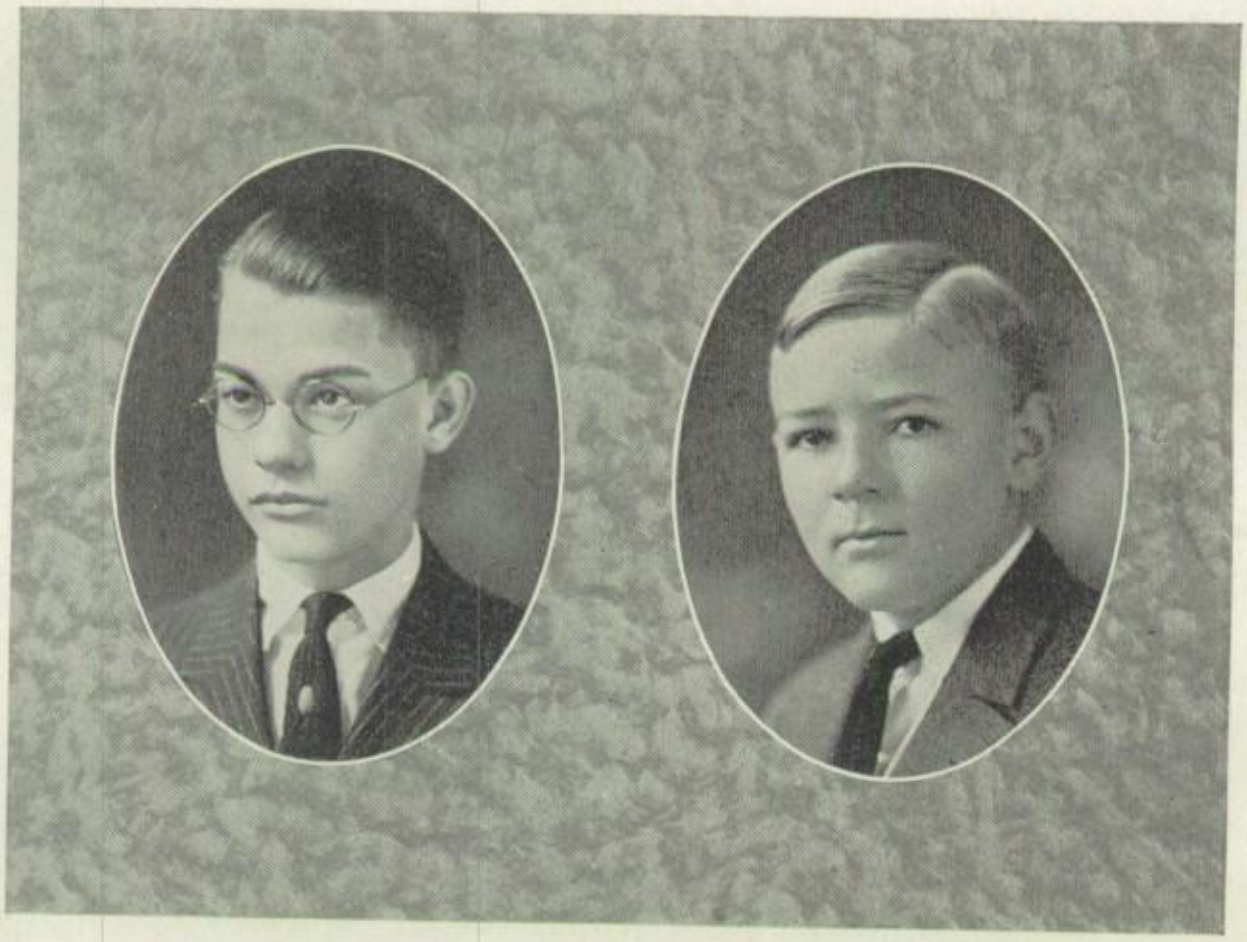
H. B. CRISWELL

For one student to win by individual merit four honors, each of which required the highest degree of literary skill, is indeed remarkable; and that one of the competitions in which he achieved distinction was nation-wide, and another city-wide is astounding. This remarkable feat was performed by H. B. Criswell, a pupil of which Bryan may well be proud. He won third place in an essay contest staged by Columbia University, first place in the local "Camp Dallas Essay" competition and first place in the school declamation elimination contest, and also the competition among all the high schools of the city.

Such a display of talent and application in all the branches of literary activity is indicative of potential genius; as to its development, watch H. B.

Declamation Contest

An increased interest in declamation was proclaimed not only by a large number of speakers, but by an unusually large audience at Bryan's elimination contest. The "sublime heights of oratory" attained upon this memorable occasion were not confined to the winning speeches, but were found in almost every one of the pieces delivered; and so creditably did each of the speakers conduct himself that the winner was in doubt up to the very instant of the judges' announcement. Among the boys, H. B. Criswell captured first honors, with Clarence Browning taking second and Pat Candler third place; and among the girls, Margaret Fears achieved the first position and Frances Gannon second, while Maud McKnight won third honor. From Criswell and Fears we expect a great deal, and with such representatives, Bryan should have no qualms as she enters the district and, we hope, the state contests. With this noticeable renewal of interest in this valuable branch of school activities we will without doubt witness in the near future an unalterable fixation of Bryan's declaimers at the top of every meet they enter. To this end let us strive with all that is in us, both for Bryan's glory and for the training her students will receive from their participation in an event of such nature as the Declamation.



WILLIAM NEARY

HENRY SMITH

State Debate

A certain rather prominent teacher says that there are no accidents; but how else could she explain the selection of William Neary and Henry Smith as Bryan's debating team? Leaving the question of merit out of consideration (as, indeed the judges must have done), neither their personal appearance nor "political pull" seems sufficiently powerful to secure this coveted position. However, despite the ominous cloud which hangs over the contest, they seem to be unaware of the suspicion with which the school regards them, and unconcernedly go their way, unmolested. At the time of writing this report, no interscholastic debates have been held; and perhaps it's just as well.

Bryan hopes much from this pair of novices, but her expectations are better left unvoiced. It is for us to give them a word of cheer, when heretofore chuckles have been their portion. Debaters, we know that you will do your best, and we will be satisfied. Derive what scant encouragement you can from that: it is the best we can do.

(Written before the finals.)

PRINCESS KATHERINE

MILADY LOIS

The Annual Princess Contest

Princess - - - - - - - - Katherine Thorntnn

First Lady-in-Waiting - - - - - - - Lois Turner

Milton wrote majestically of hell and heaven; Bacon discoursed learnedly of science and philosophy; but the editor feels, as he prepares to describe the irresistible charm and appeal of the Annual Princess and her Majesty's first lady-in-waiting that he has a decided advantage over these masters of old, with regard to subject matter.

Her Majesty, Princess Katherine, is the quintessence of royal dignity, a veritable epitomization of all that is beautiful, graceful, elegant, and exquisite. To know her is to become a willing subject in her aristocracy of beauty, a passionate devotee in her kingdom of delight.

Katherine's chief charm is not her personal attractiveness, however great that may be. Rather is she to be admired for her truly winsome personality. She is possessed of that talent for appreciating the worth of others, which forever marks royalty in the realm of culture and refinement.

As Americans we insist on democracy and personal liberty, but the male members of Bryanhi would vote without demur to remove themselves as abject bondsmen to any portion of the surface of this earthly sphere ruled over by such a sovereign as Her Highness, Princess Katherine!

And now we turn to Milady Lois, first lady-in-waiting to Her Majesty, the Princess. Capably to describe Lois' piquancy, her sparkling wit, her brilliant personality, and her iridescent beauty is an impossibility without employing a score of foreign languages. Milady, with a subtle aloofness and a royal mien, has caused us all to capitulate the citadel of our hearts. We await her commands.

Cynics and critics, with doctrines of psychology, pessimism, bolshevism, and other "ologies" and "isms" have told us repeatedly that chivalry is dead and that courtesy is a lost virtue, but it is our humble opinion that such unbelievable grace and charm is so presented in our royalty, Katherine and Lois, that mere men shall henceforth and continually be inspired, uplifted, transformed!

Rifle Team

This year found a new interest in military training brought about by the inauguration of the rifle range and target practice. As Bryan usually excels, she proved herself superior in the soldierly art of accurate shooting. It was our pleasure to see Oak Cliff, Forest, and Allen Academy all go down to overwhelming defeat before our well-trained cadets. Our squad of sharpshooters also won one of the eight places in the contest for the Eighth Corps area.

Our team lost only one match. It was the one with far-distant El Paso. We will retaliate and beat El Paso next year, of course.

At the time of this writing, our team is doing creditable work in the National contest.

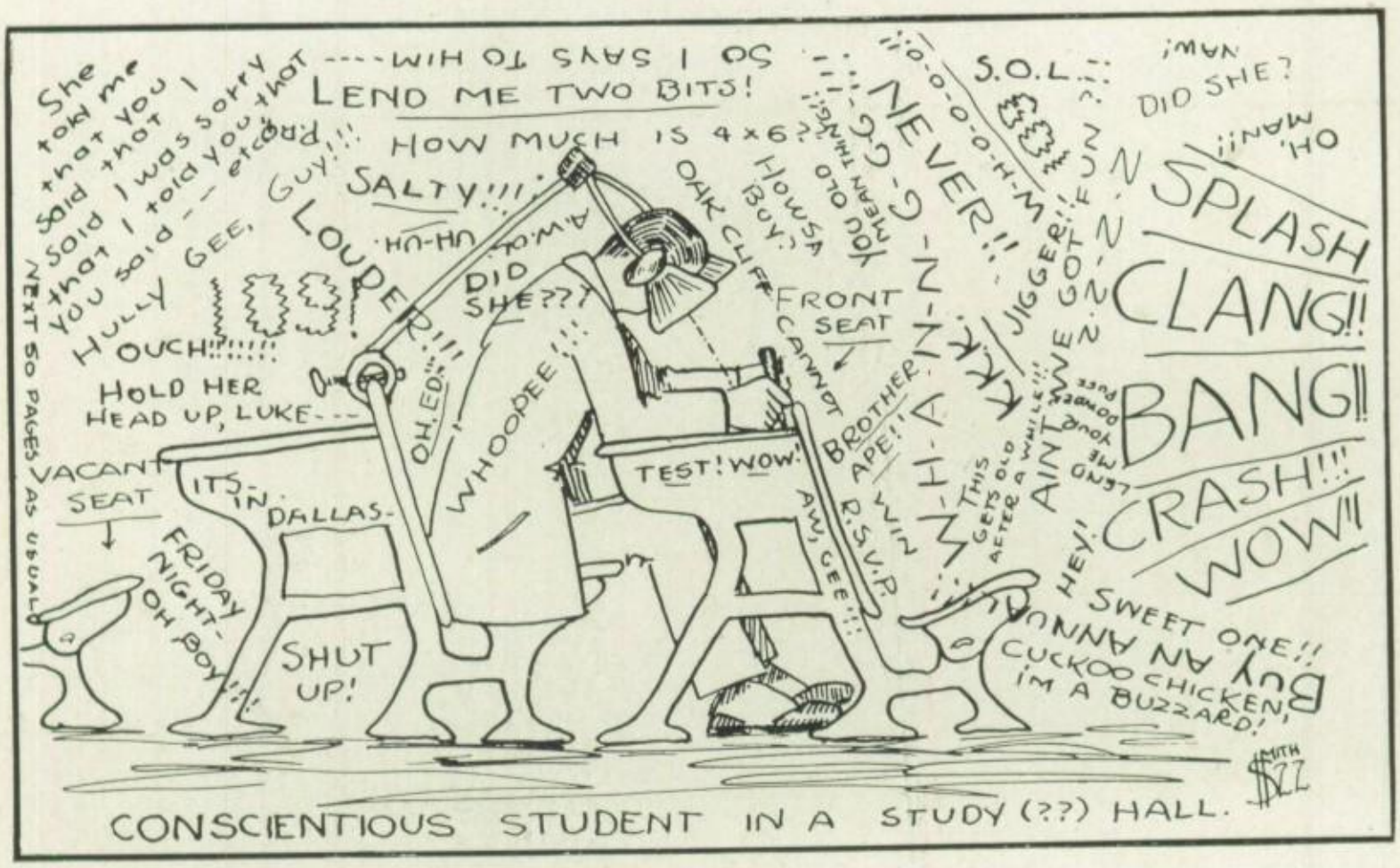
Here's good luck to a worthwhile Bryan organization.

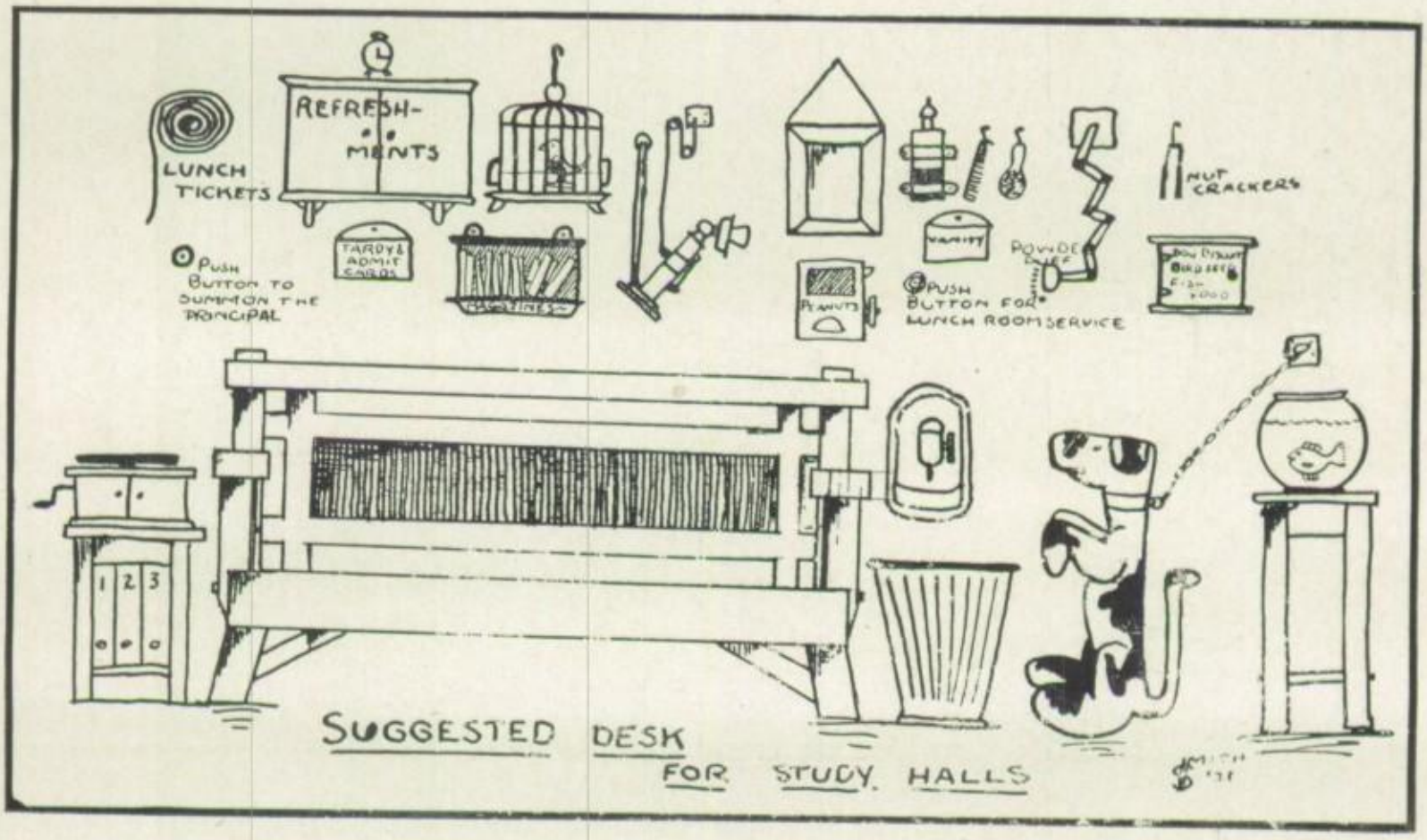
Here's the team itself:

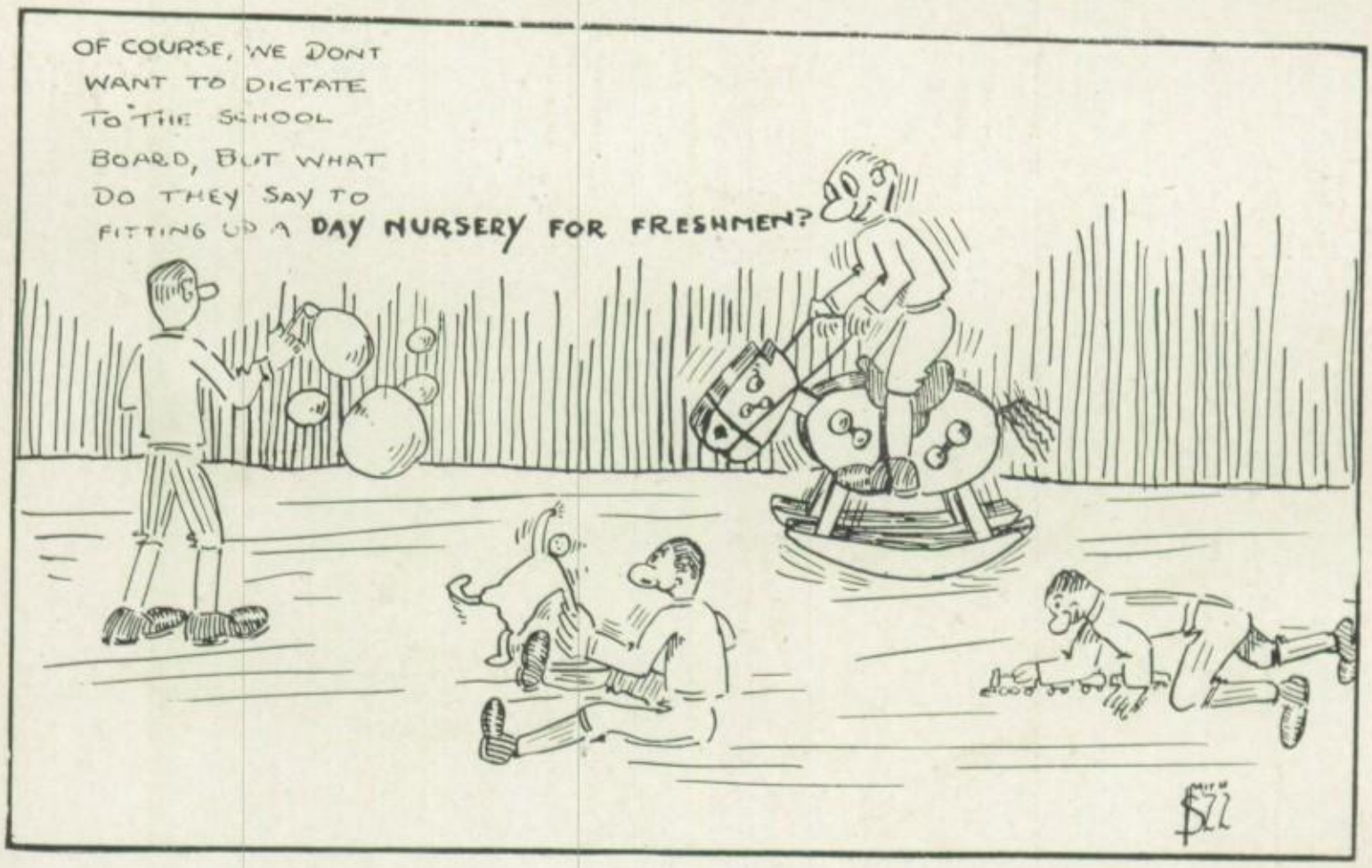
William Holmes, Lieutenant
Dick Scurry, Captain
Cartier Stovall, Lieutenant
"Bobbie" Brewer, Lieutenant
Forest Smith, Lieutenant
Fred Winkler, Sergeant
Fred Pillet, Corporal
Oscar Hodnit, Sergeant
"Chili" Payne, Lieutenant

Enter Hour Mispelled Ward Contest

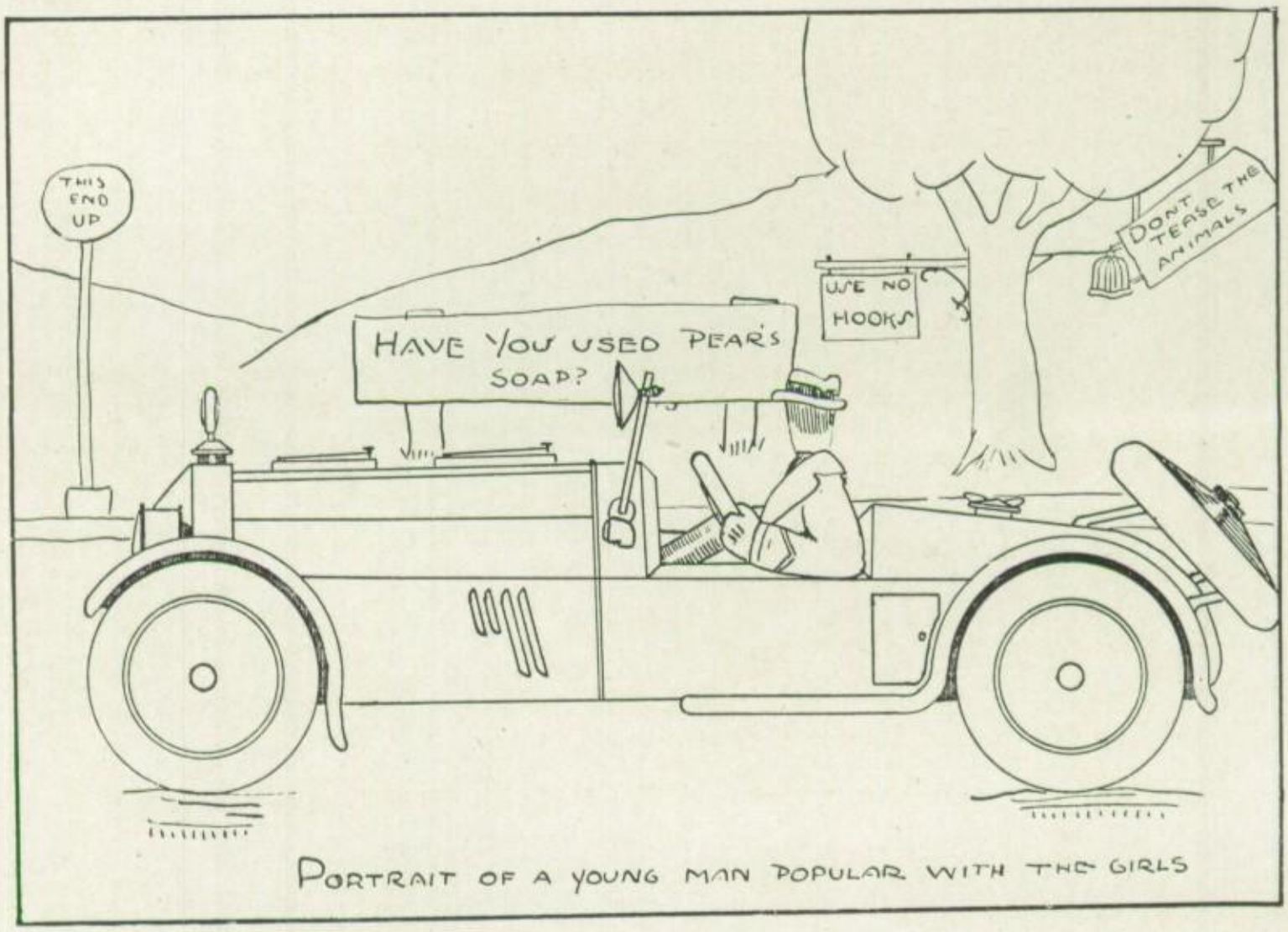
Reed this announsement, knowt the words uncorectly spellt; send them to the Annuel offic and get a prise. Letts have sum pep over this most inturesting and edifing chance to show yure edukachion.


She told me that you said that you said I was sorry that I told you that you said — I told you that — etcord
LEND ME TWO BITS!
SO I SAYS TO HIM ----
HOW MUCH IS 4×6?
SALTY!!!
GUY!!!
HULLY GEE,
LOUDER!!!
OUCH!!!!!!!
HOLD HER HEAD UP, LUKE---
VACANT SEAT
ITS IN DALLAS-
FRIDAY NIGHT- OH BOY!!!
SHUT UP!
OH, ED!!!
WHOOPEE!!!
DID SHE??!
UH-UH
A-W-O-O-O-O-H-M-M!!!
NEVER!!!
G-G-G-G-N-N-N-N-N-N-N-N!!!
H-A-A-A


LUNCH TICKETS
REFRESH-MENTS
TARDY & ADMIT CARDS
PEANUTS
VANITY
NUT CRACKERS
PUSH BUTTON TO SUMMON THE PRINCIPAL
PUSH BUTTON FOR LUNCH ROOM SERVICE
1 2 3
SUGGESTED DESK FOR STUDY HALLS


OF COURSE, WE DONT WANT TO DICTATE TO THE SCHOOL BOARD, BUT WHAT DO THEY SAY TO FITTING UP A DAY NURSERY FOR FRESHMEN?

OUR IDEA OF NOTHING AT ALL-- WHAT'S YOURS???



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN POPULAR WITH THE GIRLS

"The Dallas Town Crier"

"Edited by One Who Nose."

DALLAS

We think that it is a happy coincidence that we live in the finest city on the continent, don't you?

We remember when we first came to Texas and expected to find a desert with cattle, six-shooters, and Indians constituting its civilization. Instead we found Dallas, the South's metropolis.

Dallas is sure a keen town! You tell 'em.

We'd like to know just when Dallas will absorb Fort Worth.

Boy, page a 1928 calendar!

Kentucky was adjudged to be the center of beautiful girls. That statement must have been made before Dallas was founded. Just imagine! The United States is the best country in the world; Texas is the finest state in the union; Dallas in the most progressive city in the South; Bryan is the "keenest" school in Dallas and we are students of Bryan Hi. We sure ought to be proud!

Let's bear down on fifteen snappy ones for Dallas! Make 'em loud!

El Paso has its Juarez, San Antonio its Alamo, Fort Worth its stockyards, but Dallas has its Bryan High School! May the South profit by it's example.

What's the best joke you ever saw—Fort Worth!

When we heard that Dallas' population was 157,000 and steadily growing, we felt like singing "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here," with variations in G minor.

Even the weather of Dallas is versatile.

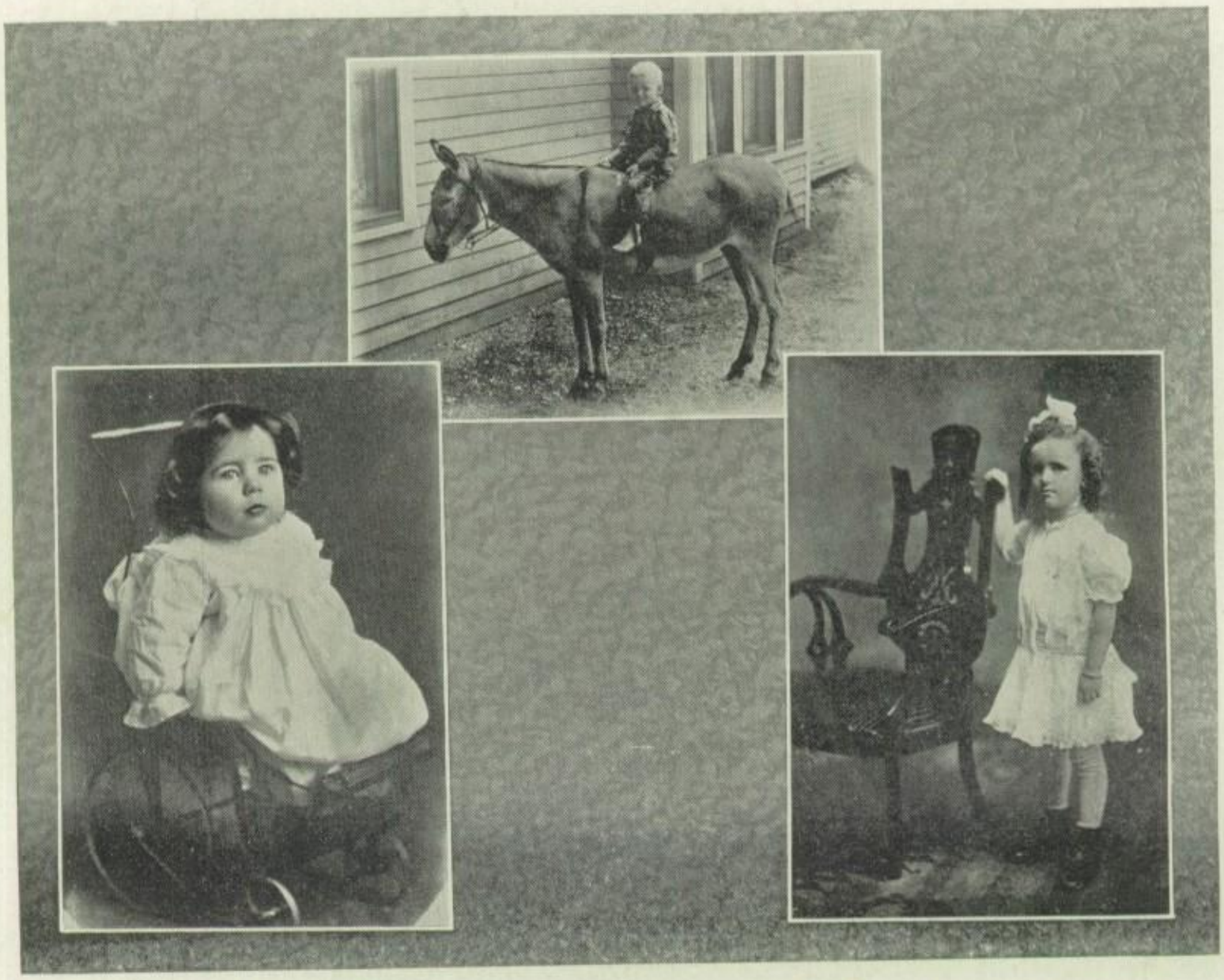
It has been proved by statistics that there is as much material in the Magnolia Building as there is in the cities of Austin, Galveston, Houston, combined, and with several Mesquites thrown in for good measure.

Boston may have its symphony orchestras, but Dallas has the Bryan Street High School's R. O. T. C. Cadet Band! Hot dog!

Synonyms for "Paradise."—1. Elysian Fields. 2. Utopia. 3. Dallas. 4. Heaven. 5. Garden of Eden.

Fifty years from now New York will look like "Goldsmith's Deserted Village" in comparison with our glorious Dallas.

Dallas is the city of the hour—even the clocks are ahead of time.



SENIOR BABY PICTURES

1. HENRY SMITH (Top)

Henry as a Senior is indeed captivating, but ye gods, direct your gaze upon him as he was in the dear, dim days of long ago—our opinion is that he is atrociously cunning. N'est ce pas?

2. LOUISE ROESSLER (Left)

Please note Louise's baby stare. This is awful to say, but to tell the truth Louise hasn't changed a bit in the past ten or fifteen years. But that is nothing unusual—but few people do.

3. RUTH WEST (Right)

Ruth was a cute baby. We're glad to say something for her.

ELLEN VAN ZANDT (Left)

You can see here where Ellen gets her poise and dignity. Even in her extreme youth, the evidences of her future greatness are apparent to the casual observer. Ellen, you have our envy and admiration, and we know that the years have brought only increasing good qualities.

LOIS TURNER (Lower)

Lois is prettiest, now, as then, with her mouth wide open. If she only had some gold teeth—or any kind! It is easy to see where she gets her modern smile.

DOROTHY WITCHER (Right)

Dorothy certainly began early to acquire stateliness. If Keller could only have started as soon to grow a little taller! However, as they stand, matters are not too unequal for comfort.

FLOY JANE NORWOOD (Top)

The child is the father of the man, and so it was with Floy Jane. Like all babies, this little girl was cute. We like babies.

INTERROGATIVE INQUIRIES

Why doesn't Captain Stoner wear a mustache?

Have you noticed that no matter how young prunes are, they are always wrinkled?

We want to know where "Smuck" Hull's face goes to when he smiles.

Brooks Hunter is a captain in the R. O. T. C., but we don't care.

Contrary to all reports, we must say that Louis Brocksmith is not brutal.

Why is it that school children are always happy when vacation comes around? Don't they appreciate the value of an education?

Richardson Scurry is rather bad-looking but he hates for anyone to tell him so.

As quiet as the last breath of a dying violet is the beautiful and inspiring character of our friend and compatriot, Marcus Cotton.

Hubert Wyche is a precocious youngster, gay-hearted and debonair. Oh, go on, Hubert, who said anybody was laughing at you?

The more the editors think about it the better they think this Annual is. (Modesty is a virtue.)

Chili Paine is getting to think he can sing.

B. T.'s face might be improved on.

Ray Rowlett is, as ever, our school pest.

We sure wish that Bob Martin would comb his hair.

Ben Lombard would be a good kid if he'd only smile once in a while.

Tom Mahoney seems always to be mad about something. We surely wish he'd quit.

One boy that ought to be shot is Ned Gregg Wallace. He's too bloomin' good looking. (????)

Amalgamated Enunciations Concerning the Dalhi Annual

The first Annual was bought by Preston Spaulding, a Senior. The Annual staff thanks him heartily for starting our campaign, and wishes that there were a thousand other Prestons in the school.

The first Annual was sold by B. T. Robertson, a Senior. The Annual staff thanks him heartily for starting our campaign and wishes that there were a thousand other B. T.'s in the school.

Miss Teresa Bettes won the Annual offered this year to the student securing the greatest number of subscriptions. Thank you exceedingly, Teresa!

THE FIRST OFFICIAL REPORT OF BUSINESS STAFF

Income

Advertisements	$ 17.68
Subscriptions	23.51
Bribes from Business Men	9,312.98
Money from Senior Class	.11
Sale of old records and engraving as junk	756.23
Total	10,110.51

Expenditures

Engraving	3.25
Printing	4.75
Photography	1.50
Stationery	435.60
Ink	74.00
Office furnishings	583.99
Recreations for editor	758.76
Chewing gum for stenographers	176.52
Gumdrops for business manager	394.00
Majestic tickets for editorial staff	754.00
Seats to the Dixie for business staff	4.25
Stick candy for faculty advisor	684.00
Coca Colas for Miss Ferguson	957.28
Christmas gift for Mr. Stockard (one Kiddie Kar)	765.38
Incidental expenses	15,698.51
Total	$20,995.79

Total expenditures	$20,995.75
Total income	10,110.51
Total deficit	$10,885.28

This sum was raised by a free-will offering from the faculty. Teachers, we thank you for remedying this slight discrepancy in our accounts. The largest donation was given by Professor Smith, the amount being $68.00.

Diary of a Slang Phrase

Jan. 1, 1918.—Descended from three good English words; namely, "you," "tell," and "them." Was in a railroad wreck and came out with nothing grammatically wrong with me except that I was minus the "T" and "H" from "them."

Jan. 2.—Went to the Bowery section of New York to a certain Dr. Underworld. My case being so strange, he called in for a consultation Dr. Vod E. Ville and Dr. Care Less Public.

Jan. 5.—After two and one-half days' consultation, the doctors decided to graft "E" and "M" to the word 'Tell," and they performed the operation with only one apostrophe for a stitch, leaving me: "You tell'em."

Feb. 6.—Doctors delighted with success of the operation and are heralding me throughout the U. S. A.

Feb. 8.—Saw a beautiful girl today and was determined to win her. Found out her name was Miss Voca Bulary.

Feb. 18.—Learned that Miss Voca was employed as private secretary to Mr. School Child; also met a rival for fair Miss Voca's hand; his name is Good English.

March 3.—Been so busy with cigarette advertisers, who are continually using me with such things as "You tell'em, I'll hold that crowd back," that I have had no time for Voca.

March 15.—With a gang of my fellowmen, I have nearly succeeded in forcing Good English and his cronies out of Voca's affections.

FOUR YEARS ELAPSE

March 26, 1922.—Been holding my own with Miss Voca. By the way, I saw Good English in conference with a kinsman of his who is named Good English Week.

March 27.—My Nemesis has arrived! Good English Week defeated me in the first day of fighting.

March 28.—Defeated in second day also.

March 29.—Ditto!!!

March 30.—Voca wouldn't speak today; saw her with Good English.

March 31.—I'm whipped. Announcements of Miss Voca Bulary's marriage to Good English out today.

Submitted by Robert Hancock.

The Flag of the United States

A flag is the symbol of the integrity of a nation. It has been used since the oldest time to represent the character of its people. It is an interpretation of the nation's aims and ideals. Thus the cross on the flag of the Crusaders represented the Christianity for which they were striving. The lion on the flag of Richard Coeur de Leon represented a bravery unsurpassed.

These ideas taught to the people, particularly the children, of any nation, soon give the flag a value to its people and a firm belief in the nation. The people themselves thus attain a character, symbolized by the flag, of great faith, bravery and belief in the correctness of the things for which the flag stands.

Our flag, consisting of red stripes, white stripes, blue field (or union) and white stars bound together in one whole, represents by its red stripes a willingness to undergo hardship, strife and battle for its honor; by its white stripes a purity of purpose in all things; by its blue field covered with stars, opportunity as wide as the heavens; and by its stars, one of which is placed for each state, independence of all other nations. Bound together into one whole it represents strength of purpose, of right and of character for right so great as to be unbreakable.

These qualities are shown in the character of our people, in our belief in justice to all, equality of opportunity, independence of thought and utterance, charity, ever giving, considering and acting toward nations as well as toward individuals with a magnanimity to the unfortunate unparalleled in the world's history. Witness the Philippines, China indemnity and Cuban Independence.

The character of truth is best shown by the kind of diplomacy used by our people. Never underhanded, intriguing, but ever open and aboveboard, as shown by the frank statements concerning our aims in all wars, starting with the Revolution and including the late World War.

Finally, our flag stands for all that is most dear to us in the life of our nation, a part of the world's humanity. Its violation is taken as a challange against right, calling for defense even to the extent that we go to war.

With these remarks about what our flag stands for it is necessary that every red-blooded American should know what the flag is.

How many stripes has it? Thirteen.

Why are there thirteen stripes? One for each of the original colonies.

Were there always thirteen stripes? No, not until Vermont was admitted to the Union, when a stripe as well as a star was added to the flag. It was then noticed that the red color was so great that at a short distance the white was not seen, so about 1819 Congress passed a law fixing thirteen as the number.

How many stripes does the blue field extend down the flag? Seven.
How many stars has the flag? Forty-eight.

Why are there forty-eight stars? One for each state in the Union.

Are all flags the same size? No. Several different sizes are prescribed for uses in the Army, each depending on the purpose for which it is to be used. Thus, at a cantonnement, there is a flag at Headquarters on the flag pole, with ten feet hoist and nineteen feet fly, replaced in stormy weather with the storm flag with the five feet hoist and a nine and one-half feet fly.

How is the flag hoisted? Rapidly to the top of the flag staff.

How is it lowered? Under all circumstances slowly and steadily, with dignity and reverence. When at half staff it is always raised to the top before being lowered.

Our flag is never dipped or lowered as a compliment, not even to the President of the United States. It recognizes no authority.

F. E. STONER,
Capt. Inf. U. S. A., D. O. L.

THE SCANDAL

D.H.S. VOL. IV. NO. VI. JAN. 6. '22.

GREAT LAW SUIT PENDING

As a result of the June Seniors having their pictures taken, Voorhees and Burdsall have "gone broke" and are suing for damages.

"Lib's" fondness for the mirror proved fatal, as she completely wore it out taking her picture. As a result of Ellen's vigorous efforts, the comb now wears false teeth, and "Dot," in combing her sleeky locks, made the brush bald-headed. When "Lou" posed in (censored), Mr. Burdsall passed away. Ruth's wavy locks made the camera seasick; "Betty's" trying to look serious and studious completely shattered it. By the time Frances and Lois got there there was not much more damage that could be done.

Voorhees and Burdsall state that never in all their experiences has any class been so disastrous to their apparatus. They are suing the Annual Staff for a free copy of the 1922 Annual.

—o—

SHOCKING INTERLUDES

Saint Mary's did not agree with Lois at all, but, believe me, Bryan certainly does. More pep.

"Lou" does not indulge in such sports as drinking coffee. P. S.—She cannot aford such luxuries.

"Betty" is always lucky in being picked up when she falls down.

Kellers firm foundations make it hard for the girls' toes when he dances.

Ned is absolutely non-vampable. Everybody has tried except Cleopatra.

We enjoy those tuneless solos of Preston's. He sings heavenly, in fact, unearthly.

Bob, you are the biggest tease. Why dont you leave poor little "Dot" alone? Cruel brute!

"Dot," you will make some lucky fellow a good wife some day (quoting Keller).

What does Walter know about Tulips—even though he has written in "The Scandal?"

How about it, William? Genius is 98% hard work and 2% inspiration. Your dancing is, therefore, 2% perfect.

B. T. is the very essence of ignorance. "Says which?"

"Lib," with her marcelled

eyes and goo-goo hair, has played havoc with many of the boys' hearts at Bryan.

Ruth, with her Journalistic talent, and her high aspirations and ambitions, may some day reach the heights of Editor-in-Chief of "The Scandal."

Henry is our little cheerful cherub who scattereth sunshine throughout the Senior Class.

Frances doesn't like soup and she says she is glad she doesn't, because if she did she would eat it and she hates it.

—o—

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Ruth with straight, blonde hair.
Lois with cork legs.
Keller on a Kiddie Kar.
Teresa without dimples.
Ned flirting.
Bill in a brown derby.
Lib without a mirror.
Dot cheating on finals.
Babette crazy about Ewing.
Frances serious.
Ellen stupid.
Forrest talking sense.
B. T. a fancy dancer.
Lou riding a bicycle.
Walter in a black and white checked suit.
Truman with a goatee and side-burns.

—o—

THE SCANDAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief — Louise Roessler.

Assistant Editor—Ruth West.

Business Manager — Theresa Bettes.

Censor—Lois Turner.

Society Editor — Ellen Van Zandt.

Sport Editor—Dorothy Hardy.
Joke Editor—Frances Jones.

Cub Reporter—Elizabeth Finley.

ATTEMPTED ROBBERY

Last nite about dusk as our editor and business manager of the Annual were homeward bound, after a hard day's work, with a collection of several thousand dollars from Annual subscriptions, they were held up at the corner of Central and Elm.

Poor little Keller was rendered unconscious by a dried cabbage peeling. But our hero, "Wild Bill," pulled out his .44 water pistol and with one squirt drowned his opponents, before Keller had time to hear the birdies say "tweet, tweet."

The would-be highwaymen were taken to the police station and identified as Brooks Hunter and Ned Gregg Wallace.

Editor's Note Their stay at the city jail will not be lonesome, as B. T. Robertson has resided there since his capture in the parade.

—o—

ASK ME— MRS. O. U. NUTT

Questions

1. Dear Mrs. O. U. Nutt, what can you do at a luncheon when someone asks you a question and you have a mouthful?—Ettie Ket.

2. Is it proper to kiss a boy if he is leaving town for the last time?—Wanta Know.

3. How can I wash my hair without getting my face wet? —Dumb Bell.

4. Can a white person use the sme thing a negro uses to straighten his hair? Marcelled Maimie.

5. Is it proper to chew gum in church?—Juicy Fruit.

Answers

1. Swallow the mouthful and proceed.

2. If it is the last time, alright, but do not under any other circumstances.

3. Have it dry cleaned.

4. Yes, if he needs to, but advisably, no.

5. No, school is the place gum was made for.

—o—

The energy consumed in chewing gum in Bryanhi each year is sufficient to run an elevator system.

Pause, Gaze, and Hearken!

By Marvin Stephens

"This stupendous poem has been accorded the highest pinnacle of fame by the leading critics of the age. It has been declared to be the one true epic of the English language and without doubt it will be written in words of fire on the annals of time. Its magnificent subject matter, the masterly handling of words, the touching personal references, the allegorical significance, the vivid emotional tone all make it a work for all races and all ages. Truly, old Bryan Hi should hold her head up high that she is, on the sheer merit of one of her pupils, placed on a par with the leading educational institutions of the world, and that she is recognized as the origin of all the skill and genius of the author of this work. Dick Scurry, acknowledged to be the literary despot of the De Capree school of writers, is quoted as saying, "This poem is so soul-stirring that even now its versification brings tears to my eyes, and I find myself in the midst of nightmares repeating some of its striking, impressive, startling phrases."

"Marvin Stephens, the author, says, 'This poem is so good that I am ashamed of it, because when I say I wrote it they call me a prevaricator. However, such are the trials of true genius. I must bear up under my burdens.' But enough of others' opinions; we present herewith the gem itself—you may form your own opinion; but do not send it in to us—we do not want you to have to pay any fines for sending objectionable matter through the mails."

(Extract from "Pacific Monthly.")

A Poet in Our Midst

The gas was getting late,
The hour was getting low,
And the night kept getting colder all along.
My feet were getting dim,
My eyes were getting warm,
While the night kept getting colder all along.

The book was getting tired,
My hands were getting short,
And the night kept getting colder all along.
The tale was getting near,
The end was getting hot,
While the night kept getting colder all along.

My limbs were getting short,
The chapters were getting cramped,
And the night kept getting colder all along.
The hero got the heroine,
And the villain, he got his,
While the night kept getting colder all along.

Our Football Yells

Of course, these are only suggestions.

Ray Dowling, Cheer Leader

1. "Pretzel-pretzel-chuckle-chug,
   Sock that guy right on the mug,
   Bryan! Bryan! Bryan!"

2. "Razzle slam! Dazzle bam!
   Whiskey, whiskey, baccalaureate!
   Team! Team! Team!"

3. "Chile ten cents, soup a nickel!
   Wheezem! Squeezem! Panama!
   Boys are constant, girls are fickle!
   Wheezem! Squeezem! Panama!"

4. "Chug! chug! chug! chug! chug!
   Vermencelli! Hot Spaghetti!
   Team! Team! Team!"

5. "Rusty nails and differentials!
   Napkin rings and forged credentials!
   Football, football, all essentials!
   Bryan! Bryan! Team!"

6. "Sharpen up your elbows, boys!
   Buckle up your belts!
   Heel and toe, over they go!
   One, two, three, four, five!
   Just like that!"

7. "Picket fences, split 'em up!
   Tarks and rifles, split 'em up!
   Get that old formation, boys!
   Split 'em up!"
   (Tune of "Barcarolle.")

8. "Shucks, shacks, shocks!
   Lux, Lax, Lox!
   Sizzle sweetly, here and there!
   Touchdown, come to me!"

"Another Poetical Outburst"

This sublime example of the poets' art has thrilled countless millions of readers from time immemorial, and has given to thousands of the youth of the nation the vision of the truly great things of life. In its amazing wealth of thought it reminds us of Milton, or would do so if it were not far superior to any of his efforts; in its human sympathy and attainment of the viewpoint of the subject, it has embodied all of Shakespeare's best talent, and then more; and in its wonderfully rhythmic and technically almost perfect versification, it truly shows the beauty of our language, the English tongue, which has been decided upon as the our language, the English tongue.--[Clipping from "Itinerary Blemish" for May.]

An epidemic of uncontrolled praise has broken out all over the country for the writer of the much-talked-of lyric, "Elegy on the Fate of the Poor Sinner Who Stands in the Lunch Line." The poem will without a doubt proclaim a new era in literary circles; will certainly by necessity revolutionize all previous and accepted standards for poetical composition.

This elegy has that bewitching subtlety that is overwhelming in its irresistibility; it possesses that quaintness, that human element, yet withal a high moral tone, that marks all true literary products.—[Excerpt from the "Pretentious Lament" for April.]

ELEGY ON THE FATE OF THE POOR SINNER WHO STANDS IN THE LUNCH LINE

When solidly against the well-worn post
  With resignation I my shoulder place
  And scan with woeful glance and lengthy face
The countless millions that make up the host
  Who stand with maddening lack of interest
  In my bewailed plight, and think it best
To constantly move backward, or at most
  To just so far advance that I at last
  Must quit my firm support, or else be fast
Deprived of my place;

When far off, distance-clouded, in a haze,
  I can by straining effort see my goal
  And ever and anon can thrill my soul
With heavenly aromas which amaze
  And startle me; and whet my keen desire
  Until I feel as if I were on fire
  With never-sated hunger, even a craze
  For all the heavenly nectar, even beans,
  Which well I know await me:—all this means
That I am late to lunch.

Senior English Examination

Classical Course

1. All questions must be answered in forty minutes.

2. Divide your paper into chapters of twenty pages each for convenience.

3. Prefix a table of contents.

4. You are on your honor. If you are not thoroughly grounded, report same at the office.

I. Why did Shakespeare write "The Wealth of Nations"?

Shakespeare was a good writer, but he was short of cash. He wrote "The Wealth of Nations" so he could talk about money without owning any. He was a nice man, but his razor was dull and he wore funny collars. Shakespeare was not much of a writer, but he wrote "Confessions of an English Opium Consumer" with variations. I would like to read his works better if he had not written anything.

II. What is Milton's "Ode to the Cuckoo"?

I don't know, but I do know about calcium sulphate. It is so hard that it makes the water hard and it has to be pulverized to make it soft. It is formed by the action of aluminum acid molybdate and zymase cyanid. It is found in nature, but not much, and it is valuable as a bleaching agent, producing a brilliant red color. It absorbs air and water, but it will not explode unless heated.

III. Discuss the main tendencies of the Victorian Age.

The first big tendency of the Victorian Age was the use of shredded wheat in England; this caused consternation among the leisure classes. The second was the discovery of chewing gum, typical of the progress of science. The third is the marked use of rubber heels. This is inexplicable.

IV. What is your opinion of Byron?

Acting upon the advice of my counsel, I refuse to anwer and maintain a discreet silence.

V. Did Tennyson die before or after his marriage?

Yes, I guess so. But I like the turquoise shades much better—especially this season.

VI. What was the date of the nineteenth Centennial?

1862—4 A. D.

VII. Are you in favor of the Ku Klux Klan?

Is this a questionnaire? If so, no. If not so, yes.

VIII. What did Keats do for the world?

He died prematurely.

IX. What is your ambition in life?

My ambition in life is to be as smart as Charles Witchell and as athletic as Van Winkle and as rich as everything and as handsome as Jelly Hayes and as tall as Ole Christensen. Aside from that, I have no especial preferences or desires; in fact, I lack ambition.

OF OUR STUDENTS

The Most Timid

The more timid of our students are so subdued as to render themselves extremely inconspicuous; but after a prolonged investigation, the most retiring and in every way unnoticed one has been found. His name will of course be strange to you ecstatic reader, for he never thrusts himself upon the public; but in his quiet and blushing way he is making history; and has graven in letters of German silver his initials on the desk top of time. This coy recluse is Howard Hayden.

The Most Diminutive

This infinitesimal creature seems to decrease in size as the years trip lightly by; but he cannot become much smaller and remain anything at all. It is disastrous for him to drop his books, for then he has to go around them, as he cannot negotiate such monumental obstructions. The little darling to whom we refer is Ole Christensen.

The Most Stupid

In this search the mental experts were amazed that such an enormous number of half-wits could escape the notice of county authorities, but when it was explained that they disguised their intellectual deficiencies by entering oratorical contests, joining clubs, working on publications, etc., the investigators replied that they could see evidences of it in the results of the aforesaid activities. The experts ceased their labors when a total number of prospective patients far in excess of the capacity of the insane asylum had been secured. They had found in all their lists only one person of average intelligence, and he was only a passerby rounded up by mistake. Appended herewith is a roll of the school, to which we point with pride as being our list of students of deficient mentality.—[Editor's Note: for lack of space the list is not published—we refer you to the class rosters.]

THE BIGGEST FLIRT

Among such a multitude of contestants, it is indeed difficult to select one for this place; but, following the consensus of public opinion as well as their own judgment, the judges have decided upon Keller Harwood as the man for this unspeakable honor.

THE BRAVEST

The many hazardous events of a student's life at Bryan Hi offer an excellent means of determining the courage of the participant. Recklessly descending stairs, slipping in the lunch line, avoiding Mr. James, talking in the assembly, making snappy replies to Mrs. Collins' sallies, are all occupations that ought to carry an accident insurance policy, at least. But we have found a boy right here at Bryan who does all these things and more without any regard for life and limb. We refer to Roy Rowlett.

THE MOST UNAPPRECIATED

Lend an ear, ye Gods! And all ye Muses eleven, hearken to my line! We have in our midst, unnoticed, uncared for, unhonored, and unsung, a delicate, sensitive creature, a sweet thing, whose life is being poured out in vain for lack of the attention she merits. In fact so obscure is this blushing maiden that we had to hire the Hickenson Detective Agency to find out her name. They reported to us that this damsel is yclept Lois Turner.

THE MOST BLASE

This insipid creature wears constantly an affected air of sated ennui that is positively annihilating to the spectators. His lower jaw gapes awkwardly at all times, and his very inanity is sufficient to discourage any exertion upon the part of any of his associates. He may be identified as the boy with the startling hose and unusual mode of hair control. He has had so many love affairs that he has grown weary and bored, and now gazes with an air of amused but strained tolerance at the personifications of love's young dream that pair off and people our corridors. His name, if you have not already guessed it, is William Neary.

THE MOST BELOVED OF MALES

All hail the modern Antony! Let us bow before the perfect lover, the delight and contemplation of all femininity. Who may resist his swaying carriage, the dark indolence of his eye, the inscrutable calm of his behavior? This youth is a criterion of all that is alluring in manly attractiveness; verily, verily, we repeat, no girl, according to his own boast, may withstand the nonchalance and poise of his well-proportioned figure. Mr. Henry Smith, for we must now tell you the name of this creature, has a standing offer open to any girl whose heart he cannot vanquish by the sheer sophisticated ease of his deportment. It's no use, girls; Henry as a thief of feminine admiration cannot be beaten.

Our Mental Test

Directions: Write your answer in the space opposite the question.

1. Yes? .....
2. No? .....
3. Why? .....
4. What do you know? .....
5. Where is Œnone? .....
6. If R is the fifth letter before the third letter after the sixth letter in the first syllable of your name, put an X in this space.....; if it is not, put an X in this space.....
7. How many letters in the middle name of the President of the United States? .....
8. Who is Invertase? .....
9. How many years ago were you born? .....
10. Of what State is Austin the capital? .....
11. Is it all off? .....
12. H. B.? .....
13. How do you spell "idiosyncrasy"? .....
14. Where is my wandering boy tonight? .....
15. Are you cultured? .....
16. Do the sweetest peaches grow on trees? .....
17. Are you a Ku Klux? If so, why? If not, why not? .....

    .....
18. Are you cross-eyed? Why? .....
19. What is Mr. Stockard's name? .....
20. Which side of a door are the hinges on? .....

THE SENIOR PLAY

of the

JUNE SENIOR CLASS OF '22

"THE" CAST OF "THE FORTUNE HUNTER"

Nathaniel Duncan, the fortune hunter - - - B. T. Robertson
Henry Kellogg, a financier with a hopeful future - - Dick Scurry
George Burnham, a promoter (of what?) - - - Isadore Frenkel
James Long, from Wall Street - - - - - - Allen Tiller
Lawrence Miller, also from W—— S——, - - - Cartier Stovall
Willie Bartlett, son of a "moneyed man" - - - - Frank Ford
Robbins, Kellogg's servant (not in real life) - - - Phil Davis
Sam Graham, a druggist (prescriptions) - - - Howard Hayden
Mr. Lockwood, banker (lends money) - - - Marvin Stephens
Tracey Tanner, livery man's son (horses) - - - Brooks Hunter
Pete Welling, sheriff (Hands up!) - - - - Forrest Smith
Roland Barnett, cashier (where? At the bank) - - - Joe Kilman
Wally, tailor (don't contradict me) - - - - - Marvin Hall
Hi, an old-timer - - - - - - - Charles Merzbacher
Herman, the errant "boy" (???) - - - - - Dorothy Hardy
Betty Graham, the druggist's "little girl" - - - - Peggy Fears
Josephine Lockwood, the banker's daughter - - Maude McKnight
Angie, a friend of Josie - - - - - - - - Ruth West
Herman's pal, chum, friend or partner - - - - Sarah Chokla
Girls of the Village (they won't admit it) - - - - -
Floy Jane Norwood, Marion Medlock

"May All Classes Have the School Spirit of the Class of '22"

From the play's cast a good production was expected. We are here to emphatically state that the school was not disappointed. The June Class of '22 has much to be proud of and the Senior Play stands out pre-eminently on its list of achievements.

Although the students' efforts toward the dramatic were entirely successful, all credit should be given to our wonderful friend, Miss Snidow. Her character and life, her ideals and standards have been ispiring to every Senior and underclassman with whom she has come in contact. Just what on earth would we do without Miss Snidow? To be frank, we'd hate to contemplate such a future.

Members of the cast of "The Fortune Hunter," we, the members of the Senior Class of '22, are proud of you. You have done your duty. You have brought renown upon the name of our class.

Hurrah for Peggy!

Hurrah for B. T.!

Hurrah for Peggy and B. T.!
(We love them both.)

(Continued from Senior Section.)

RUTH DAVIDSON

Ruth, fair-haired and popular, is an exceedingly important member of our class. She possesses a peculiar charm and winsomeness that renders her association indispensable to her classmates, and invaluable to her teachers.

CHARLES REYNOLDS

Rah Rah is sure some kid, if popular opinion is to have its say. Athletic and handsome, he numbers all Bryan either as his friends or his admirers. Charles, you don't emanate dazzling brilliance in Economics, but on the football field and basketball court you make up for it and have light to spare.

Football
President Freshman Class

Frank Ford, otherwise known as "Flivver," "Cowboy," or "Lizzie," is another enterprising voyageur upon the seas of Senior existence at Bryan. He is one boy of whom we may truthfully say that he has not a single enemy in all the school. Thus situated, he manages to get things done.

Forrest Smith, of Peanut League fame, is a child we wish to commemorate in print. He is something of a journalist by trade and a chemistry shark by inclination. He doesn't live up to his name, however, as he allows no pastoral carpet to flourish under him.

We're here to state that Marvin Hall has been a member of the Good Scholarship 99 Club. Pat him on the back.

Miss Beane wins our admiration. Her ability to coach Philo Reviews, to sponsor clubs, and to drive home into the hard heads of her students the equally hard lessons of Spanish is unquestioned. Again we reiterate that we like Miss Beane.

Hold on there! Wait a minute! You Can't Deny

that you were going to close this book without even glancing at the ads! Candidly, just what would you think of anyone who would so unfairly treat the firms that have been interested enough in our school to advertise in this Annual? You say that ads are dry, that they are uninteresting. But how do you know? Never having read any, you certainly cannot form a fair opinion by hearsay. Why not give them a chance? Read the ads in this book—then, if you still think that they are not worthwhile, why, that's your business. But **read** them!

Another thing—is it very encouraging to the advertisers to receive absolutely no attention? And will they be as anxious to advertise next year? Certainly not! So, even if you have no personal incentive to read the ads, at least remember Bryan's reputation among the business men of this city; and whether you intend to buy or not, give our advertisers a square deal. They understand that every one who reads their ads cannot buy their merchandise, but they expect you—you, the reader of this Annual—you, whoever you may be—they expect **YOU** to **READ THE ADS.**

These business men have saved you a great deal in buying your Annual. They have made it possible to sell this book at just about half the price that it would otherwise cost. In return for this favor they ask only one thing—that you at least glance over their statements of what they have to sell. Fair, isn't it? But have you enough gratitude, a sufficiently clear conception of justice, to live up to **your** side of the bargain? Have you? It rests with **you**—it all depends on whether or not **YOU READ THE ADS.**

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE
M. Strickland

Powell-Johnson Company

Printers and Publishers

This Issue of Dalhi Annual evidences our workmanship

411 So. Ervay St. *Phone Y 1621*

CRAFTSMAN
LAST WORD IN AUTOMATIC PENCILS
Made up in your school colors, with your name engraved in gold. A beautiful, practical pencil. Simply can't get out of order Pencil postpaid 65¢. Liberal reduction on quantities. Send 10c. for 1 dozen Never-Break leads, to fit any pencil.
65¢ POST PAID
G. S. DOUGLAS
The smooth blending of art colors makes this a pencil to be proud of.
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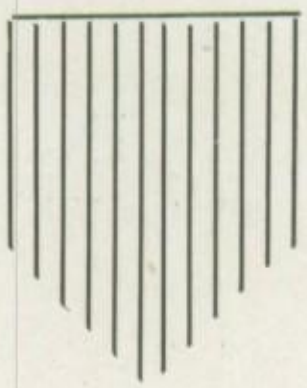

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THE EDITOR.

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HARKEN!!!

The Annual staff recently received a letter from a distressed young man. We print the epistle in full:

Dalhi Annual,
Editor-in-Chief,
Dear Sir:

I am in desperate need of prompt assistance. Your immediate aid in the matter will make me your faithful friend and servant.

I am deeply, rather might I say completely, infatuated a certain charming, rather might I say irresistible, young lady. My heart, rather might I say my very soul is, crying out to tell her of my love. However, as I am an exceedingly poor writer, rather might I say an extremely incapable composer, I ask that you give me the benefit of the superior literary ability of your staff and express for me the emotions of my heart.

Do this for me and I will bow, rather might I say prostrate myself before your kindliness.

I am yours, deeply enmeshed,

ABDUL KADR.

Of course we felt a deep sympathy for the perplexed gentleman and hastened to assure him of our help. We addressed to him the following letter:

Mr. Abdul Kadr,
Dear Ab:

You are sure in tough luck. However, rest assured that you shall win your "suite" for the best brains of the land have created for you emotional masterpieces of extraordinary persuasive power. We are sending you by express a ton of the best stationery, upon which we have written samples of every type of letter which you will have need of in your correspondence with your beauty monopolist.

Thank us,

THE DALHI ANNUAL.

To follow, you may see a few of the letters which we sent the "Sheik," Abdul Kadr.

To be sent when you desire to tell your views on "Cabbages Or the Like":

TO MY LITTLE GRAPEFRUIT:

To say that I adore you would be but expressing myself mildly.

Yours impassionately,

A. K.

To be sent when you desire to tell your views on "Relativity as a Breakfast Food":

TO MINE OWN CINDERELLA:

Ho! Ho! you have stolen my heart. Remember Thermopylae!!

I am, your pleading bit of sunshine,

ABDUL KADR.

To be sent when you desire to tell your views on "The Income Tax as a Provocation to Increased Insanity":
DEAREST LUMP OF COAGULATED SUGAR CANE:
Have you ever heard a ferry boat chugging across a desert waste? If so, you know the magnitude of my love.
I remain yours, but I crave an answer to my pleas as a man thirsting in a land of prohibition.
ABDUL.

To be sent when you desire to tell your views on "The U. S. Banking System a Menace to the Turkish Republic":
MA PETIT CHERIE:
Stone's Cake costs ten cents in spite of the pitiful state of Russia's financial situation. Figuring on this same basis "jazz" should die out by 1999.
Yours for a five-cent carfare,
KADR.

To be sent when you desire to tell your views on "Coca Cola, a Cure for Modern World Unrest:"
MY BEAUTY SPECIALIST:
We all love the glorious name of George Washington. What would our country do without the Fourth of July?
You will love me eventually, why not now?
A.

To be sent when you desire to tell your views on "Innocence, the Crowning Virtue of the Modern Youth:"
MY DARLING ROSEBUD:
Charles I was beheaded one morning but contrary to statistics his son reigned after his head was cut off.
Yours idiomatically,
A. KADR.

To be sent when you desire to tell your opinion on "Coffee, America's Front Line of Defense:"
TO MY GREEK GODDESS:
No one knows what the future holds in store for him, therefore buy Ivory Soap for it floats and is 99.44% pure.
Your Arabic Adonis,
ABDUL K.

With the stock letters we sent the following advice to our client:
DEAR ABDUL:
By this time you have received our letters with which you are to carry on your successful courtship. Please note that in our letters to this young lady we always write on subjects of general interest. Never allow her to think, from the tone of your letters, that you care for her for verily, verily, we tell you that the female thinks only of the joy of conquest. A heart won is thrown aside for new possibilities. Be a man! Remember the Alamo! Good luck.
THE ANNUAL STAFF.